

# MUSEUM

OF

## FOREIGN LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

FEBRUARY, 1830.

### RICHARD IN PALESTINE.

*With an engraving by Cone, from a painting by Loutherbouurg.*

SEE lion-hearted Richard with his force  
Drawn from the north to Jewry's hallow'd plains!  
Piously valiant (like a torrent swell'd  
With wintry tempests, that disdains all bounds,  
Breaking a way impetuous, and involves  
Within its sweep, trees, houses, men) he  
press'd  
Amidst the thickest battle, and o'erthrew.  
Whate'er withstood his zealous rage: no pause,  
No stay of slaughter, found his vigorous arm,  
But th' unbelieving squadrons turn'd to flight,  
Smote in the rear, and with dishonest wounds  
Mingled behind. The Soldan, as he fled,  
Of call'd on Allah, gnashing with despite,  
And shame, and murmur'd many a curse.

PHILIPS.

The Christian adventurers under the command of Richard, determined on opening the campaign, to attempt the siege of Ascalon, in order to prepare the way for that of Jerusalem; and they marched along the sea-coast with that intention. Saladin purposed to intercept their passage; and he placed himself on the road, with an army amounting to three hundred thousand combatants. On this occasion was fought one of the greatest battles of that age; and the most celebrated, for the military genius of the commanders, for the number and value of the troops, and for the great variety of events, which attended it. Both the right wing of the Christians, commanded by D'Avesnes, and the left, conducted by the Duke of Burgundy, were, in the beginning of the day, broken and defeated: when Richard, who led on the main body restored the battle; attacked the enemy with intrepidity and presence of mind: performed the part, both of a consummate general, and gallant soldier; and not only gave his two wings leisure to recover from their confusion, but obtained a complete victory over the Saracens, of whom forty thousand are said to have perished in the field.

HUME.

*From Blackwood's Magazine.*

### PHENOMENA OF THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE OF 1783 IN CALABRIA AND SICILY.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELLER.

*Lo Pizzo, in Calabria Ultra, Sept., 1786.*

THE remarkable earthquakes of 1783 were perceptible in Naples, but their destructive force did not extend farther north than Nicastro, the barrier-town which separates the two Calabrias. This town, although much injured by former convulsions, and severely shaken on this occasion, escaped all material injury; but immediately south of it, I entered a scene of ruin and desolation. In one of the solitary and half-ruined houses on the road to Pizzo, where I paused for some refreshment, the inhabitants related some marvellous stories of the strange atmospheric appearances which had preceded the earthquake. These ominous phenomena had either, however, no existence, or were merely the electric flashes so common in this district, and magnified into something extraordinary by an imaginative and superstitious people.

All the houses on the plain south of Nicastro consisted of large masses of hewn stone, and yet they were either entirely overthrown, or where still standing, the walls and timbers were so rent and disjointed, that entire reconstruction will be necessary. The rebuilding, however, was neither commenced nor even contemplated. The earth was still unsettled, and, but the day before my arrival, a violent shock had rocked the whole plain. There is also a prevailing superstition in Calabria, that, after a convulsion so tremendous as that of 1783, the earth requires a period of four years to regain tranquillity; and ever since the ruin of their houses, the people have lived in wooden huts or barracks. The evening surprised me while still eight Italian miles from Pizzo, and I endeavoured to negotiate a lodging in one of these solitary dwellings; but the inhabitants, with a genuine kindness at obvious variance with their own interest, vehemently warned me of the great peril to all strangers, arising from the mal-aria of the stagnant pools and marshes created by the earthquake. I proceeded therefore by Edelfico, and, leaving the plain, ascended a fertile mountain, on the declivity of which, towards the sea, lies the town of Pizzo. From the lofty summit I be-

held the sun sinking like a ball of fire into the sea, and diffusing over the wide waters a golden splendour, which instantaneously banished every thought of the banditti, said to infest this district. With exhalted feelings I joined a group of singing peasants returning from their labour to the town of Pizzo; but these joyous emotions were changed to sudden sadness when, on arrival in the town, I found it totally destroyed.

The most destructive periods of this formidable earthquake were the 5th of February; the night between the 6th and 7th; the 27th and 28th of the same month; and the 1st, the 27th, and 28th of March. After the last named date the earth became comparatively tranquil; but from time to time, the shocks recurred, and still continue to the present day. The first shock was tremendous, and totally unexpected. All previous indications were either not sufficiently decisive evidence of its approach, or they preceded the convulsion so immediately, that, in most instances, the inhabitants had no time to escape. Besides the electric flashes peculiar to this climate, a dense and heavy fog covered the earth, and driving gales from the south-east or south-west, (Scirocco o Libeccio) swept over all Calabria Ultra with increasing violence. The earth also exhibited one of those singular phenomena, called by the Italians "terre motine," which is thus described by the learned and accurate Neapolitan, Gio. Vivenzio, from whose valuable history of this remarkable earthquake I have borrowed, and interwoven with my personal narrative, many curious facts. "Two miles from Laureana are two ravines divided by a hill, at the extremity of which the two hollows unite and form one valley. The soil in these hollows is swampy, watered by small streams, and partially cultivated. A short time before the first shock, water, thickly blended with calcareous matter, was seen to ooze from the ground in the two ravines above-mentioned. Rapidly accumulating, it began ere long to roll onward like a flood of lava into the valley, where the two streams, uniting, moved forward with increased impetus from east to west. It now presented a front of 300 palms in breadth by 20 in depth, and, before it ceased to move, covered a surface equal in length to an Italian mile. In its progress it overwhelmed a flock of thirty goats, and tore up by the roots many olive and mulberry-trees, which floated like ships upon its surface. When this calcareous lava had ceased to move, it gradually became dry and hard, during which process the mass was lowered ten palms. It contained fragments of earth of a ferruginous colour, and emitting a sulphurous smell."

*Animals.*—The boding terrors exhibited before the earthquake by the animal world were remarkable. Man alone seemed to be exempt from all fore-knowledge of the approaching calamity, and causes which excited evident distress and panic in the whole brute creation, produced in him neither physical nor moral change. The effect upon animals was infinitely diversified. In some the apprehension was evinced earlier, and with vehement and rapidly succeeding emotions; while, in others, it was later, slower, and less demonstrative.

A short time before the first shock, and during the whole period of the great shocks, the fishes along the coast of Calabria Ultra appeared on the surface in a state of stupor, and were caught in unusual quantities. Wild birds flew screaming and in obvious alarm through the air, and were caught in traps and nets with increased facility; while geese, pigeons, and all other domestic fowls, exhibited the same degree of terror. Dogs and asses betrayed an earlier and stronger consciousness than any other quadrupeds. They chased about in wild and staring terror, and the air rang with their horrid howlings and brayings. Horses, oxen, and mules, neighed, roared, and shook in every limb; pointed their ears forward, and their eyes rolled and glared around with terror and suspicion. When the terrible first shock was felt, they braced every limb, and endeavoured to support themselves by spreading their legs widely asunder; but many were nevertheless thrown down. Some of them took to flight immediately before the shock, but soon as they felt the earth heaving under them, paused, and stood motionless and bewildered. Pigs appeared less conscious than any other animal of approaching danger. Cats, although not so early sensible of it as dogs and asses, were more demonstrative. Their backs rose, and their fur bristled up in terror. Their eyes became blood-shot and watery, and they set up a horrible and doleful screaming. Thus foretold by the brute creation, the first shock was more immediately preceded by a sultry shower;—the wind howled and the sea rolled fearfully;—a subterraneous noise was heard, like the rolling of violent thunder; and then the earth rocked, and immense districts were convulsed to their foundations; and lakes and rivers suddenly appeared amidst rocks and dry places; and towns and villages were overthrown, and the falling ruins crushed the unfortunate inhabitants, of whom, throughout Calabria, 40,000 were destroyed, and 20,000 more died of the immediately ensuing epidemics.

Of the remarkable escapes, and strong instances of parental affection, which occurred during this long succession of earthquakes, I shall here record some, which occurred in districts I did not visit; but they are well attested, and the first is mentioned by the Neapolitan Vivenzio. The prior of the Carmelites at Jerocarme, near Soriana, was walking along the high-road, when the ground began to heave and roll beneath him like the billows of a rough sea. The earth then opened near him with a tremendous explosion, and immediately closed. Almost senseless with terror, he ran mechanically forward, when again the earth opened immediately under him, and closing as before caught him by the leg. He struggled for some time vainly to release himself, when another shock saved him: the earth was again rent open, and he escaped from this terrible danger. I heard this incident from individuals who know the prior, and had seen the marks left by the crushing pressure on his foot, but I am inclined to refer much of this marvellous tale to the excitement and terror of the moment; and the injury to his foot must have been trifling, as it permitted him to proceed homeward.

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**Escapes.**—An instance of remarkable escape occurred to three paper-makers of Pizzoni di Soriano, named Green, Roviti, and Felia.—They were walking near each other on the plain, when suddenly the ground was shaken by a terrible convulsion. Greco and Felia immediately fled, and had the good fortune to escape, but Roviti, encumbered by a gun which he would not relinquish, was exposed to instant and deadly peril. The earth yawned widely beneath him, and he fell into the chasm, but was immediately thrown up again by another shock, and fell into a contiguous swamp. He was a young and powerful man, but the ground still continued to heave like waves, and kept him entangled in the deep swamp, from which he long struggled to escape, until at length another mighty shock threw him out, and he fell upon the brink of a newly-opened chasm, where he remained for some time half-dead with terror and exhaustion. A week after his escape he found his gun on the bank of the river Caridi, which had entirely changed its bed.

An affecting instance of maternal love and self-devotion was discovered in the ruins of Polistena. The mother of two children—a boy aged three years, and an infant of seven months—was suckling her babe when the house fell and destroyed all three. The position in which the bodies were found afforded the clearest evidence that the mother deliberately exposed her life to save her offspring. She was lying on the ground with her face downward, the infant close to her bosom, while with her body she covered also the older child, thus offering her back to the falling timbers. Her arms were clasped round both, and in this affecting position the half-decayed bodies were discovered when the rubbish was cleared away.

Another striking instance of parental self-oblivion, which occurred at Scido, is thus recorded by Vivenzio, and was also related to me by four individuals at Pizzo. "Don Antonio Ruffo and his wife had only one child, a daughter, of whom they were passionately fond. When the earthquake shook their dwelling to its foundations, and escape was impracticable, they placed their little girl between them, and embracing each other, awaited the will of Heaven. The house gave way, a heavy beam fell upon the group and destroyed both parents, but did not separate them. After the lapse of several days, the ruins were partially removed, and their bodies were discovered with the child, apparently dead between them. The little girl, however, soon began to moan; she was taken out of the rubbish, and, although life was nearly gone, she at length recovered, and is now alive and well."

It was generally remarked that the positions of the men killed by the fallen ruins, indicated that every sinew had been strained in resistance, while the features and attitudes of the females exhibited the extremity of despair; and in many instances the latter were found with their hands clasped above their heads. Wherever children were found near the parents, the attitudes of the mothers indicated entire self-abandonment, while fathers were often discovered folding a child with one arm,

and endeavouring with the other to stem the superincumbent ruins.

To return, however, to Pizzo. This flourishing town, enriched by the enterprising industry of the inhabitants, by its coral and tunny fisheries, and by the exhaustless fertility of the contiguous plain and hills, was destroyed by the earthquakes of 1638 and 1659; and in the numerous shocks of the 18th century, no ten years had elapsed without partial injury to Pizzo, when, in 1783, it was again totally destroyed. The concussion of the 5th of February, overthrew many buildings, but only nine lives were lost, and the inhabitants thus forewarned, immediately quitted their houses. The earthquake of the 25th of March destroyed the whole town, and the people, have ever since resided in slight and ill-constructed barracks, in which they pursue their respective occupations. Their heaviest calamities arose from these small and crowded dwellings, which were pervious to the damps and to the intense cold which accompanied the earthquakes, and has ever since prevailed during the winter months. Fatal epidemics ensued which swept away the people in masses, until one-third of their number was destroyed. While walking on the sea-shore, and observing the active industry of the inhabitants, I remarked to some of them who assembled round me, how greatly their industrious habits had raised them above their neighbours in Calabria Citra, and at the same time expressed my admiration of the many well-grown, fine young men I had seen at Pizzo. It was melancholy to observe the deep and simultaneous emotion with which most of them replied,—"Alas! we have lost our finest young men!" One of them, an infirm and aged man, wept anew as he told me that his three sons had died of the fever; another lamented a beloved brother; and a third grieved for a valuable friend. More than 1500 out of a population of 4200 had fallen victims, and of these 1500, the majority were young men between twenty and thirty.

*Seminara, October, 1786.*

The farther I advance into Calabria, the more dreadful becomes the desolation around me. It is truly heart-rending to stand upon the heights, and to behold the beautiful and fertile hills and plains disfigured by scenes of misery and ruin, so horrible as to beggar all description. Calabria has fallen low indeed, and many years must yet elapse before the unfortunate inhabitants recover from the enormous destruction accomplished in a few seconds. I have just returned from the contemplation of a dreadful scene of ruin, and have torn myself away from a group of unhappy mourners, whose lamentations affected me to tears.

After again climbing the mountain above Pizzo, I descended into the rich plain of Monteleone. This beautiful level, of four Italian miles in length, is, in point of fertility, the paradise of this earth. The traveller wanders through numerous groves of olive trees, intermingled with vineyards and plantations of mulberry, fig, and other fruit trees. The soil is favourable to wheat, and the produce so abundant, that this limited district, and a still small-

er surface round Mileto, supply one-third of Calabria Ultra with grain. The plain of Monteleone is dotted with enormous oaks, half as large again as those felled in northern Europe for building purposes; and, besides fruits and vegetables in endless variety and abundance, I saw plantations of cotton, manna, and liquorice. And yet, notwithstanding this glorious capability, considering surfaces lie waste and unproductive, which, if cultivated, would double the produce; and which, had the farmers any enduring interest in the soil, would surely not be thus abandoned. Under landlords so oppressive as the nobles of Naples and Sicily, the peasants will only cultivate as much ground as they are compelled to do; nor indeed are they sufficiently numerous to cultivate, to the extent of its capacity, a soil which would support, as it did of old, a much larger population. There are not even hands enough to gather the enormous crop of olives, of which valuable fruit a large proportion annually rots upon the ground. Sugar canes have also been grown upon the sea-coast, but the cultivation has been recently abandoned, because the expenses precluded all competition with West Indian sugars.

I found Monteleone, like every other town in Calabria Ultra, deserted by the inhabitants, who occupied a duplicate town of wooden barracks near the forsaken one. This flourishing commercial place, which contained 15,000 inhabitants, was warned, like Pizzo, by the concussion of the 5th of February. The people established themselves in barracks, and only twelve persons were killed by the later shocks, which destroyed great part of the town, but many died of the general sickness which succeeded. The action of the earthquake here made the surface heave like the billows of a swelling sea, and produced, in rapid accession, a singular variety of effects. The ground was alternately lifted and rived into fissures and chasms. The buildings shook, and then they swayed like the oscillation of an inverted pendulum, but still they did not fall. The rolling, or pulsatory heaving of the ground now increased, and a large portion of the town was overthrown, leaving here and there a few houses standing, some of which were shaken down a few seconds later. The most solid edifices were all destroyed, while the slightest buildings were but partially injured, and some even escaped entirely. The extensive manufactures of oil and silk, which have made this town and district so flourishing, were fatally injured by this calamity. All the large buildings in the plain, employed for the preservation and culture of the silk-worms, were destroyed by the earthquake, which was even more violent in the vicinity than in the town. The destruction of the large oil-reservoirs, and their contents, and of casks, presses, buildings, and utensils, was so sweeping and comprehensive, that it was impossible to estimate the amount of damage. The loss of the olive-trees will long remain irreparable; and, for some purposes, the fertility of the soil has been materially diminished by the effects of the earthquake. And yet, although their buildings were destroyed, and all their rich stores of oil rolled away in streams, so prodigal is the boun-

ty of nature in this fine district, that the people are already in a state of obvious and growing prosperity. How different would be the situation of Northern Europe, if subject to these sudden and widely destructive calamities! There the cold, ungrateful soil yields no return without constant and skilful culture, while here the inhabitants may exist almost without labour; and provisions are so abundant, that the scarcity, which in some places followed the earthquake, arose either from neglect of the commissioners appointed by the King to relieve the general distress, or from the atrocious speculation of subordinate agents. How obvious is the wisdom and goodness of Providence in this fine country; where an instant remedy is thus provided for the dire effects of these convulsions, which, like discords in music, are integral portions of universal harmony, and are doubtless essential to the well-being of our system!

Had time, and the plan laid down for my journey permitted, I should gladly have prolonged my stay in Monteleone, which pleased me more than any other town in the Calabrias. Here I found not only many comforts and luxuries of which I had been long deprived, but a warm-hearted and obliging people, whose conversation was replete with intelligence and wit, and who were comparatively free from prejudice and intolerance. They did not, like the Citra-Calabrians, shun me as a heretic, and answer me with a sneer, when I requested animal food on fast-days. They were aware, they said, that the people of northern Europe were exempt from the duties of abstinence, and they frankly acknowledged the necessity of a generous diet to travellers. A people so enlightened in this remote corner of Italy would be a moral phenomenon, were the enigma not readily solved by their active industry and trading intercourse with foreigners. But it is an axiom that the power and influence of monkery cannot long co-exist with the active spirit of commercial enterprise. I left Monteleone for Mileto, and, after climbing over some steep rocks, descended into a fertile plain, the lower levels of which were covered with deep sand. The soil of this district is composed of clay, limestone, sand, and chalk, intermingled with the remains of marine animals. As I was now approaching the mountains which were the central point of the earthquake, I sought for lava with increased vigilance, but could discover none. The trampling of horses, however, emitted so singular a reverberation, that I could entertain no doubt of the earth in this district being entirely hollow. The whole of this fine plain was disfigured with scenes of ruin and desolation, and in the numerous villages not a house was standing. The country was strikingly beautiful; rich in olive groves, and interspersed with masses of ruin so picturesque, that a landscape painter would find here many striking subjects for his pencil.

The ancient city of Mileto, which is enclosed on the north and south by the rivers Nisi and Scotopolito, was entirely destroyed, along with every house in its environs, and in two contiguous villages. So total, indeed, was the destruction, that, were the loose rubbish

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cleared away, the site of the town would hardly be distinguishable. The shocks of the 5th February, of the night of the 7th, and of the 28th March, were felt here in all their force, and the desolation was complete. "The most terrible and destructive shock," said one of the survivors to me, "came upon us in a dark night. The subterraneous thunder bellowed, the wind howled fearfully, a sultry rain fell, and the lightnings darted round us. Conceive our utter and helpless despair in this horrible convulsion of all nature, aggravated by the crash of falling houses, the dismal screams of the wretched inhabitants, and the fires which immediately blazed up amidst the ruins."

The effects of this terrible panic upon the nerves of many individuals were remarkable. Some remained for a long period in a state of helpless debility, and trembled at every trifling occurrence. Others appeared as if paralyzed for a considerable time; while some declined rapidly in health and strength, from inability to digest their food, and others lost all power of recollection for a considerable period. Some remarkable and well-attested instances of the long endurance of brute and human life without sustenance, are deserving of record. Two pigs, which had been buried thirty-two days under the ruins, were heard to grunt by the labourers removing the rubbish. They were extricated in a feeble and emaciated condition, and for some time refused the food offered to them, but drank water with insatiable eagerness, and rapidly recovered. At Polistena a cat was buried forty days under the rubbish, and taken out in wretched condition. She exhibited an insatiable thirst, but soon recovered. In the same place, an aged woman was found under the ruins of her dwelling seven days after the earthquake. When discovered, she was insensible and apparently dead, but she gradually revived, and complained of no evil but thirst. She continued long in a state of weakness and stupor, and was unable to take more than very small portions of food, but eventually regained her wonted health and spirits. She stated, that very soon after the house fell, she experienced a torturing thirst, but that she soon lost all consciousness, and remained insensible until her release. In Oppido, a girl of fifteen, named Aloisa Basili, remained eleven days under the ruins without nourishment, and for the last six days in close contact with a dead body. She had the charge of an infant boy, and, when the house was falling, she caught the child in her arms. He suffered greatly from incessant thirst, and expired on the fifth day. Until this period, the senses of the poor girl had not failed her, but now she sunk under the combined tortures of hunger and thirst. Despair succeeded by total insensibility; nor was she conscious, until her release, that the falling fragments had dislocated her hips, and made her lame for life. When restored to animation, she complained of no suffering but thirst; and in answer to every inquiry concerning her situation under the ruins, she said, "*I slept.*"

"It was generally observed, that the individuals buried alive beneath their houses fell into a state of drowsy insensibility; some immediately after the catastrophe, and others, of

stronger nerves, some days later. Some of those who were thus interred felt no terror, but a sense of intoxication, which continued until another shock sobered them, and at the same time, by altering the position of the ruins, enabled them to escape. The most remarkable instance of self-possession and promptitude in sudden peril, occurred at Casoletto, near Oppido, where the Prince was seated at table with his family on the fatal fifth of February. On this day the oscillations of the first shock continued two minutes without interruption, and when the heaving earth began to rock the house, the brother of the Princess, a man distinguished on many occasions for his presence of mind, started from his chair, saw a large chasm opening in the wall, sprang instantly through the aperture, and escaped with the loss of a shoe. Every other member of the family perished except one son, who was afterwards dug out alive. The entire self-mastery displayed by this man under circumstances so appalling, reminds me of a singular instance of self-possession evinced by an Englishman, now resident in Venice. While entertaining a large party to dinner during a thunder storm, the lightning entered and struck a plate out of the hand of a servant standing behind his chair. Turning coolly round, he said to the man, "Remind me to-morrow that I order a lightning-conductor."

Passing the towns of Rosarno and Palmi, now two heaps of rubbish under which 1200 people were destroyed, I arrived at Seminara in the evening. No scene of desolation in Calabria affected me so much as the view of this ruined town. Built on the declivity of a mountain, and extending down into the plain, the masses of ruin were so disposed and developed as to impress the beholder with an awful consciousness of the overwhelming power employed in its destruction. The tottering ruins of majestic churches, of lofty palaces, and other massive structures, exhibited a scene of chaotic desolation, and fragments are still daily falling. When I rambled amidst the ruins of Pompeii, I mused with tranquil pity on the sad fate of the inhabitants; but when surrounded with these awful tokens of recent destruction, when I recollected that the hapless victims had been my contemporaries, and that I was each passing moment exposed to the same fate in this still heaving district, my sympathies were excited even to tears. I saw people, once resident in these houses, still digging the bones of relatives, and other property, out of the ruins, and as I passed a girl thus occupied, I saw her take a skull out of the rubbish. This brief incident shocked me more deeply than any thing I had yet beheld in this region of calamity, and I could not for some time subdue the strong emotion it excited.

While looking vainly around me for an hotel, and listening to a joiner's offer to lodge me in his workshop, two of the principal inhabitants, observing that I was a foreigner, kindly offered me accommodation for the night. I accompanied one of them to his barrack, where he treated me with genuine hospitality, and proposed to show me the effects of the earthquake on the following morning. Meanwhile he and his friend prepared me for the sad spec-

tacle by the following brief narrative:—"It was the convulsion of the 5th of February," began one of them, "which buried 1400 of our people under the ruins of their dwellings, and 1200 more were soon after swept away by epidemic diseases. The morning of the 5th was sultry, with a dark and lowering atmosphere, and gentle rain. At eleven o'clock, an hour before the earthquake, I left the town with my friend, in quest of game; we were pursuing our sport upon the mountain above the city, and had just reached the summit, when suddenly we heard a noise like thunder rolling beneath us, which was immediately followed by such violent heavings of the ground that we were tossed about in every direction; and being unable to maintain a safe footing on the mountain-top, we fell down, clinging to the stems of trees, crying out, and praying in wild agony and fear. Looking down towards the town, we saw a dense cloud of dust eddying over it, but could distinguish no buildings. We remained for some time prostrate and helpless, doubting whether we were alive or dead: the thunder still bellowed beneath us; we thought the last day had arrived, and hearkened even for the voice of Him who is to judge mankind. At length the earth became more tranquil. I was still lying on the ground, stupefied, and almost insensible, when my friend roused me, and we ventured down the declivity towards the town. But we found the road broken up and destroyed; we saw the fields on each side riven into ridges and chasms; we passed by waters we knew not; we discovered hills where none had existed, and vainly endeavoured to find the town. Still stupefied and quite unconscious of the nature of the calamity, we suddenly saw flames rising from the town, and heard loud cries and lamentations. We now beheld people lying around our path, as if dead; and were actually climbing over ruins, without knowing that we had reached the town. So utterly shaken indeed were our faculties by this awful and sudden catastrophe, that we wandered for some hours around the town; saw houses falling near us, and listened to the dreadful cries of the wretched sufferers, before we could attain a clear conviction that the city had been destroyed by an earthquake. Then, however, in a state of indescribable and rising agony, we sought long and vainly for our dwellings. At length I found my house nearly consumed by the flames. I rushed into the ruins, hoping to save some one dear to me, and saw the legs of my crushed child projecting from beneath heavy masses of stone. I endeavoured to roll away the stones, but my strength was inadequate, and there was no one to help me. Soon after, I discovered my wife, dead, and clasping her infant to her bosom. The child too was dead; and I was thus left wifeless, childless, houseless, bereft of all I loved, and of all property, save the clothes on my back. This sudden and total destitution plunged me into utter despair; but many weeks elapsed before I could comprehend the full extent of my misery. Such was my fate, and the fate of all who escaped. Five days later, my friend discovered the dead body of his wife, and with her his child, happily still alive. The ground-

thunder," he concluded, "roared incessantly during that day, and the trembling motion of the earth was uninterrupted; but the first concussion was fatal to all the strongest buildings in the town."

Thus prepared, I accompanied the narrator on the following day amidst the ruins. When the town was last rebuilt, the inhabitants, warned by sad experience, endeavoured to secure their stone houses by strong wooden frame work, and this expedient would have probably answered the desired end, had not the concussions been so various and so opposite. This incessant change of motion disjoined the heavy timbers; their fall accelerated the destruction of the houses; and the fuel they afforded to the numerous fires, made the desolation so horrible and complete, that only three houses remained entire. One of the most singular phenomena I saw here, was the position of an obelisk, which had been partially turned round, and removed about nine inches from its original place on the pedestal, while the latter had not swerved from its position; thus proving the violent and various atmospheric movements which accompanied the earthquake. Two obelisks in a small town called Stefano del Bosco, exhibited similar appearances. Close to the lower part of Seminara was an extensive level, partly planted with olive-trees, and partly covered by a beautiful orchard, beyond which flowed a river. This level was rent asunder by the earthquake, which hurled one half of its surface a distance of 200 feet, into a valley sixty feet in depth, and, after riving another portion of the level into a deep chasm, forced into it the river before mentioned, the former bed of which became entirely dry. Exactly on the line where the level was rent in twain, stood a row of olive-trees. The hollows, from whence the roots had been torn out, were still visible, and on the opposite side of the chasm stood the trees, bending over the new bed of the river, and bearing an abundant crop of fruit. A small inhabited house, standing on the mass of earth carried down into the valley, went along with it entire, and without injury to the inhabitants. Many similar phenomena are recorded in the Academy Memoirs of the earthquake, and one of them is especially remarkable. In a tavern at Terranova, a few miles from Seminara, the landlord was lying on a bed, his wife and child sitting near him, and four guests were playing at cards at the other end of the room, when, suddenly the earth was convulsed, and the house was carried onward a distance of 300 paces. The walls were rent asunder, and the falling fragments crushed the four guests and the child, but the landlord and his wife escaped all injury. A peasant, near Seminara, was sitting in a tree when the ground beneath was rent open by a shock, which carried earth and tree to some distance, but the peasant clung to the branches and escaped.

This revolution of the earth not only created valleys where none had existed, but in many instances, converted plains into mountains. I saw several of these newly-created hills; and especially observed one at Seminara. I was standing with my friendly guide

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upon a lofty eminence above the new channel of the river, when he said,—“Where we now stand, my sister possessed before the earthquake, an olive-grove, down in the plain.” It was now a mountain, from six to seven hundred feet high, and the slope was a succession of platforms, resembling a staircase. The still remaining olive-trees, instead of producing fruits in the valley, now yielded it on the summit of the mountain; and, what is worthy of remark, the increased elevation had not diminished their fertility.

From this imperfect detail of the extraordinary revolutions in the vicinity of Seminara, the long-enduring stupefaction of my unfortunate conductors, when returning from the chase, will be readily understood. They farther told me, that, amongst other strange and novel appearances on their return to the town, they observed a lake which had been suddenly formed in the low grounds near the town. The water had rushed out of a chasm created by the earthquake; and this lake, now called *Lago del Tolfio*, extends 2380 palms\* in length, by 1250 in breadth, and 70 in depth. The inhabitants, dreading the miasma of this stagnant pool, have since, unceasingly and at great cost, endeavoured to drain it by the formation of canals, but hitherto without success. The water still wells out from the chasms below; and on the surface floats a greasy slime, apparently consisting of calcareous matter.

Before the earthquake the population of Seminara comprised 5000 souls, but was reduced more than half by this calamity and its consequences. The suddenness of the first shock precluded all precaution, and the destruction fell alike upon rich and poor. The fate of one of the principal inhabitants was singularly dreadful. When the conflagration was rapidly spreading, he was seen amidst the ruins of his house, unable to extricate himself, and beyond the reach of human aid. He was thus observed for several hours, while the flames gradually closed in upon his dwelling, and the massive stones reddened in the intense heat. The cries of the miserable man were heard from out this fiery furnace by the spectators, who saw him literally roasted alive, and could do nothing to alleviate his torments but procure a priest to give him absolution, soon after which he died this most dreadful of deaths. The convents and their inmates shared the common fate in this sweeping convulsion. Fifty nuns perished in one convent only; and of the numerous fraternity in the Franciscan monastery, one monk only was saved. He was out in the court, and died when he saw the walls begin to move.

The saddening impressions produced by this scene of ruin were soon relieved when I observed the stirring and noble energy which the people of Seminara, beyond any other Calabrians, displayed under calamities so disheartening. Determined to wait no longer for the assistance long promised by a grasping and heartless government, they had planned and made preparations to rebuild their city in houses of only one floor, and upon the summit

of the mountain, where they would be less exposed than on the slope to the effects of future earthquakes, and to the mal-aria from the stagnant lake in the plain.

Scilla, October, 1786.

Yesterday I quitted Seminara for Bagnara, deviating from the direct road to visit the plain of Terra Nova, upon and near which the earthquake had exerted its greatest force. The fertility of this plain, and the variety of its produce, are truly wonderful, but intermingled with scenes of devastation so wild and horrible, that I gazed round me in astonishment. Oppido, one of the largest cities in Calabria, is a pile of rubbish, and the contiguous district is broken up into chaos by newly-formed chasms, by the transposition of huge surfaces, and the creation of new lakes. The destruction of human life in this vicinity was enormous. Nearly two-thirds of the people perished, and in compliance with the orders issued from Naples to burn the numerous dead, 2000 bodies were burnt at one time in Oppido alone. The terrible violence of the earthquake in this district was proved by the total disappearance of large buildings, and surfaces of soil, swallowed up by the yawning earth, which closed immediately over them. These phenomena occurred only in the vicinity of Oppido, which may be deemed the central point from which the earthquake diffused its tremendous operations. Two of the principal inhabitants of this city, Don Marcello and Don Domenico Grillo, possessed estates in the adjacent district of Cannamaria. On these lands stood a small house of two floors, three small oil-stores, a large magazine containing 90 butts, four farm houses, and near them a wooden barrack for shelter in case of earthquakes; also, a large building, containing a dwelling room and a spacious hall for the preservation of silkworms, measuring 120 palms by 48. All these buildings have been engulfed, and not a vestige of them is discoverable. I went to examine the ground, but could discern no indication of former tenements. Similar phenomena occurred at Terra Nova, S. Christina, and Sinopoli.

I now began to ascend the mountains between Seminara and Bagnara, and ere long the view of Sicily burst upon me in all its grandeur. In the background appeared the smoking summit of *Ætna*; and at intermediate distances, the Lipari Isles, and the tall cliffs of Calabria; a splendid and animating spectacle, at which, in strong and high excitement, I exclaimed,

“*Procul e fluctu Trinacria cernitur Ætna.*”

Near Bagnara I passed through a forest of oaks, called *Bosco di Solano*, and descended to the sea-shore by a precipitous mountain-road. Here the beetling crags, of which so many fell during the earthquake, hang over and menace the passing traveller. The fall of these huge masses of cliff did enormous injury to this district; destroying the villas near Mount Cucuzza, and the beautiful vineyards and orchards which extended from Bagnara to the vicinity of Scilla, while many gardens were buried by the fall of *Gian Greco*, a mass of cliff extending a mile in length.

I arrived at Bagnara on a day of festival,

\* 1440 palms are equal to 1169 feet, Paris measure.

and the mass being just over as I entered the town, I had an opportunity to see at once nearly the whole population moving in a kind of procession. The men came first, in blue caps and jackets, their little mass books stuck in their waistcoats, and each of them carrying on his head a basket of rubbish. Here, as in other places in Calabria, the clergy, pleading poverty, had besought the people to thus prove their regard for the church. The peasants of Bagnara had consented, and were now conveying the rubbish in baskets down the mountain. They were all well-built handsome men, and the women displayed more beauty than I had yet seen in Calabria. In the apparel of the latter, I observed a degree of luxury which surprised me after so ruinous a calamity. They were all attired in silk, with damask jackets, profusely adorned with silver buttons, and white veils floated over their shoulders. This prosperous condition of the inhabitants is explained, however, by the great local advantages of Bagnara, which is backed by one of the richest countries in the world, and is enabled by its port to partake also of the fisheries and foreign trade. Here I hired a boat, and proceeded along the coast, close under its tremendous cliffs, to Scilla; not, however, in fear and trembling, like Ulysses and his companions, but on smooth water, and rejoicing in the magnificent view of Sicily on the right, while before me were spread out the bold cliffs of Calabria, as far as Cape Cenide, opposite to the Faro of Messina.

To avoid repetition, I had intended to suppress any farther description of ruined towns and villages, until my arrival at Messina; but I found at Scilla the traces of novel and singular phenomena. The changes which had hitherto fallen under my observation were produced by revolutions of the earth and the atmosphere; here, however, the heaviest calamities were occasioned by the sea. On both sides of the towering rock of Scilla extends an open level, rising but little above the sea, and apparently formed by marine deposit. It is now covered with wooden barracks; but before the earthquake it was adorned with numerous olive trees, and formed a delightful place of assemblage and promenade for the inhabitants of Scilla. When the concussion of the fifth of February frightened them out of their houses, they fled with their cattle and portable property to this low level on the shore; forgetting in their panic how often during former earthquakes the sea had rolled over it like a deluge, and swept away the unfortunate fugitives. And such was their own melancholy fate on the night of the fifth. Twelve hours after the first shock, and soon after midnight, the inhabitants of Scilla, exhausted with the terrors and exertions of the day, had fallen asleep amidst their fishing nets, some on the damp soil, and others in their boats, when the earth rocked, and a huge mass of cliff was torn with dreadful uproar from the contiguous Mount Jaci. The people were roused from slumber by the loud convulsion; night and darkness increased their dismay, and an universal scream of horror raised their panic to the highest pitch. With beating hearts and fervent prayers for succour, the appalled mul-

titude waited some moments in dread suspense, when suddenly a rising murmur in the sea indicated some terrible commotion in its waters. The awful sound approached, and in an instant the raging element, rising 30 palms above the level of the plain, rolled foaming over it, and swept away the multitude. Then retreating, it left the plain entirely, but soon rushed back again with greater violence, bringing with it some of the people and animals it had carried away; then rising higher than before, it reached the roofs of the houses, threw men and animals into trees, and upon the roofs, destroyed several buildings, and by thus rapidly retreating and returning several times, brought back many of the inhabitants alive, and carried off others who a moment before had rejoiced in their escape. The water reached the roof of the house in which I lodged at Scilla, and swept away my hostess and her child. She caught hold of a plank and clung to it with one arm, clasping her child of four years old with the other. The returning wave threw them on the beach, where they remained almost senseless until the following morning, when her husband found them struggling in the mud, a considerable distance from his house. The number of people drowned on the beach and in the boats was 1431, according to Vivenzio; and amongst them perished the aged and infirm Prince of Scilla, who after passing the greatest part of his life in Naples, had retired, when far advanced in years, to his estates. In earlier life, he had been a man of great energy and decision; but when he retired to Scilla his faculties were considerably impaired by age, and although he had been a cruel and grasping landlord to his vassals, his affability, when residing amongst them, had laid a strong hold upon their affections. This helpless old man was in his castle, built high upon the rock of Scilla, when the earth was lifted by the terrible shock of the fifth February. He threw himself in consternation before his crucifix, and awaited with tears and prayers whatever might befall him. Although in the event of another shock, the falling masses of rock would probably have crushed him and his castle, he would not for a long time consent to quit it. The foreboding terrors which the aged and imbecile are prone to indulge, or some dim reminiscences that the level below the town had already been fatal to the fugitive inhabitants, probably influenced his refusal to quit the castle; after long persuasion, however, he was induced to accompany a number of his vassals to the beach. Stepping into a fishing boat, he remained there until midnight, when the wave rolled in, and swept away him and his companions. This terrible convulsion covered the sea with dead, like a field of battle, when the strife is done. Along the shores of Calabria, across to Sicily, and along the coast of that island as far as Catania, the surface was strewn with corpses, and the sea threw up its prey along the beach in heaps, of 10, 20, and 50 bodies.

These details of the calamities of Scilla are chiefly from the work of Vivenzio; but I heard many similar accounts from the inhabitants, some of whom had been thrown into trees and upon house roofs by the mountain wave; others

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had their limbs fractured, and waited the arrival of morning in indescribable anxiety and torture, while some were entangled in the fishing nets, and were carried away and thrown back again by the sea three or four times. It was observed that, with few exceptions, pregnant women experienced no injurious consequences to their own health from the dreadful panic and imminent peril attending this catastrophe. The birth of children was accelerated, but safe; the infants, however, did not long survive.

Proceeding along the coast from Scilla, I passed Cape Cenide, and arrived at Reggio. This city was also destroyed by the earthquake, but several new houses were in a forward state. The position of Reggio is admirable. In a fine bay, sheltered by two promontories; in full view of Messina; built in the paradise of Europe, and backed by groves of fruit-trees, amongst which abound lemon, orange, bergamot, mulberry, and olive-trees. On each side of the town, numerous country houses, extending along the shore, greatly embellish the environs. These villas have apparently suffered little by the earthquake, but although the outer walls of most are entire, the interior structure yielded to the shock, and fell in.

*Messina, October, 1786.*

Every morning at dawn a boat, rowed by six or eight men, goes with goods and passengers from Scilla to Messina. The charge to foreign passengers is two carlines. The sea resembles here a gently flowing river, and sails are never used save when the wind blows strongly. It was still so dark when we left Scilla, that the Sicilian mountains were not easily distinguishable, but each passing moment changed the appearance of all visible objects, and gradually the day dawned over the richest scene on earth. The lofty rock of Scilla, Cape Cenide, and other promontories, the rampart cliffs, and fruit-groves of Calabria, although still in deep shade, were slowly developed. Soon the summits of the Sicilian mountains began to glitter in the first sunbeams, and the smoking crown of *Ætna* was clearly visible. I had seen many sublime and beautiful varieties of landscape scenery, but it had never been my good fortune to behold the golden sun rising over such a glorious combination as that which was now expanding before me in all the fulness of its grandeur. Our boat was gently gliding over the clear and tranquil waters of the strait, the joyous rowers accompanied with songs the regular fall of the oars, and the morning breeze was loaded with balmy odours from the scented fruit-groves of Calabria. Behind us were the charming bay and white villas of Reggio, and before us rose the proud harbour of Messina; while in both the saddening traces of the late calamity were still concealed in the imperfect light of morning. Between the mountains which rise behind Reggio and Messina, I saw the vapours ascending as if drawn up by the approaching sun; the cool morning breezes accelerated their progress, and made them curl and roll into fantastic shapes, through which the sunbeams broke at intervals. These vapours were in constant motion, and, when more dense than I beheld them, they exhibit

the appearance called *Fata Morgana* by the people of Messina, who see, or fancy they see, in them palaces and moving objects, and all the wonders of enchantment. I could distinguish nothing but exhalations curling in the wind, and dispersing slowly, because hemmed in by contiguous mountains. They diffused, however, fine atmospheric changes over the landscape, which was now lighted up by the sun, and displayed a glowing and rapid succession of beautiful scenery. My gaze was long fascinated by the sunbeams gilding the crown of *Ætna*, above which the expanded mass of smoke hung like a canopy, and glittered like silver in the brilliant light. The two opposite shores now exhibited a magnificent contrast of light and shade. The coast of Sicily, glowing with sunny splendour, reflected its bright radiance over half the waters of the strait, while the tall cliffs of Calabria, behind which the sun was rising, were still in deep gloom, and throw their dark shadows across the other half of the strait. Westward the open sea displayed its broad imposing volume; and, as I continued to gaze around me, I discovered at every turn new combinations of beauty and grandeur, to which no language could do justice.

The distance from Scilla to Cape Peloro, now Cape del Faro, is only two Italian miles, and between Cape Cenide in Calabria and Cape del Faro the strait is still narrower, which may account for the mistake of Hannibal, when, on his flight from Lucania to Africa, he could from a distance discover no passage between Italy and Sicily, and believed them to be undivided. Proceeding to the southward, we passed the now tranquil whirlpool of *Charibdis*, and, after a voyage of sixteen miles, reached the noble harbour of Messina.

Before the terrible convulsions of February and March, 1783, Messina had attained a state of high prosperity, when the earthquake rolled under land and sea from its central point in Calabria, and in an instant the lowest part of the city was destroyed. Heart-rending were the details communicated to me by many individuals, who melted into tears as they recalled the loss of relatives and friends in this dreadful calamity. A worthy Sicilian friend accompanied me through the scene of ruin, and, as we proceeded, I could observe his habitual cheerfulness give way to sorrowing regrets, which gradually rose into an intense and uncontrollable burst of agony that surpassed all my previous imaginings of mental suffering, and from which an intelligent tragedian might have borrowed new and highly dramatic conceptions of all the intermediate gradations of human agony. We had climbed over many heaps of ruin, and my companion had described the sufferings of the inhabitants in tones of lively interest, but with a deportment perfectly tranquil. Gradually he became excited by his narrative; his language more flowing and impassioned, and enforced by a rising vehemence of look and gesture. At length we reached a spot where the ruins of a house were piled up together. At the sight of these fragments he stood still, and placing his hand upon a large square stone which had been rent asunder, his look became wild, and he exclaimed several times, "Is not this a mournful spectacle?"



Then bursting into a passion of tears, he seized my hand and said, "Caro mio amico! Ecco la mia casa!" "Here stood my dwelling! I was then rich, and now I am as poor and destitute as a day-labourer! I saved nothing, and with difficulty recovered from the epidemic fever which followed the earthquake."

His recollections of that terrible night were now vividly awakened; and he described them with such vehemence and fire, that I became seriously alarmed for his health, and led him quickly from the fatal spot. This high excitement was followed by a reaction, and for some time after this explosion of his sorrows he was sad, silent, and exhausted; nor did he, until the following day, regain his usual conversable and cheerful habits.

All descriptions of Messina before the earthquake accord in admiration of the splendid Pazzalata, or range of palaces, which extended a mile along the harbour, and in which a noble simplicity of design was blended with architectural beauty of the highest order. This magnificent pile was one of the most distinguished works of modern art, and well deserved its imposing appellation. The architect, who displayed great art in the execution of his design, had selected the finest site in the world—the unequalled harbour of Messina—but he could not impart to the superstructure the solidity of the incomparable site, which bade defiance to the earthquake, and still remains in undiminished beauty, while most of the palaces yielded to the first shock of the earthquake, and are now a pile of rubbish. The inhabitants of Messina say, that the Pazzalata will be restored to all its former magnificence; but so eternal are the delay and languor of the government, that very many years will pass before a stone is laid; and, meanwhile, no attempt is made to prop the remaining palaces, which are gradually falling in, and might easily be preserved. A similar degree of inactivity prevails in the city, where no part of the rubbish is yet cleared. Churches, palaces, public buildings, and private dwellings, are still lying as they fell, in intermingled masses; and the extensive and beautiful streets running parallel with the harbour, are utterly abandoned, except by the inmates of some wretched huts, stuck here and there amidst the ruins. The best streets are covered more than a foot deep with rubbish, sand, and dust, which render it almost impossible to pass through the city. The inhabitants still remain in barracks built upon the high ground above Messina, and being hardened by long exposure to the damp and cold, are unwilling to quit these wretched dwellings. The destruction was not so total here as in many towns in Calabria. The lower part only of the city was overthrown, while most of the houses on higher ground remained standing, although greatly injured. The sea first gave note of an approaching convulsion, and for several days before the earthquake, an unusual irregularity was observed in the ebb and flow of the tide. The sea rose furiously at unwonted periods, the raging swell threatened to surmount the protecting mole and overflow the city, and at times subsided suddenly into calm. In the well-known vortex of Charibdis appeared a whirling current, so far

surpassing any seen in modern times, as to realize, in some degree, the terrible descriptions of the ancient poets. The laws of animate, as well as inanimate existence, appeared to be suspended; for, amongst other tokens of some great revolution beneath the waters of the strait, was the appearance of large shoals of fishes, and of kinds which, at that season, were rarely seen above the surface. Before each of the succeeding convulsions, these shoals of fishes always gave notice of the impending calamity, and the people, well knowing the fatal signal, greeted them with curses and imprecations, and awaited in sullen desperation the coming evil. The roaring of the sea was accompanied by a deep low muttering in the earth, which resembled the subdued roll of distant thunder, and continued for several days, swelling into louder volume whenever the sea rose in higher surges. These various indications continued from the first to the fifth of February, when, immediately after twelve at noon, Messina shared the fate of the Calabrian cities. The morning had been lowering and foggy, and at noon the sun emitted through the mist a light feeble and pale as moonshine. There was an oppressive and breathless stillness in the air, and in all nature, which must have been truly awful. It was described to me as conveying feelings of horrible and appalling suspense, accompanied with an oppressive sense of languor and exhaustion. At length about noon, and while all nature appeared to pause for the issue, a rattling noise was heard, which seemed to come over from Calabria. It came gradually nearer, and, as it approached, the sea swelled up in higher surges. Thus awfully and slowly did the convulsion roll over from Calabria, heaving earth and sea in its appalling progress; and when it reached the shores of Messina, the harbour-mole, which first encountered the shock, heaved like a billow, and the splendid Pazzalata was in great part laid in ruins. Several buildings in various parts of the city were overthrown by the concussion, but the collective damage occasioned by the first shock was comparatively small. The earth continued to heave and tremble all day with little intermission, and the miserable inhabitants endured all the tortures of terror and suspense. At length arrived the night, and with it a terrible aggravation of the universal panic. The convulsion of the elements increased; the awful subterraneous rumble (called *rombo* by the Italians) bellowed like thunder; the sea raged with greater fury; and the terror excited by these phenomena was aggravated by the cries and groans of the impoverished, the despairing, the wounded and the dying. A night of horror now ensued, in which a terrible concussion destroyed about midnight the best-built and largest quarter of the city.

The succeeding shocks of the 7th and 13th February, 28th of March, and several other days and nights, brought down many houses which had been previously rent and shaken to their foundations; but no later shock equalled in violence the terrible midnight convulsion which occurred twelve hours after the beginning of the earthquake; and during which, the wall of the citadel, twelve feet thick, and

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hitherto deemed indestructible, was rent from the base to the surface. The condition of the inhabitants was truly deplorable during this long series of concussions. After the two first destructive shocks they fled to the adjacent country, and remained several days without shelter from the violent and unceasing storms of rain, hail, and wind, which accompanied the earthquake. There was not a sufficiency of wood and tiles to cover the roofless barracks, and even many of the principal inhabitants of Messina passed several nights in the open air, upon chairs, and holding umbrellas over their heads, exposed to rain and storm; and, being destitute of all change of apparel, passed several days and nights in their wet clothes. This prolonged exposure to the wet and cold occasioned epidemic maladies, which were more destructive than the earthquake.

The number of people destroyed by the different shocks did not exceed 1000, of whom nearly the whole perished in the first concussion of the 5th February, after which very few would again enter their dwellings. The calamities and losses of the unfortunate Messinese were greatly aggravated by the extensive and furious conflagrations which arose from the destruction of the city. These fires, which raged unceasingly for seven days, consumed immense storehouses, and the large warehouses, of the principal merchants; and the loss sustained was estimated at forty millions of livres, without including furniture, jewels, and other valuables. But Messina had not yet reached the climax of her calamities. The flames had consumed every public magazine and every private store of provisions. An immediate famine ensued, the consequences of which would have been horrible, had not the viceroy of Sicily, the intelligent and noble-minded Caraccioli, promptly exerted himself to stay the hourly growing calamity, until more substantial succour could arrive from Naples. Another source of pressing and immediate distress was the want of fresh water. All the best and most abundant springs were choked by the rubbish; the public fountains and cisterns were empty, and where the springs still flowed, they were unapproachable without imminent peril from the tumbling ruins. The viceroy immediately employed the slaves to remove the rubbish from the wells, and in a labour still more important to the public health.

The convulsion had so shaken and disturbed the cemetery where the bodies of those who had died of the last pestilence were interred, that in many places the superincumbent soil had given way, and the pestilential exhalations which arose from these cavities excited strong apprehensions of another malignant fever. The ground was immediately beset with guards, and the slaves were employed to fill up every hollow, and to cover the whole surface with fresh soil.

Ere long, important relief was obtained from Naples. The King evinced a lively feeling of compassion for his unfortunate subjects. All taxation was immediately suspended: the Marchese di Regalmici was invested with full authority to relieve the Messinese, and provisions, medicines, money, physicians, and sur-

geons, were despatched to meet their most pressing wants.

Excepting the destruction of Messina, and the small town of Rometta, Sicily experienced little injury from the earthquake. The shocks were felt throughout the whole of Vall Demona, but the towns in this district escaped with trifling damage.

This convulsion of the earth, sea, and air, extended over the whole of Calabria Ultra, the south-east part of Calabria Citra, and across the sea to Messina and its environs. The concussion was perceptible over great part of Sicily, and as far north as Naples; but the surface over which the shocks acted so forcibly as to excite intense alarm, did not generally exceed 500 square miles in circumference. Vivenzio, however, relates, that from the 20th to the 26th of March, terrible earthquakes occurred in the islands of Zante, Cefalonia, and St. Maura; and that in the last mentioned isle several public buildings and private dwellings were overthrown, and destroyed many people.

My object is to detail effects rather than causes; but, after close observation and comparison of the concussions and workings of Mount Vesuvius, and of the phenomena attending the earthquakes in Calabria, I must briefly state my belief that volcanoes and earthquakes are simply various effects of the same chemical process; and that their phenomena, which bear a striking resemblance, are produced by the agency of subterraneous fire, modified probably by the different depths of the moving power, and the different nature of the superincumbent strata. The frequent and destructive earthquakes in Calabria, (of which twenty-eight are recorded between 1602 and 1783, besides many slighter intermediate shocks,) I attribute to the existence of a volcano, without an immediate crater, but in obvious sympathy and occasionally relieved by subterraneous communications, with the contiguous volcanoes of *Ætna* and *Stromboli*—tranquil when they are in action, but accumulating its powers when they are dormant; and then uplifting the shell of the globe, and riving it into fissures and chasms, through which are emitted elastic vapours and fluids. These convulsions are preceded and accompanied, like the eruptions of *Vesuvius*, with the subterraneous noise resembling loud thunder. I discovered also in Calabria traces of sulphur and ambr (grey amber) in those places where water had rushed through the yawning surface; but, on the other hand, after vigilant examination, I could no where discover any appearance of lava; and I am convinced that Sir William Hamilton's assertion of the existence of lava at Pizzo is erroneous, and founded upon superficial investigation. My opinion in this respect is supported by the high authority of the Chevalier Dolomieu, from whose able and interesting "*Memoires sur les Tremblements de Terre, &c.*," I quote the following paragraph.

"La ville de Pizzo est batie sur un rocher, qui est enveloppé dans sa partie extérieure par une agglutination de sable calcaire et quartz, mêlé de corps marins. Cette espèce de concrétion est adhérente à d'autres rochers schisteux de la même montagne. Elle se re-

couvre par le concours de l'humidité d'une espèce de croute ou mousse noirâtre, qui a trompé l'oeil de Mr. le Chev. Hamilton; il a cru y voir un tuf Volcanique."

The above mentioned Memoirs of Dolomieu have, in many respects, gratified me more than any other attempt to explain the moving power of earthquakes.

His conjectures are always ingenious; and are better supported by the evidence of facts and coincidences, than any hypothesis hitherto suggested.

*From the Quarterly Review.*

**AMIR KHAN, AND OTHER POEMS:** *the Remains of Lucretia Maria Davidson, who died at Plattsburgh, N. Y., August 27, 1825, aged sixteen years and eleven months. With a Biographical Sketch. By Samuel F. B. Morse, A. M. New York, 1829.*

LUCRETIA Maria Davidson was born September 27, 1808, at Plattsburgh, on Lake Champlain. She was the second daughter of Dr. Oliver Davidson, and Margaret his wife. Her parents were in straitened circumstances, and it was necessary, from an early age, that much of her time should be devoted to domestic employments: for these she had no inclination, but she performed them with that alacrity which always accompanies good will; and, when her work was done, retired to enjoy those intellectual and imaginative pursuits in which her whole heart was engaged. This predilection for studious retirement she is said to have manifested at the early age of four years. Reports, and even recollections of this kind, are to be received, the one with some distrust, the other with some allowance; but when that allowance is made, the genius of this child still appears to have been as precocious as it was extraordinary. Instead of playing with her schoolmates, she generally got to some secluded place, with her little books, and with pen, ink, and paper; and the consumption which she made of paper was such as to excite the curiosity of her parents, from whom she kept secret the use to which she applied it. If any one came upon her retirement, she would conceal or hastily destroy what she was employed upon; and, instead of satisfying the inquiries of her father and mother, replied to them only by tears. The mother, at length, when searching for something in a dark and unfrequented closet, found a considerable number of little books, made of this writing paper, and filled with rude drawings, and with strange and apparently illegible characters, which, however, were at once seen to be the child's work. Upon closer inspection, the characters were found to consist of the printed alphabet; some of the letters being formed backwards, some sideways, and there being no spaces between the words. These writings were deciphered, not without much difficulty; and it then appeared that they consisted of regular verses, generally in explanation of a rude drawing, sketched on the opposite page. When she found that her treasures had been discovered,

she was greatly distressed, and could not be pacified till they were restored; and as soon as they were in her possession, she took the first opportunity of secretly burning them. For it had not been in fear of discouragement or prohibition from her parents that she had concealed her childish compositions; but because there is a sensitiveness in true genius which shrinks at first, as if instinctively, from exposure. Where there is no indication of this intellectual modesty, there is but too much reason for apprehending that the moral sense to which it is akin, is wanting also.

These books having thus been destroyed, the earliest remaining specimen of her verse is an epitaph, composed in her ninth year, upon an unfledged robin, killed in the attempt at rearing it. The editor has not thought proper to insert it: such things are invaluable, as relics, to those who knew and loved the departed; but, from public curiosity it is always better that they should be withheld. When she was eleven years of age, her father took her to see the decorations of a room in which Washington's birth-day was to be celebrated. Neither the novelty nor the gaiety of what she saw attracted her attention; she thought of Washington alone, whose life she had read, and for whom she entertained the proper feelings of an American; and as soon as she returned home, she took paper, sketched a funeral urn, and wrote under it a few stanzas, which were shown to her friends. Common as the talent of versifying is, any early manifestation of it will always be regarded as extraordinary by those who possess it not themselves; and these verses, though no otherwise remarkable, were deemed so surprising for a child of her age, that an aunt of hers could not believe they were original, and hinted that they might have been copied. The child wept at this suspicion, as if her heart would break; but as soon as she recovered from that fit of indignant grief, she ended a remonstrance to her aunt, in verse, which put an end to such incredulity.

Proud as her parents were of so hopeful a child, they never attempted to impede her endeavours to improve herself; and all the time that could be spared from her indispensable domestic avocations was given to reading. We are told that, before she was twelve years of age, she had read most of the standard English poets—a vague term, excluding, no doubt, much that is of real worth, and including more that is worth little or nothing, and yet implying a wholesome course of reading for such a mind. Much history she had also read, both sacred and profane: "the whole of Shakspeare's, Kotzebue's and Goldsmith's dramatic works;" (oddly consorted names!) "and many of the popular novels and romances of the day:" of the latter, she threw aside at once those which at first sight appeared worthless. As for what is called "directing the taste" of youthful genius, this is so much more likely (we had almost said so sure) to be injurious rather than useful, that in a case like this it is fortunate when an ardent mind is left to itself, and allowed, like the bee, to suck honey from weeds and flowers indiscriminately. The vigorous mind, like the healthy stomach, can digest and assimilate coarse food. This girl is said to

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have observed every thing: "frequently she has been known to watch the storm, and the retiring clouds, and the rainbow, and the setting sun, for hours."

An English reader is not prepared to hear of distress arising from straitened circumstances in America—the land of promise, where there is room enough for all, and employment for every body. Yet even in that new country, man, it appears, is born not only to those ills which flesh is heir to, but to those which are entailed upon him by the institutions of society. Lucretia's mother was confined by illness to her room and bed for many months; and this child, then about twelve years old, instead of profiting under her mother's care, had in a certain degree to supply her place in the business of the family, and to attend, which she did dutifully and devotedly, to her sick bed. At this time a gentleman who had heard much of her verses, and expressed a wish to see some of them, was so much gratified on perusing them, that he sent her a complimentary note, enclosing a bank-bill for twenty dollars. The girl's first joyful thought was, that she had now the means, which she had so often longed for, of increasing her little stock of books; but, looking towards the sick bed, tears came in her eyes, and she instantly put the bill into her father's hands, saying, "Take it, father; it will buy many comforts for mother; I can do without the books."

To relate this anecdote as an extraordinary instance of duty or sensibility, would be as unfitting as to leave it untold. If there had been no such outward manifestation, the inward grace must have been wanting; but it may well be conceived how these parents must have doated upon such a child, whose person, moreover, was as beautiful as her disposition and her mind. Yet there were friends, as they are called, who remonstrated with them on the course they were pursuing in her education, and advised that she should be deprived of books, pen, ink, and paper, and rigorously confined to domestic concerns. Her parents loved her both too wisely and too well to be guided by such counsellors, and they anxiously kept the advice secret from Lucretia, lest it should wound her feelings—perhaps, also, lest it should give her, as it properly might, a rooted dislike to these misjudging and unfeeling persons. But she discovered it by accident, and its effect upon her was such as could little have been foreseen: instead of exciting resentment, it produced acquiescence in the prudential reasons which had been urged, and a persevering effort of self-denial, the greatest which could be made. Without declaring any such intention, she gave up her pen and her books, and applied herself exclusively to household business, for several months, till her body as well as her spirits failed. She became emaciated, her countenance bore marks of deep dejection, and often, while actively employed in domestic duties, she could neither restrain nor conceal her tears. The mother seems to have been slower in perceiving this than she would have been had it not been for own state of confinement; she noticed it at length, and said, "Lucretia, it is a long time since you have written any thing." The girl then burst

into tears, and replied, "O mother, I have given that up long ago." "But why?" said her mother. After much emotion she answered, "I am convinced from what my friends have said, and, from what I see, that I have done wrong in pursuing the course I have. I well know the circumstances of the family are such, that it requires the united efforts of every member to sustain it; and since my eldest sister is now gone, it becomes my duty to do every thing in my power to lighten the cares of my parents." On this occasion, Mrs. Davidson acted with equal discretion and tenderness; she advised her to take a middle course, neither to forsake her favourite pursuits, nor devote herself to them, but use them in that wholesome alternation with the every day business of the world, which is alike salutary for the body and the mind. "She therefore occasionally resumed her pen, and seemed comparatively happy."

Let no parent wish for a child of precocious genius, nor rejoice over such a one without fear and trembling! Great endowments, whether of nature or of fortune, bring with them their full proportion of temptations and dangers; and perhaps in the endowments of nature the danger is greatest because there is most at stake. In most cases it seems as if the seeds of moral and intellectual excellence were not designed to bring forth fruits on earth, but that they are brought into existence and developed here only for transplantation to a world where there shall be nothing to corrupt or hurt them, nothing to impede their growth in goodness, and their progress toward perfection. This is a consideration which may prepare the parent's heart, or console it. Such a plant was Lucretia Davidson. Under the most favourable circumstances, and with the most judicious culture, it seems hardly possible that she could have been reared; an intellectual fever seems to have gathered strength with her growth, and all things tended unhappily to feed rather than to allay it; privations and difficulties on the one hand, indulgence and excitement on the other; an indulgence not to be censured, and yet, if to be blamed, excusable, because it was the only indulgence that could be shown here: and an excitement less the effect of misjudging kindness, than of causes over which prudence could have no control. If there had been some who would have debarred her from all intellectual pursuits, and have brought down her spirit, her hopes and aspirations, to the low level of her condition in life, there were (and could not but be) others who wondered at her as a prodigy, and took pleasure in encouraging her to the exertion and display of her gift of verse. How this operated may be seen in some lines, not otherwise worthy of preservation than for the purpose of showing how the promises of reward affect a mind like hers. They were written in her thirteenth year.

"When'er the muse pleases to grace my dull page,  
At the sight of reward she flies off in a rage;  
Prayers, threats, and entreaties, I frequently try,  
But she leaves me to scribble, to fret, and to sigh.

No. 92.—K

She torments me each moment, and bids me  
go write,  
And when I obey her, she laughs at the sight;  
The rhyme will not jingle, the verse has no  
sense,

And against all her insults I have no defence.

I advise all my friends who wish me to write,  
To keep their rewards and their gifts from my  
sight,

So that jealous Miss Muse won't be wounded  
in pride,

Nor Pegasus rear till I've taken my ride."

Let not the hasty reader conclude from these  
rhymes that Lucretia was only what any child  
of early cleverness might be made by forcing  
and injudicious admiration. In our own lan-  
guage, except in the cases of Chatterton and  
Kirke White, we can call to mind no instance  
of so early, so ardent, and so fatal a pursuit of  
intellectual advancement.

"She composed with great rapidity, as fast  
as most persons usually copy. There are se-  
veral instances of four or five pieces on differ-  
ent subjects, and containing three or four stan-  
zas each, written on the same day. Her  
thoughts flowed so rapidly, that she often ex-  
pressed the wish that she had two pair of  
hands, that she might employ them to tran-  
scribe. When 'in the vein,' she would write  
standing, and be wholly abstracted from the  
company present and their conversation. But  
if composing a piece of some length, she wish-  
ed to be entirely alone; she shut herself into  
her room, darkened the windows, and in sum-  
mer placed her *Æolian* harp in the window;"  
(thus, by artificial excitement, feeding the fire  
that consumed her. "In those pieces on which  
she bestowed more than ordinary pains, she  
was very secret; and if they were, by any ac-  
cident, discovered in their unfinished state, she  
seldom completed them, and often destroyed  
them. She cared little for any of her works  
after they were completed: some, indeed, she  
preserved with care for future correction, but  
a great proportion she destroyed: very many  
that are preserved, were rescued from the  
flames by her mother. Of a complete poem,  
in five cantos, called '*Rodri*,' and composed  
when she was thirteen years of age, a single  
canto, and part of another, are all that are  
saved from a destruction which she supposed  
had obliterated every vestige of it.

"She was often in danger, when walking,  
from carriages, &c. in consequence of her ab-  
sence of mind. When engaged in a poem of  
some length, she has often forgotten her meals.  
A single incident, illustrating this trait in her  
character, is worth relating. She went out  
early one morning to visit a neighbour, prom-  
ising to be at home to dinner. The neighbour  
being absent, she requested to be shown into  
the library. There she became so absorbed in  
her book, standing, with her bonnet unremov-  
ed, that the darkness of the coming night first  
reminded her that she had forgotten her meals,  
and expended the entire day in reading."—pp.  
18, 20.

She was peculiarly sensitive to music. There  
was one song (it was Moore's Farewell to his  
Harp) to which she "took a special fancy;"  
she wished to hear it only at twilight—thus,

with that same perilous love of excitement  
which made her place the wind-harp in the  
window when she was composing, seeking to  
increase the effect which the song produced  
upon a nervous system, already diseasedly sus-  
ceptible; for it is said, that whenever she heard  
this song she became cold, pale, and almost  
fainting; yet it was her favourite of all songs,  
and gave occasion to these verses, addressed,  
in her fifteenth year, to her sister.

"When evening spreads her shades around,  
And darkness fills the arch of heaven;  
When not a murmur, not a sound  
To fancy's sportive ear is given;

When the broad orb of heaven is bright,  
And looks around with golden eye;  
When Nature, softened by her light,  
Seems calmly, solemnly to lie:

Then, when our thoughts are raised above  
This world, and all this world can give,  
Oh, sister! sing the song I love,  
And tears of gratitude receive.

The song which thrills my bosom's core,  
And, hovering, trembles half afraid,  
Oh, sister! sing the song once more  
Which ne'er for mortal ear was made.

"Twere almost sacrifice to sing  
Those notes amid the glare of day;  
Notes borne by angels' purest wing,  
And wafted by their breath away.

When, sleeping in my grass grown bed,  
Shouldst thou still linger here above,  
Wilt thou not kneel beside my head,  
And, sister! sing the song I love?"

To young readers it might be useful to ob-  
serve, that these verses in one place approach  
the verge of meaning, but are on the wrong  
side of the line: to none can it be necessary to  
say, that they breathe the deep feeling of a  
mind essentially poetical. The most gratify-  
ing reward that an author can receive, is to  
know that his writings have strengthened the  
weak, established the wavering, given comfort  
to the afflicted, and obtained the approbation  
of the wise and the good; but simply to have  
been the means of imparting innocent pleasure  
to a simple and innocent heart, is itself neither  
a light nor an unworthy gratification; and we  
think well enough of Mr. Moore's better na-  
ture, to hope and expect that, when he knows  
how this melody of his affected this young  
earthly angel, he will not let her remain "with-  
out the meed of some melodious tear."

The extreme sensitiveness of her frame  
might have occasioned sufficient apprehension  
for the probable consequence, even if it had  
not been dangerously excited both by her own  
habits, and the attention of which she was the  
conscious as well as constant object. She com-  
plains thus, in her fifteenth year, of frequent  
and violent head-aches.

"Head-ache! thou bane to Pleasure's fairy  
spell!

Thou fiend! thou foe to joy! I know thee well;  
Beneath thy lash I've writhed for many an hour;  
I hate thee, for I've known, and dread thy  
power.

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Even the beathen Gods were made to feel  
The aching torments which thy hand can deal;  
And Jove, the ideal king of heaven and earth,  
Owned thy dread power, which called stern  
Wisdom forth.

Wouldst thou thus ever bless each aching  
head,  
And bid Minerva make the brain her bed,  
Blessings might then be taught to rise from  
woe,  
And wisdom spring from every throbbing brow.

But always the reverse to me, unkind,  
Folly for ever dogs thee close behind:  
And, from this burning brow, her cap and bell  
Forever jingle Wisdom's funeral knell."

More than once, too, her verses breathe  
something like a desire and an anticipation of  
death:—

"TO A STAR.

(Written in her Fifteenth Year.)

Thou brightly glittering Star of Even—  
Thou gem upon the brow of Heaven!  
Oh! were this fluttering spirit free,  
How quick 'twould spread its wings to thee!

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,  
Like the pure lamp in Virtue's shrine;  
Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast  
Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as Heaven's own air,  
Their hopes, their joys, together share;  
While hovering angels touch the string,  
And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,  
Illumed by Heaven's refulgent lights;  
There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,  
And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of Even—  
Thou gem upon an azure Heaven!  
How swiftly will I soar to thee,  
When this imprisoned soul is free!"

"Her desire of knowledge increased as she grew more capable of appreciating its worth;" and she appreciated much beyond its real worth the advantages which girls derive from the ordinary course of female education. "Oh!" she said one day to her mother, "that I only possessed half the means for improvement which I see others slighting! I should be the happiest of the happy." A youth whom nature has endowed with diligence and a studious disposition has, indeed, too much reason to regret the want of that classical education which is wasted upon the far greater number of those on whom it is bestowed; but, for a girl who displays a promise of genius like Lucretia, and who has at hand the Bible and the best poets in her own language, no other assistance can be needed in her progress than a supply of such books as may store her mind with knowledge. Lucretia's desire of knowledge was a passion which possessed her like a disease. "I am now sixteen years old," she said, "and what do I know? Nothing!—no-

thing, compared with what I have yet to learn. Time is rapidly passing by: that time usually allotted to the improvement of youth; and how dark are my prospects in regard to this favourite wish of my heart!" At another time she said—"How much there is yet to learn!—If I could only grasp it at once!"

In October, 1824, when she had just entered upon her seventeenth year, a gentleman, then on a visit at Plattsburgh, saw some of her verses—was made acquainted with her ardent desire for education, and with the circumstances in which she was placed; and he immediately resolved to afford her every advantage which the best schools in the country could furnish. This gentleman has probably chosen to have his name withheld, being more willing to act benevolently than to have his good deeds blazoned; and yet, stranger as he needs must be, there are many English readers to whom it would have been gratifying, could they have given to such a person "a local habitation and a name." When Lucretia was made acquainted with his intention, the joy was almost greater than she could bear. As soon as preparations could be made, she left home, and was placed at the "Troy Female Seminary," under the instruction of Mrs. Willard. There she had all the advantages for which she had hungered and thirsted; and, like one who had long hungered and thirsted, she devoured them with fatal eagerness. Her application was incessant; and its effects on her constitution, already somewhat debilitated by previous disease, became apparent in increased nervous sensibility. Her letters at this time exhibit the two extremes of feeling in a marked degree. They abound in the most sprightly or most gloomy speculations, bright hopes or living fancies, or despairing fears and gloomy forebodings. In one of her letters from this seminary, she writes thus to her mother: "I hope you will feel no uneasiness as to my health or happiness; for, save the thoughts of my dear mother and her lonely life, and the idea that my dear father is slaving himself, and wearing out his very life, to earn a subsistence for his family—save these thoughts (and I can assure you, mother, they come not seldom), I am happy. Oh! how often I think, if I could have but one-half the means I now expend, and be at liberty to divide that half with mamma, how happy I should be!—cheer up and keep good courage." In another, she says: "Oh! I am so happy, so contented now, that every unusual movement startles me. I am constantly afraid that something will happen to mar it." Again, she says: "I hope the expectations of my friends will not be disappointed: but I am afraid you all calculate upon too much. I hope not, for I am not capable of much. I can study and be industrious; but I fear I shall not equal the hopes which you say are raised." The story of Kirke White should operate not more as an example than a warning; but the example is followed and the warning overlooked. Stimulants are administered to minds which are already in a state of feverish excitement. Hotbeds and glasses are used for plants which can only acquire strength in the shade; and they are drenched with instruction, which ought to

"drop as the rain and distil as the dew—as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the shower upon the grass."

It is to be wished that Mr. Morse had inserted part of her letters in these Remains, and to be hoped that he will do so in a future edition. During the vacation, in which she returned home, she had a serious illness, which left her feeble and more sensitive than ever. On her recovery she was placed at the school of Miss Gilbert, in Albany; and there, in a short time, a more alarming illness brought her to the very borders of the grave. Before she entered upon her intemperate course of application at Troy, her verses show that she felt a want of joyous and healthy feeling—a sense of decay. Thus she wrote to a friend, who had not seen her since her childhood:—

"And thou hast mark'd in childhood's hour  
The fearless boundings of my breast,  
When fresh as summer's opening flower,  
I freely frolick'd and was blest.

Oh say, was not this eye more bright?  
Were not these lips more wont to smile?  
Methinks that then my heart was light,  
And I a fearless, joyous child.

And thou didst mark me gay and wild,  
My careless, reckless laugh of mirth;  
The simple pleasures of a child,  
The holiday of man on earth.

Then thou hast seen me in that hour,  
When every nerve of life was new,  
When pleasures fann'd youth's infant flower,  
And Hope her witcheries round it threw.

That hour is fading; it has fled;  
And I am left in darkness now,  
A wanderer tow'rd's a lowly bed,  
The grave, that home of all below."

Young poets often affect a melancholy strain, and none more frequently put on a sad and sentimental mood in verse than those who are as happy as an utter want of feeling for any body but themselves can make them. But in these verses the feeling was sincere and ominous. Miss Davidson recovered from her illness at Albany so far only as to be able to perform the journey back to Plattsburgh, under her poor mother's care. "The hectic flush of her cheek told but too plainly that a fatal disease had fastened upon her constitution, and must ere long inevitably triumph." She however dreaded something worse than death, and while confined to her bed, wrote these unfinished lines, the last that were ever traced by her indefatigable hand, expressing her fear of madness.

"There is a something which I dread,  
It is a dark, a fearful thing;  
It steals along with withering tread,  
Or sweeps on wild destruction's wing.

That thought comes o'er me in the hour  
Of grief, of sickness, or of sadness;  
'Tis not the dread of death,—tis more,  
It is the dread of madness.

Oh! may these throbbing pulses pause  
Forgetful of their feverish course;  
May this hot brain, which burning, glows  
With all a fiery whirlpool's force,

Be cold, and motionless, and still  
A tenant of its lowly bed;  
But let not dark delirium steal—

The stanzas with which Kirke White's fragment of the "Christiad" concludes, are not so painful as these lines. Had this however been more than a transient feeling, it would have produced the calamity which it dreaded: it is likely, indeed, that her early death was a dispensation of mercy, and saved her from the severest of all earthly afflictions; and that same merciful Providence which removed her to a better state of existence, made these apprehensions give way to a hope and expectations of recovery, which, vain as it was, cheered some of her last hours. When she was forbidden to read it was a pleasure to her to handle the books which composed her little library, and which she loved so dearly. "She frequently took them up and kissed them; and at length requested them to be placed at the foot of her bed, where she might constantly see them," and anticipating a revival which was not to be, of the delight she should feel in re-perusing them, she said often to her mother, "what a feast I shall have by-and-bye." How these words must have gone to that poor mother's heart they only can understand who have heard such like anticipations of recovery from a dear child, and not been able, even whilst hoping against hope, to partake them.

When sensible at length of her approaching dissolution, she looked forward to it without alarm; not alone in that peaceful state of mind which is the proper reward of innocence, but in reliance on the divine promises, and in hope of salvation through the merits of our blessed Lord and Saviour. The last name which she pronounced was that of the gentleman whose bounty she had experienced, and towards whom she always felt the utmost gratitude. Gradually sinking under her malady, she passed away on the 27th of August, 1825, before she had completed her seventeenth year. Her person was singularly beautiful; she had "a high, open forehead, a soft black eye, perfect symmetry, of features, a fair complexion, and luxuriant dark hair. The prevailing expression of her face was melancholy. Although, because of her beauty as well as of her mental endowments, she was the object of much admiration and attention, yet she shunned observation, and often sought relief from the pain it seemed to inflict upon her, by retiring from the company."

"That she should have written so voluminously as has been ascertained," says the editor of these remains, "is almost incredible. Her poetical writings which have been collected, amount in all to two hundred and seventy-eight pieces of various length; when it is considered that among these are at least five regular poems of several cantos each, some estimate may be formed of her poetical labours. Besides there were twenty-four school exer-

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cises, three unfinished romances, a complete tragedy, written at thirteen years of age, and about forty letters, in a few months, to her mother alone. To this statement should also be appended the fact, that a great portion of her writings she destroyed. Her mother observes, "I think I am justified in saying that she destroyed at least one-third of all she wrote."

"Of the literary character of her writings," says the editor, "it does not, perhaps, become me largely to speak; yet I must hazard the remark, that her defects will be perceived to be those of youth and inexperience, while in invention, and in that mysterious power of exciting deep interest, of enchaining the attention and keeping it alive to the end of the story; in that adaptation of the measure to the sentiment, and in a sudden change of measure to suit a sudden change of sentiment; a wild and romantic description; and in the congruity of the accompaniment to her characters, all conceived with great purity and delicacy,—she will be allowed to have discovered uncommon maturity of mind, and her friends to have been warranted in forming very high expectations of her future distinction."

This may seem high praise: yet in these "immature buds, and blossoms shaken from the tree, and green fruit," there was as fair a promise of future excellence as ever genius put forth. But it is not form the intrinsic value of these poor remains that the interest arises with which this little volume cannot but be perused. We have entered into no account of the longer poems which it contains, nor selected from the smaller pieces any except a few of those which are transcripts of the authoress's individual feelings; for youthful poetry must always be imitative, and that which is least faulty is far from being the most hopeful. Indeed wherever imitative talents exists in the highest degree creative genius has rarely, if ever, been found to co-exist. In these poems there is enough of originality, enough of aspiration, enough of conscious energy, enough of growing power, to warrant any expectations, however sanguine, which the patron, and the friends, and parents of the deceased could have formed; and that any person rise from the perusal of this volume without feeling the vanity of human hopes. But those hopes are not vain which look beyond this world for their fulfilment. Knowing, as we know, that not a particle of matter can be destroyed, how surely, then, may we conclude that this which is demonstrated in material existences is true of spiritual things; that love, and generous feelings, and noble thoughts, and holy desires, are not put off when we put off mortality; but that, inhering in our immortal nature, they partake its immortality, and constitute in their fruition a part of that happiness which our Almighty and Allmerciful Father has appointed for all his creatures who do not wilfully renounce their birthright! This is a consolation which reason suggests, which philosophy approves, which scripture warrants, and on which the understanding and the heart may rest.

To those parents who may have the fearful

charge of a child like Lucretia Davidson, these memoirs will have a deep and painful interest. They clearly indicate the danger, but afford no clue to the means of averting it. It is as perilous to repress the ardour of such a mind as to encourage it. The Quaker discipline, which, for the majority of women, is the best of which experience has ever been made, produces deplorable effects upon those whose constitution of mind is too sensitive. The difficulty is to indulge such a mind without pampering it; to regulate it, without forcing it from its natural and proper bent. The first step toward this is, that we should ourselves estimate mental endowments not too highly, but at their just worth; and then teach others, in whom the dawn of genius appears, that the gift is not so rare as it has been deemed to be: that it is becoming less so in every generation, because wherever it exists it is now called forth by the wide extension of education (such as it is), and by the general diffusion of books; and that as it becomes common the conventional value which it has hitherto borne will, like that of precious stones, be necessarily abated. This may be a humiliating lesson, but it is a wholesome one; and many there are for whom it will be well if they receive it, and lay it to heart in time.

*From the Monthly Review.*

**MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF DANIEL DE FOE; containing a Review of his Writings, and his Opinions upon a variety of important Matters, Civil and Ecclesiastical. By Walter Wilson, Esq., of the Inner Temple. 3 vols. 8vo. London: Hurst, Chance & Co. 1830.**

THE growth and development of genius are exhibited under a vast variety of circumstances. The power of the intellect is fitted alike for attack and resistance, and when employment is not found for its activity in the one, it throws all its vigour into the other. He who is a bold and imaginative theorist in one situation, is a fearless polemic in another; and when fortune turns against him, and he is deprived of friends, or support, he gathers up his forces into his own bosom, and stands prepared for a contest unto the death. To a mind of genuine strength and energy it matters little, therefore, what be the external circumstances under which it is placed. Let it but have had time and opportunity to gain maturity, to stretch itself into its full proportions, and it will manifest the same might and dignity through all changes of condition. The most useful of the Creator's gifts, the hardy corn will flourish, it is said, under every climate, and so with the powers that are likely to produce the greatest benefits to man, as an intellectual being. They are found in different modifications wherever he exists, and the bleak plain and sterile mountain are as often made venerable by their growth, as the luxurious city.

The fortunes of individuals have little direct influence upon the development of their ge-

nias. It is an essential quality in minds of a superior order to be independent in their action. The primary distinction between them and less gifted ones is, that they are not chained to the present; that they are not licked into form by the fashion of the times, or changed every instant in their purpose by some accident of life. The same observation will apply to the pursuits which first engage their attention. He who is born a poet, can be no more stripped of the glorious garb with which his spirit is invested, than he can of his human nature. The mind that has a clear apprehension, a vigorous grasp, and which unites to these qualities those of patience and industry, will go on increasing in strength, whether it be employed on natural or moral speculations, whether working in solitude or in the hurry of the world, or on whatever subject it begins its labour. All it has to do is to preserve its activity, to be constantly exerting its power and energy on the things which are presented to it, and which may be illustrated or bettered by its action. It was thus that the greatest men of old were at once poets and philosophers; that they were bold and patriotic citizens as well as writers; that in our own era, Milton, and others bearing the seal of genius on their souls, poured from their free hearts an eloquence that was mighty in strength, as the shout of a risen multitude, and an eloquence also that seemed sweet and harmonious, as the song of an angel. And, according to the same principle it was that Daniel De Foe passed the early and most active part of his life in the study of politics, but ended his career in the composition of works which render him famous for the beauty and fertility of his invention.

No literary biography can be more interesting in this respect than that of De Foe. It furnishes us with one of the best proofs that could be given of the independence of the human mind, and of that principle in its nature to remain unchanged, though its employments may be varied, to which we have alluded. The celebrated man to whose memoirs these observations refer, was the son of a respectable butcher, who resided for many years in the parish of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, where he obtained sufficient property to retire from business, and where his son, Daniel, was born in the year 1661. The proper name of the family was Foe, the De being an addition made by Daniel, but for what cause is not fully known. His parents were very strict Non-conformists, and distinguished for their piety and their devotion to the opinions they professed. From them he derived that veneration for religion, which formed so striking a part of his character in after life; and from his early association with the most fervent supporters of the Independents, his determined and ceaseless zeal in their defence. His education, which he received in his early years, was conducted at home, and under the eye of his parents, according to the usual custom of the Non-conformists of that period; but when he was about fourteen, they sent him to an academy at Newington Green, which was under the superintendence of a Mr. Morton, a distinguished Independent minister.

Our author was characterized in his youth by great liveliness and buoyancy of spirits, but his love of sport did not prevent his making great progress in learning; and it is reported, from one of his own papers, that he had obtained an acquaintance with five languages, with theology, mathematics, natural philosophy, logic, geography, and history. Political science, also, appears to have been an important object with his tutor; and it is not improbable that the spirit with which he, at an early period of his life, entered into public controversy, was in some measure derived from Mr. Morton's plan of education.

It was the intention of Daniel's parents that he should enter the ministry, but, for some unstated cause, he took a contrary line of occupation, concerning which he thus expresses himself, in one of his reviews:—"It is not often that I trouble you with any of my divinity; the pulpit is none of my office. It was my disaster first to be set apart for, and then to be set apart from, the honour of that sacred employ." "The business to which he devoted himself has not been exactly determined. He is mentioned, in several cotemporary publications, as a hosiery; and Mr. Wilson supposes him to have been a hose-factor, which seems to be probable, and in some measure explains the mystery of his first entrance upon the world. But it was at about the age of twenty-one he commenced his literary career. His first publication is said to have been on the war between the Turks and the Emperor of Austria; but that which occasioned most attention was a satire against Roger L'Estrange, who had lately published his "Guide to the Inferior Clergy." This lampoon bore the singular title of "*Speculum Crape-Gownorum*; or a Looking-glass for the Young Academicks, new Foyl'd. With Reflections on some of the late high-flown Sermons: to which is added an Essay towards a Sermon of the newest fashion. By a Guide to the Inferior Clergie. Ridentem discere verum quis, vetat? London: printed for E. Rydal, 1682. 4to. pp. 34." The former part of this long and curious title was in allusion to the crape gowns worn by the lower orders of the clergy, and one of the effects of the publication was the disuse of the habit, which furnished the author with a cognomen for his book.

When the insurrection in favour of the Duke of Monmouth took place, De Foe, who was then four-and-twenty, joined his party. On the discomfiture of the insurgents, he had the good fortune to escape the destruction which reached so many; and he is shortly after found settled in business, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill. In 1687-8, he claimed his freedom by right of birth, and was registered as Daniel Foe. His present biographer ascribes this discovery to the industrious Mr. Chalmers, who says—"I was led to those discoveries by observing that De Foe had voted at an election for a representative of London, whence I inferred that he must have been a citizen, either by birth or service." In one of his reviews, published July 21, 1711, he says, that he was a freeman by birth, and had been near thirty years a liverman of the city.

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great events which followed his abdication, furnished subjects, in which men of active minds found ample matter for speculation. They were adapted to call forth talents of every variety. Politics were closely connected with theology; and the doctrines, on which only doctors and schoolmen were formerly employed, entered into the discussions of men of business, and calculating citizens. De Foe was well fitted, both by his education and the natural turn of his mind, to shine at such a period. He was enthusiastic in the cause of public liberty—he was devoted to the interests of the sect in which he had been brought up—he had studied theology with the industry of a divine, and was acquainted with every question, in all its bearings, which was agitated among his countrymen. He entered, therefore, with more zeal and ability into the controversies of the age, than most of the disputants engaged in that hot warfare of wit and reason. We cannot follow his progress as a political writer, but must refer for a very ample account given of his productions, to the excellent memoir of Mr. Wilson, who has very judiciously abstracted the sum and substance of most of his pamphlets. When the Revolution occurred De Foe is mentioned as residing at Tooting, in Surrey, where he was a conspicuous man among the Dissenters there, and formed them into a regular congregation. He is supposed, however, to have been still carrying on his business as a hosier in London, and to have retained his agency house in Cornhill.

The accession of William and Mary, the Toleration Act, and other popular procedures, were hailed by De Foe with the most ardent expressions of patriotism, and he enlisted himself among the defenders of all the measures pursued by the new monarch, in opposition to the party which still supported the cause of the fugitive James. But about the year 1692, he was busily engaged in his mercantile pursuits; and to forward his interests in that respect, he made a voyage to Spain, and other parts of the continent; but, to use his own emphatic language, “a wit turned tradesman! no apron-strings will hold him; ’tis in vain to lock him in behind the counter, he’s gone in a moment. Instead of journal and ledger, he runs away to his Virgil and Horace; his journal entries are all Pindaricks, and his ledger is all heroics. He is truly dramatic from one end to the other, through the whole scene of his trade: and as the first part is all comedy, so the two last acts are always made up with tragedy; a statute of bankruptcy is his *exceunt omnes*, and he generally speaks the epilogue in the Fleet Prison or the Mint.” The fact appears to be, that his literary pursuits engrossed all the best faculties of his mind, while those of commerce employed only his looser thoughts. He also loved the society of men like himself, devoted to speculation, and passed in their company much of the time which was required for business. The consequence was, that in 1692, he was obliged to evade the pursuit of his creditors by flight. The account given of his failure is very curious, and serves well to illustrate the state of the commercial world at the time the circumstance occurred.

“In allusion to his misfortunes, Mr. Chal-

mers observes, ‘With the usual imprudence of superior genius, he was carried by his vivacity into companies who were gratified by his wit. He spent those hours with a small society for the cultivation of polite learning, which he ought to have employed in the calculations of the counting-house; and being obliged to abscond from his creditors in 1692, he naturally attributed those misfortunes to the war, which were probably owing to his own misconduct. An angry creditor took out a commission of bankruptcy, which was soon superseded on the petition of those to whom he was most indebted, who accepted a composition on his single bond. This he punctually paid by the efforts of unwearied diligence. But some of these creditors who had been thus satisfied, falling afterwards into distress themselves, De Foe voluntarily paid them their whole claim, being then in rising circumstances from King William’s favour. This is such an example of honesty,’ adds Mr. Chalmers, ‘as it would be unjust to De Foe and to the world to conceal.’ The amount for which he failed cannot now be ascertained; but it must have been considerable, and shows that he was no petty trader. Being reproached by Lord Haversham for mercenariness, he tells him in 1705, that ‘With a numerous family, and no help but his own industry, he had forced his way with undiscouraged diligence through a sea of misfortunes, and reduced his debts, exclusive of composition, from seventeen thousand to less than five thousand pounds.’”

“It deserves to be remembered, that at the time when our author fell into misfortune, the laws against bankrupts were much more severe than they are at present; inasmuch that it was a matter of some hazard for a man to surrender to his creditors, unless there had been some previous understanding for a composition. ‘The cruelty of our laws against debtors,’ says De Foe, ‘without distinction of honest or dishonest, is the shame of our nation. I am persuaded, the honestest man in England, when by necessity he is compelled to break, will early fly out of the kingdom rather than submit. To stay here—this is the consequence: as soon as he breaks, he is proscribed as a criminal, and has thirty to sixty days to surrender both himself and all that he has to his creditors. If he fails to do it, he has nothing before him but the gallows, without benefit of clergy; if he surrenders, he is not sure but he shall be thrown into gaol for life by the commissioners only on pretence that they doubt his oath. What must a man do? If he carries away his effects he is a knave, and cheats his creditors; if he stays here, he is starved in a gaol, and must end his days by a lingering death. It is certainly the interest of the creditor, that when a debtor has failed, he should come and throw himself into the creditor’s hands, and there be safe.” In arguing the subject some years afterwards, De Foe observes, with equal judgment and shrewdness, ‘Sometimes I was apt to suggest the following important trifles, viz., That a prison paid no debts; that the more a bankrupt spent, the less he had left; and that the less he had, the less the creditors would have at last; that he who had nothing to pay, could pay nothing; and that to keep a man in



perpetual prison for debt, was murdering men by law."

"The foregoing extracts will serve to shelter the character of De Foe from any dishonourable imputation in absconding from his creditors; a step which he thought himself justified in taking during the negotiation for an amicable settlement, in order that he might escape the horrors of a dungeon.

"Although the habits of De Foe were but little suited to those of trade, it is probable that other circumstances contributed to his insolvency. He seems to have fallen into an error, by no means uncommon to persons in business, that of extending their trade beyond their capital. 'I think I may safely advance, without danger of reprehension,' says he, 'there are more people ruined in England by over-trading, than for want of trade; and I would, for my own unhappy experience, advise all men in trade to set a due compass to their ambition. Credit is a gulf which is easy to fall into, hard to get out of. Caution, therefore, is the best advice that can be given to a young tradesman; and moderation is a useful virtue in trade as well as in politics.' In another place he observes, 'the richer the tradesman is, the bolder he is apt to be in his adventures, not being to be so easily wounded by a loss. But, as the gamester is tempted to throw again to retrieve the past loss, so one adventure in trade draws in another, till at last comes a capital loss, which weakens the stock, and wounds the reputation: and thus by one loss coming in the neck of another, the tradesman is first made desperate in his desperation, ventures his all, and so is at once undone. If any man should be so ill-natured as to tell me I speak too feelingly upon this part of the subject, though it may not be the kindest thing he could have said to a poor author, yet it may not be the worse for the argument. An old sailor, that has split upon a sunk rock, and has lost his ship, is not the worse man to make a pilot of for that coast; on the contrary, he is in particular able to guide those that come after him, to shun the dangers of that unhappy place.' "—pp. 212—215.

Another cause for his failure is said to have been the imprudent manner in which he allowed persons to involve themselves in his debt, or rather the little hold which creditors had at the time on the knavish part of their defaulters. The Mint, in Southwark, was a legal sanctuary to the most mischievous members of society, and secure there from the reach of justice, they bid defiance to the tradesmen whom they had defrauded. Projectors and usurers helped to accelerate his ruin; but he bore his misfortunes, with magnanimity, and as soon as his affairs mended, paid, not only the composition which he had been allowed to make, but the total sums which he was indebted to the several persons with whom he had been connected.

On his affairs being settled he removed to Tilbury, where he was occupied in superintending the Pantle Works; but this speculation also failed, to his great loss. He was, however, about this time so fortunate as to obtain an appointment under government; and his first and most celebrated poetical publica-

tion, "The True-born Englishman," introduced him still further to the notice of the court. King William sent for him to the palace, and rewarded him by employing his services in some important but secret transactions. "How this poem," says he, speaking of the affair, "was the occasion of my being known to His Majesty; how I was afterwards received by him; how employed; and how, above my capacity of deserving, rewarded, is no part of the present case: and is only mentioned here, as I take all occasion to do, for expressing the honour I ever preserved for the immortal and glorious memory of that greatest and best of princes, and whom it was my honour and advantage to call master, as well as sovereign; whose goodness to me I never forget; and whose memory I never patiently heard abused, nor ever can do so; and who, had he lived, would never have suffered me to be treated as I have been in the world."

Had William lived, De Foe would have risen, it is probable, to a conspicuous station in public life, or would, at least, have obtained a situation which would secure his influence over the affairs of the country. At the death of the king he was residing at Hackney, where he lived for many years, and in the register of which parish are found the names of several of his children.

Passing over a few minor occurrences, we come to a most important circumstance in De Foe's life—The publication of his celebrated work, the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters." This famous satire was a grave, but ironical piece of advice to the high-church party, and was written in such a style, that it was some time before either side discovered the author's drift. He complained bitterly of the stupidity which prevented his meaning from being at once understood; but it is not quite clear to us that he handled his weapon with so much neatness and dexterity as he has had credit for. A satire must be somewhat deficient, if it be not at once felt; and irony oversteps its mark, when it can be easily mistaken by a great variety of persons for sober earnestness. The minds of men, at the period when the "Shortest Way with the Dissenters" was published, were fully prepared for an extravagancy of conduct very little above that which is described in the satire; and it wanted, therefore, a sharpness which could have been at once felt, to produce the convulsion which De Foe looked for from his production. Both parties, as it was, mistook for a long time his intention; but the moment it was discovered, he became subjected to the most violent persecution. He was apprehended, tried at the Old Bailey for the libel, and sentenced, after having been persuaded to throw himself on the queen's mercy, to stand three times in the pillory, pay a fine of two hundred marks, be imprisoned during the queen's pleasure, and find securities for seven years. This punishment, however, was converted into a popular triumph, and he published a "Hymn to the Pillory," in which he celebrated both the occasion of his intended disgrace, and the circumstances which led to it. In Newgate he continued his literary and political pursuits with unabated vigour, and during his captivity pro-

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jected his famous periodical, entitled "The Review," which commenced in 1704, and served for many years as a vehicle for his sentiments.

"The first number of the REVIEW was published Saturday, February 19th, 1704, under the title of "A Weekly Review of the Affairs of France. Purg'd from the Errors and Partiality of News-writers and Petty-Statesmen, of all sides." It was at first a weekly publication, and continued so through eight numbers; after which, it was published twice a week, on Tuesdays and Saturdays. The original size was a whole sheet, or eight quarto pages; but after the fourth number, it was reduced to a half-sheet, the publishers having discovered that they were likely to become losers by the concern. 'The necessities of the trade,' say they, 'compel us to this alteration; the publishers of this paper honestly declaring, that while they make it a whole sheet, they get nothing by it; and though the author is very free to give the world his labours for God's sake, they don't find it for their convenience to give their paper and print away.' It seems to have been a joint property between the author, printer, and publisher. Before the alteration, the cheapness of the work, it being published at the low price of one penny, occasioned an imposition upon the public; for 'the common sellers of News, from the unusual size, and general success of the paper, took occasion to impose upon the world, and sell it for two-pence.' The paper was now printed in double columns, and by means of a smaller type and fuller page as much matter was crowded into it as formerly. When it had been published about four months, the author was solicited to produce it three times a week, in reply to which, 'he thanks the gentlemen for their approbation of his work; and is very willing to oblige them; but as he assures them again, he has all along wrote it without profit, or any manner of gain whatsoever, so he is not able to spare so much more of his time from other needful studies, as such a thing would oblige him to.'

"The opening number contains a sort of *exposé* of the author's design, which was primarily to present the public with a correct account of foreign events, in opposition to those writers who delude the world with false notions of things, and possess the nation with improbable and inconsistent stories of events that never take place. In the course of the work, he intended to give a complete history of France, and more particularly of the rise and fall of the Protestant religion in that kingdom; together with an authentic statement of the events of the war, with a view to undeceive those who were misled by the mis-statements of party writers, whose object was to undervalue the power of France, because she was our enemy. 'As to our brethren of the worshipful company of News-writers, Fellows of Scribblers' College, Students in Politics, and Professors of Contradiction, let them please to be careful not to impose absurdities and contradictions in their weekly papers, and they shall meet with no ill-treatment: But if they tell a lie that a man may feel with his foot, and not only proclaim their folly but their knavery;

if they banter religion, sport with things sacred, and dip their pens in blasphemy, our *Scandalous Club* is a new Corporation, enacted on purpose to make inquisition of such matters, and will treat them but scurvily as they deserve.—Not that the author thinks it worth while to take up your hours always to tell you how your pockets are picked, and your senses imposed upon; but only now and then, where 'tis a little grosser than ordinary. For the body of this paper, we shall endeavour to fill it with truth of fact, and not improper reflections. The stories we tell you shall be true, and our observations as near as we can, shall be just; and both shall study the reader's profit and diversion.'

"In order to give the reader an idea of the execution of the work, as well to justify the character before given of it, we shall present him with a brief abstract of its contents; and the rather, as it is now so difficult to be met with.

"A considerable portion of the first volume is devoted to foreign politics, more particularly the power and grandeur of the French monarchy, for the reduction of which, within reasonable limits, the principal nations of Europe were then embarked in an expensive war. In estimating the power and resources of France, which had attained their summit under Louis XIV., he was anxious to guard his countrymen against the folly of despising such an enemy. 'Our ancient English historians,' says he, 'have always spoken of the French with a great deal of contempt, and the English nation has been apt enough to have very mean thoughts of them from tradition, as an effeminate nation. This, I am apt to believe, proceeds from the uninterrupted victories which our ancestors obtained over them, in the reigns of our Edwards and Henrys. But, whatever the French were in former days, however effeminate their kings or people, it must be owned the case is altered; and we find them to our loss, a bold, adventurous, wise, politic, and martial people. Nor am I afraid that any body shall suspect me of a design to magnify the enemy, in order to discourage friends, and undervalue my native country. They will make a much better improvement of my account of the French greatness, who quicken their preparations, and double their endeavours.'" vol. ii. pp. 205—228.

While still in prison, De Foe collected his writings, which had been pirated by different publishers, and printed a volume of his *Miscellanies* some time after; after which he obtained his liberty, through the friendship of one or two powerful men, whose exertions are thus commemorated by him:

"In the interval of these things, and during the heat of the first fury of high-flying, I fell a sacrifice for writing against the rage and madness of that high party, and in the service of the Dissenters. What justice I met with, and above all, what mercy, is too well known to need a repetition. This introduction is made that it may bring me to what has been the foundation of all my further concern in public affairs, and will produce a sufficient reason for my adhering to those whose obligations upon me were too strong to be resisted, even

when many things were done by them which I could not approve; and for this reason it is that I think it necessary to distinguish how far I did or did not adhere to, or join in or with the persons or conduct of the late government: and those who are willing to judge with impartiality and charity, will see reason to use me the more tenderly in their thoughts, when they weigh the particulars.

"I will make no reflections upon the treatment I met with from the people I suffered for, or how I was abandoned even in my sufferings, at the same time that they acknowledged the service I had been to their cause; but I must mention it to let you know, that while I lay friendless and distressed in the prison of Newgate, my family ruined, and myself without hope of deliverance, a message was brought me from a person of honour, who, till that time, I had never had the least acquaintance with, or knowledge of, other than by fame, or by sight, as we know men of quality by seeing them on public occasions. I gave no present answer to the person who brought it, having not duly weighed the import of the message. The message was by word of mouth thus: 'Pray, ask that gentleman what I can do for him?' But in return to this kind and generous message, I immediately took my pen and ink, and writ the story of the blind man in the gospel, who followed our Saviour, and to whom our blessed Lord put the question, 'What wilt thou that I should do unto thee?' Who, as if he had made it strange that such a question should be asked, or as if he had said, Lord, dost thou see that I am blind, and yet ask me what thou shalt do for me? My answer is plain in my misery, *Lord, that I may receive my sight*. I needed not to make the application. And from this time, although I lay four months in prison after this, and heard no more of it, yet from this time, as I learned afterwards, this noble person made it his business to have my case represented to her Majesty, and methods taken for my deliverance. I mention this part, because I am no more to forget the obligation upon me to the Queen, than to my first benefactor.

"When her Majesty came to have the truth of the case laid before her, I soon felt the effects of her royal goodness and compassion. And first, her Majesty declared, That she left all that matter to a certain person, and did not think he would have used me in such manner. Her Majesty was pleased particularly to inquire into my circumstances and family, and by my Lord-treasurer Godolphin, to send a considerable supply to my wife and family, and to send me the prison money to pay my fine, and the expenses of my discharge. Whether this be a just foundation let my enemies judge.

"Gratitude and fidelity are inseparable from an honest man. But, to be thus obliged by a stranger, by a man of quality and honour, and after that by the sovereign under whose administration I was suffering, let any one put himself in my stead, and examine upon what principles I could ever act against either such a Queen, or such a benefactor; and what must my own heart reproach me with, what blushes must have covered my face when I had looked in, and called myself ungrateful to him that

saved me thus from distress? Or her that fetched me out of the dungeon, and gave my family relief? Let any man who knows what principles are, what engagements of honour and gratitude are, make this case his own, and say what I could have done less or more than I have done."—vol. ii. pp. 274—276.

The enemy mentioned above was the Earl of Nottingham, but his opposition did not avail, and De Foe was released, and removed immediately to Bury St. Edmunds, which he calls "the Montpellier of Suffolk." The free expression of his sentiments continued to produce various effects upon his situation. He sometimes triumphed, and was at others on the point of falling under the threatened vengeance of his enemies; but in 1706 he fell into trouble on account of his former unsettled circumstances; and on being freed from the distress into which the occurrence threw him, he repaired to Scotland, and entered warmly into the questions which regarded the union of that country with England. After the establishment of the Union, he returned to London, and obtained the favour of Lord Godolphin; but we again find him more than once in Scotland, the affairs of which occupied a large share of his attention. A period of violent political and theological struggles followed, and De Foe appeared foremost in the ranks of the controversialists. He was again thrown into Newgate but speedily obtained his release, and again proceeded to the charge with unabated resolution. He continued this active warfare against the opposers of his opinions till the year 1715, when his political career drew to a close. The distresses, ill-treatment, and anxieties which he had suffered, had considerably affected his constitution, and a stroke of apoplexy left him exhausted of those quick animal spirits which urged him forward into the hurly-burly of politics, but made no impression on that noble and thoughtful spirit, which was subsequently used to produce so many valuable demonstrations of its activity.

He began his new occupation as a moral writer by the publication of a "Family Instructor," which was followed by two or three works written in his old style; but in 1719, appeared that most admirable of all fictitious compositions, "Robinson Crusoe." Like "Paradise Lost," it was rejected by most of the booksellers, but produced to William Taylor, the publisher who purchased it, a clear profit of a thousand pounds. The success which attended it was remarkable, and in three months the author wrote a second part, which was disposed of to the same person. Among the criticisms of this celebrated book, which are quoted by Mr. Wilson, the following, by Charles Lamb, as it has not before appeared, will be read with pleasure.

"In the appearances of truth, in all the incidents and conversations that occur in them, they exceed any works of fiction that I am acquainted with. It is perfect illusion. The author never appears in these self-narratives (for so they ought to be called), or rather autobiographies but the narrator chains us down to an implicit belief in every thing he says. There is all the minute detail of a log-book in it. Dates are painfully pressed upon the me-

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mony. Facts are repeated over and over in varying phrases, till you cannot choose but believe them. It is like reading evidence in a court of Justice. So anxious the story-teller seems that the truth should be clearly comprehended, that when he has told us a matter of fact, or a motive, in a line or two further down he repeats it, with his favourite figure of speech, *I say*, so and so, though he had made it abundantly plain before. This is in imitation of the common people's way of speaking, or rather of the way in which they are addressed by a master or mistress, who wishes to impress something upon their memories, and has a wonderful effect upon matter-of-fact readers. Indeed, it is to such principally that he writes. His style is every where beautiful, but plain and homely. *Robinson Crusoe* is delightful to all ranks and classes; but it is easy to see, that it is written in a phraseology peculiarly adapted to the lower conditions of readers. Hence, it is an especial favourite with sea-faring men, poor boys, servant maids, &c. His novels are capital kitchen-reading, while they are worthy, from their interest, to find a shelf in the libraries of the wealthiest and most learned. His passion for matter-of-fact narrative sometimes betrayed him into a long relation of common incidents, which might happen to any man, and have no interest beyond the intense appearance of truth in them, to recommend them. The whole latter half, or two-thirds, of 'Colonel Jack' is of this description. The beginning of *Colonel Jack* is the most affecting natural picture of a young thief, that was ever drawn. His losing the stolen money in the hollow tree, and finding it again when in despair; and then being in equal distress at not knowing how to dispose of it, and several similar touches in the early history of the Colonel, evince a deep knowledge of human nature; and putting out of question the superior romantic interest of the latter, in my mind very much exceeds *Crusoe*. *Roxana* (first edition) is the next in interest, though he left out the best part of it in subsequent editions, from a foolish hyper-criticism of his friend Southerne. But *Moll Flanders*, the account of the *Plague*, &c. &c., are all of one family, and have the stamp of character."

The enemies of De Foe lost no time in endeavouring to destroy the reputation which he was so rapidly gaining, and shortly after the appearance of the work, a publication was announced, bearing the title of "The Life and surprising Adventures of Mr. D— De F—, of London, hosier, who has lived above fifty years by himself in the kingdom of North and South Britain, the various shapes he has appeared in, and the discoveries he has made for the benefit of his country; in a Dialogue between him, Robinson Crusoe, and his man Friday; with remarks, serious and comical, upon the Life of Crusoe. London: printed for J. Roberts. 1719." This production was a dull and stupid attempt at satire, and produced no effect on De Foe's reputation. The same fate attended the other assaults of his enemies, and his fame rapidly increased, in spite of all their unfair and dastardly allusions to his misfortunes. The sentiments of Mr. Chalmers, and of De Foe himself, on the practice of bringing the private circum-

stances of authors forward, to prejudice their literary reputation, are properly cited by our biographer in this place. "He who had been struck with apoplexy," says the former, "and who was now discountenanced by power, was no fit object of any Englishman's satire;" and the latter, in speaking of the manner in which he managed his satires, says, that he "never reproached any man for his private infirmities, for having his house burnt, his ships cast away, or his family ruined; nor had he ever lampooned any one, because he could not pay his debts, or differed in judgment from him."

It was a distinguishing part of De Foe's literary character, that he always desired to convert his labours into a vehicle of sound public instruction. To add, therefore, to the interest with which Robinson Crusoe was read, a power of being useful, he published his work, entitled "Serious Reflections during the Life and surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe, with his Vision of the Angelic World; written by himself." In the preface he says, that "the present work is not merely the product of the two first volumes, but the two first volumes may rather be called the product of this; the fable is always made for the moral, not the moral for the fable." His observation on the nature of the work altogether is very ingenuous, and an excellent piece of criticism. "The story," says he, "though allegorical, is also historical; is the beautiful representation of a life of unexampled misfortunes, and of a variety not to be met with in the world; sincerely adapted to, and intended for the common good of mankind, and designed at first, as it is now farther applied, to the most serious uses possible. Farther, that there is a man alive, and well known too, the actions of whose life are the subject of these volumes, and to whom all, or most part of the story, most directly alludes."

In speaking of the controversy which was set on foot respecting the originality of Robinson Crusoe, Mr. Wilson observes, that the story was probably founded on the narrative of Selkirk, the sailor, which had been published in different forms seven years before the appearance of De Foe's work; but he amply proves that the alleged acquaintance of the author with any part of Selkirk's diary, was altogether untrue, and his claim to originality is fully vindicated. We must refer our readers to the interesting observations made by the biographer on this subject, and also to his detail of the other works published by De Foe, which is very full and curious. The observations, however, on his account of the plague, are too ingenuous to be passed over.

"The propriety of such an alliance between history and fiction, more especially when so managed as to impose upon the most unwary reader, has been called in question, and perhaps will scarcely admit of a satisfactory defence. Yet, who would sacrifice the 'Memoirs of a Cavalier,' or the 'Journal of the Plague Year,' to be disenchanted of so pleasing a delusion? De Foe well knew, that a dry detail of circumstances collected from the Bills of Mortality and the pamphlets of the day, would interest none but an antiquarian, the subject being of too repulsive a nature to invite gene-



ral attention. By personating a citizen of London, who lived in the midst of the contagion, and was a spectator of the scenes he describes, he not only secured credit for his narrative, but was enabled to enliven it with numerous stories of probable occurrence, and with picturesque descriptions of the agitated feelings of the people. These, with the moral reflections which would naturally occur to persons in so distressing a situation, combine to render a story, in itself forbidding, not only readable, but highly attractive. The plain matter-of-fact style of the author, his undeviating simplicity, his well-timed lectures upon the uncertainty of life, and the air of serious piety that he communicates to his subject, concur not only to fix the attention of the reader, but to put into motion all the sympathies of his nature. As De Foe was a mere child when the calamity happened, he could have no personal knowledge of the matters he has recorded. But the feelings arising from so awful a visitation would not subside suddenly. It would continue to be the talk of those who witnessed it for years afterwards, so that he must have been familiarized with the subject from his childhood; and as curiosity is most alive, and the impressions strongest at that period, there can be no doubt that he treasured up many things in his memory, from the report of his parents and others, which he converted into useful materials as they passed through the operation of his own lively fancy. As it was a subject rendered peculiarly seasonable by the recent plague at Marseilles, so it was one that afforded him a fine opportunity for indulging in those religious feelings which it was so well calculated to awaken. De Foe is never so much at home as when he is inviting men to repentance and reformation; yet, he never goes out of his way for the purpose, but seizes upon incidents as they arise, and are calculated by their nature to give effect to his admonitions.

"The work that has given rise to the foregoing remarks, bears the following title: 'A Journal of the Plague Year: being Observations or Memorials of the most remarkable Occurrences, as well public as private, which happened in London during the last great Visitation in 1665. Written by a Citizen, who continued all the while in London. Never made public before. London: printed for E. Nutt, at the Royal Exchange; J. Roberts, in Warwick-Lane; A. Dodd, without Temple-Bar; and J. Graves, in St. James's-street. 1722.' 8vo. pp. 287. This first edition of the work is amongst the scarcest of De Foe's pieces, and when brought to market, bears a high price. In the subsequent editions the title is altered. The second was published by F. and J. Noble, in 1754, and is called 'The History of the Great Plague in London, in the year 1665. Containing Observations, &c. To which is added, A Journal of the Plague at Marseilles, in the year 1720.' 8vo. A third edition was published by the same booksellers in 1760. It was also printed in Ballantyne's collection of De Foe's novels: and lastly, for John Offer, in Newgate-street, 1819. 8vo. Of the plague at Marseilles, De Foe does not treat in his own work; but, being a kindred subject, an ab-

stract of it has been appended to subsequent editions. Those, however, who wish the best information upon this subject, must read the excellent work of Mons. Bertrand, of which there is an English translation by Miss Plumtree, containing, amidst other interesting matters, a record of the good deeds of Henry de Belzune, the renowned Bishop of Marseilles.

"Of the plague in London, the only authentic accounts published at the time, were those of Dr. Hodges and Dr. Sydenham; but they are chiefly of a professional nature, and contain few historical facts. A work of more general interest, is that of Thomas Vincent, entitled 'God's Terrible Voice in the City,' published in 1667. The author was one of those noble-minded men who remained at their post during the calamity, administering to the relief of the sufferers. In the house where he resided, three persons were cut off, yet he escaped the infection.

"The recent distemper at Marseilles occasioned the revival of those pieces, and the publication of others, and no doubt suggested to De Foe the idea of his present work. It was his peculiar talent to seize upon any popular subject, and convert it, by his inimitable genius, into a fruitful source of amusement and instruction. From his History of the Plague, notwithstanding its fictitious origin, we may derive more information, than from all the other publications upon the subject put together. He has collected all the facts attending the rise, progress, and termination of the malady, an accurate report of the number of deaths as published by authority, a faithful account of the regulations adopted to arrest and mitigate its fury, and numerous cases of infection, whether real or imaginary. But that which imparts life to the whole, and forms its distinguishing feature, is its descriptive imagery. The author's object is not so much to detail the deadly consequences of the disorder, as to delineate its effects upon the frightened minds of the inhabitants. These are depicted with all the genuine pathos of nature without any aim at effect, but with the ease and simplicity of real life. The numerous incidents that follow in rapid succession, fraught as they are with human misery, present, at the same time, an accurate picture of life and manners in the metropolis, at the period referred to. The style and dress, the language and ideas, are exactly those of a citizen of London at the latter end of the 17th century. It is an observation of a great modern writer, that 'had he not been the author of 'Robinson Crusoe,' De Foe would have deserved immortality for the genius which he has displayed in this work.' It is well known to have furnished the machinery for a poem of great merit, published at Edinburgh in 1816, and entitled 'The City of the Plague;' by John Wilson, now Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow, and author of many other esteemed works."—Vol. iii. pp. 513—517.

De Foe's troubles continued to the end of his life. He appears to have enjoyed a temporary tranquillity, and the sunshine of prosperity, for some time after the publication of Robinson Crusoe; but it is mentioned, that about the year 1730 he was again suffering under

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distressed circumstances, and was thrown into jail for debt. His confinement, however, is supposed to have been speedily terminated, but his affairs were still unsettled, his health every day declining, and his mind agitated by the ungrateful conduct of his son. This last circumstance is supposed by Mr. Wilson to have completed the ruin of his constitution. His mind from thenceforth became fixed on the contemplation of his latter end; and he comforted, as well as strengthened himself, by meditations on the nature of death and eternity. Some doubt exists as to the precise time of his dissolution, but the most probable account is, that it happened on the 24th of April, 1731, and in about the seventieth year of his age.

We have given this brief sketch of a life varied by circumstances of the deepest and most general interest, and we refer to Mr. Wilson's excellent narrative, as deserving to be ranked among the best and most standard works of English biography. He has collected a vast mass of valuable information, his observations are sensible and acute, and his general historical abstracts highly useful and important. De Foe was one of the most conspicuous of political writers during times of great excitement. His works are the best picture that could be given of the state of parties, when party spirit raged with the greatest violence; and Mr. Wilson is the first biographer who has undertaken to afford an account sufficiently full and exact, of De Foe's life, to render the memoir valuable, both to political and literary readers.

## NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ.

[Selections from No. XLVII. in Blackwood's Magazine.]

### WEATHER.

*North.*—What, James, is your favourite weather?

*Shepherd.*—A clear, hard, black frost. Sky without a clud—sun bright, but almost cold—earth firm aneath your feet as a rock—trees silent, but not asleep wi' their budded branches—ice-edged rivers, amaisit mute and motionless, yet wimplin' awae, and murmuring dozingly as in a dream—the air or atmosphere sæ rarefied by the mysterious alchemy o' that wonderfu' wuzard Wunter, that when ye draw in your breath, ye're no sensible o' ha'in' ony lungs; wi' sic a celestial coolness does the spirit o' middle region pervade and permeate the totality o' ane's hail created existence, sowle and body being but as essence, the pulses o' ane indistinguishable frae the feelin' o' the ither, materialism and immaterialism just ane and the same thing, without ony perceptible shade o' difference, and the immortality o' the sowle felt in as sure a faith as the sow of its being, sæ that ilka thocht is as pious as a prayer, and the happy habitude o' the entire man an absolute religion.

### PARLIAMENT.

*North.*—Bad as was the haranguing, and good the humming and ha'in, at the Edinburgh Forum of old, James, where first you "fulmined over Greece," yet for even down-right

*Museum.*—VOL. XVI.

hammering stupidity, St. Stephen's exceeds the Forum far. Nor was yon queer comical body, James, the wee bit smug-faced, smooth-haired, low-browed, pug-nosed, cock-chin'd, bandy-legged, hump-backed Precentor to the Chapel rejoicing in the Auld Light, in Libberton's Wynd, who used occasionally to open the question, the tenth part so tiresome, after the ludicrousness of the exhibition had got stale, as Sir Thomas Leather-breeches, stinking of Zummerset, looking from him with a face as free from one single grain of meaning as a clean-swept barn-floor, labouring to apply to speech a mouth manifestly made by gracious nature for the exclusive purpose of bolting bacon, vainly wagging in a frothy syllabub of words a tongue in its thickness admirably adapted, and then only felicitously employed, for lapping up lollipops, ever and anon with a pair of awful paws raking up the coarse bristle of his poll, so that, along with the grunt of the greedy pig, you are presented with the quills of the fretful porcupine; and since the then and the there alluded to, gobbling up his own words—for meanings had he never none—and giving the lie direct to the whole of his past political life, public and private, if indeed political life it may be called, which was but like the diseased doze of a drunkard dreaming through a stomach dark and deep as the cider-cellar.

*Shepherd.*—To my lugs, sir, the maist shock-in' epithet in our language is—Apostate. Soon as you hear it, you see a man sellin' his sowle to the deevil.

*North.*—To Mammon.

*Shepherd.*—Belial or Beelzebub. I look to the mountains, Mr. North, and stern they stann' in a glorious gloom, for the sun is strugglin' wi' a thunder-cloud, and facing him a faint but fast brightenin' rainbow. The ancient spirit o' Scotland comes on me frae the sky; and the sowle within me rewsars in silence the oath o' the Covenant. There they are—the Covenanters—a' gather'd thegither, no in fear and tremblin', but wi' Bibles in their bosoms, and swords by their sides, in a glen deep as the sea, and still as death, but for the soun' o' the stream, and the cry o' an eagle. "Let us sing, to the praise and glory o' God, the hundred psalm," quoth a loud clear voice, though it be the voice o' an old man; and up to Heaven hauds he his strang wither'd hauns, and in the gracious wounds o' Heaven are flyin' abroad his gray hairs, or say rather, white as the silver or the snaw.

*North.*—Oh, for Wilkie!

*Shepherd.*—The eagle and the stream are silent, and the heavens and the earth are brocht close thegither by that triumphin' psalm. Aye, the clouds cease their sailing and lie still; the mountains bow their heads; and the crags, do they not seem to listen, as in that remote place the hour o' the delighted day is filled with a holy hymn to the Lord God o' Israel!

*North.*—My dear Shepherd!

*Shepherd.*—Oh! if there should be sittin' there—even in that congregation on which, like God's own eye, looketh down the meridian sun, now shinin' in the blue region—an Apostate!

No. 92.—L

*North*.—The thought is terrible.

*Shepherd*.—But na, na, na! See that bonny blue-e'd, rosy-cheeked, gowden-haired lassie,—only a thought paler than usual, sweet lily that she is,—half sittin' half lyin' on the greensward, as she leans on the knee o' her stalwart grandfather—for the sermon's begun, and all eyes are fastened on the preacher—look at her till your heart melts as if she were your ain, and God had given you that beautiful wee image o' her sainted mother, and tell me if you think that a' the tortures that cruelty could devise to inflict, would ever wring frae thae sweet innocent lips a word o' abjuration o' the faith in which the flower is growing up among the dew-drops o' her native hills?

*North*.—Never—never—never!

*Shepherd*.—She proved it, sir, in death. Tied to a stake on the sea-sands she stood; and first she heard, and then she saw, the white roarin' o' the tide. But the smile forsook not her face; it brighten'd in her een when the water reach'd her knee; calmer and calmer was her voice of prayer, as it beat again' her bonny breast; nae shriek when a wave closed her lips for ever; and methinks, sir,—for ages on ages hae laped awa' sin' that martyrdom, and therefore imagination may withouten blame dally wi' grief—methinks, sir, that as her golden head disappeared, 'twas like a star sinkin in the sea!

#### NEWSPAPERS.

*North*.—With respect, again, to newspapers—generally speaking—they are conducted with extraordinary talent. I'll be shot if Junius, were he alive now, would set the world on the rave, as he did some half century ago. Many of the London daily scribes write as well as ever he did, and some better; witness Dr. Gifford and Dr. Maginn, in that incomparable paper the *Standard*, or *Laabrum*; and hundreds, not greatly inferior to Junius, write in the same sort of cutting trenchant style of that celebrated assassin. *Times*, *Chronicle*, *Globe*, *Examiner*, *Herald*, *Sun*, *Atlas*, *Spectator*, one of the most able, honest, and independent of all the weeklies, are frequently distinguished by most admirable writing; and the *Morning Journal*, though often rather lengthy, and sometimes unnecessarily warm, constantly exhibits specimens of most powerful composition. The *Morning Post*, too, instead of being what it once was, a mere record of fashionable movements, is a political paper now, full, for the most part, of a truly British spirit, expressed with truly British talent.

Most pernicious principles some of them do, with a truly wicked pertinacity, disseminate; but those which love and spread truth, though perhaps fewer in number, are greater in power; and even were it not so, truth is stronger than falsehood, and will ultimately prevail against her, and that, too, at no remote time. Besides, I do not know of any newspaper that is devoted to the sole worship of falsehood. We must allow some, nay even great differences of opinion in men's minds, even on the most solemn and most sacred subjects; we ought not to think every thing wicked which our understanding or conscience cannot embrace; as

there is sometimes found by ourselves, to our own dismay, much bad in our good, so, if we look with clear, bright, unjaundiced eyes, we may often see much good in their bad; nay, not unfrequently we shall then see, that what we were too willing to think utterly bad, because it was in the broad sheet of an enemy, is entirely good, and feel, not without compunction and self-reproach,

“*Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*”

#### DEMAGOGUES AND INFIDELS.

*North*.—Question—Who are the dangerous writers of the day? Answer—demagogues and infidels; there being included in the latter, and indeed also in the former—so, in truth, there is no such distinction,—deists and atheists. The lowest and worst demagogues are mostly all dunces, and therefore, I must opine, not alarmingly dangerous to the stability of the state, or the well-being of the people. Still they are pests; they pollute alehouses, and make more disgusting gin-shops; the contagion of their bad thoughts sometimes wickens the honest poor man with his humble ingle—irritates his weary heart, confuses his aching head, and makes him an unhappy subject, fit, and ripe, and ready for sedition. Luckily the members of this gang occasionally commit overt acts of which the law can take hold; and, instead of writing them down, which, from the utter debasement of their understandings, as well as that of all their unwashed proselytes, is below the province of the press, and indeed impossible, you tie them down in a cell, and order them to be well privately whipt, or you make them mount the tread-mill, and insist on their continuing to reason, step by step, in a circle.

*Shepherd*.—But, sir, ye maun ascend a few grawds up the scale o' iniquity.

*North*.—I do—and find some men of good education and small talent, and more men of bad or no education and considerable talent—demagogues—that is to say, wretches who, from love of mischief, would instigate the ignorant to their own ruin, in the ruin of the state. They write and they speak with fluency and glibness, and the filthy and fetid stream flows widely over poor men's dwellings, especially those who are given to reading, and deposits in workshop, kitchen, parlour, and bedroom, a slime whose exhalation is poison and death. They have publications of their own, and they gloat over and steal and spread every thing that is bad and suited to their ends in the publications of some other people, who, while they would scorn their alliance, do nevertheless often purposely contribute aid to their evil designs and machinations. To such charge too large a portion of what is called the liberal press must plead guilty, or perhaps they would glory in the charge. This pollution of the press can only be cleansed by the pure waters of truth showered over it by such men as Mr. Southey himself; or swept away, if your prefer the image, by besoms in the hands of the righteous, who, for sake of those who suffer, shun not the nauseous office even of suizismen to keep clean and sweet the high-ways and by-ways, the streets and alleys of social

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life. And thus, James, are we "led another grawd up the scale of iniquity," and reach the liberal press. It works much evil, and, I fear not to say, much good.

*Shepherd.*—Say rather some good, sir. Lay the emphasis on some.

*North.*—Much good. For it is not to be denied that men may be bigotedly and blindly attached to the right cause. Old institutions seem sacred to their imaginations, beyond the sanctity inherent in their frame. Time-hallowed, they are improvement-proof. But the new may be, and often is, holier than the old—the work of a single day better than that of a thousand years. The soul of

"The fond adorer of departed fame"

sometimes falls asleep on the tomb of the good and great of other times, to the oblivion of far higher living worth; or dozes over the inscription graven there by the gratitude of a former age, instead of more wisely recording the triumphs of contemporary genius or virtue. Reason must be awakened from her slumbers or her dreams in the arms of imagination that loves to haunt old places, and to walk in reveries among the shades of antiquity. The liberal press—I take the word as I find it in general use—often breaks these delusions; for they often are delusions, and it oftener shows us to distinguish shadow from substance—fiction from truth—superstition from devotion. It thus does good at times when perhaps it is intending evil; but at times it intends good—does good—and therefore is strictly entitled to unqualified and fervent praise.

#### DEISTS.

While Southey, and others like him—a few, perhaps his equals, at least in power, such as Sir Walter, S. T. Coleridge, and William Wordsworth—and not a few, his inferiors indeed in power, but nevertheless his equals in zeal and sincerity—and the many who, without any very surpassing talents, do yet acquire force from faith, and have reliance on religion—I say, James, while that sacred band moves on in firm united phalanx, in discipline meet to their valour, nor in bright array wanting their music-bands vocal and instrumental, to hymn them on in the march to victory—who will fear the issue of the battle, or doubt that beneath the champions of the cross the host of the misbelievers will sustain a signal and fatal overthrow?

*Shepherd.*—You've been speakin', sir, I perceive, by implication, o' infidels, that's deists and atheists, a' the time you were discussin' demagogues; but hae ye any thing mair particularly to say o' infidels by themselves, as being sometimes a separate gang? Let's hear't.

*North.*—I believe, James, that there are many, too many, conscientious deists—deists on conviction—on conviction consequent on candid and extensive, but not philosophical and profound inquiry into the evidences, internal and external, of Christianity.

*Shepherd.*—Ah! sir. That's scarcely possible.

*North.*—It is true. But such men do not often—they very rarely seek to disturb the

faith of others—and few of them carry their creed on with them to old age, for the lamp of revelation burns more brightly before eyes that feel the dimness of years shrouding all mortal things. In meridian manhood, it seems to them that the sun of natural theology irradiates all being, and in that blaze the star of revelation seems to fade away and be hidden. But as they approach the close of life, they come to know that the sun of natural theology—and it is a sun—had shone upon them with a borrowed light, and that the book of nature had never been so read by them but for the book of God. They lived deists, and they die Christians.

*Shepherd.*—In gude truth, sir, I hae kent some affecting cases o' that kind.

*North.*—Now observe the inconsistent conduct of such men; an inconsistency that, I believe, must attach to the character of every virtuous deist in a country where Christianity prevails in its protestant purity, and is the faith of an enlightened national intellect. Rarely indeed, if ever, do they teach their children their own creed. Their disbelief, therefore, cannot be an utter disbelief. For if it were, a good and conscientious man—and I am supposing the deist to be such—could not make a sacrifice of the truth for the sake of them he dearly loved; such sacrifice, indeed, would be the height of folly and wickedness. For if he knows Christianity to be an imposture, beautiful though the imposture be—and no human heart ever yet denied its beauty,—conscience, God's vicegerent here below, would command him to begin with exposing the imposture to the wife of his bosom, and the children of their common blood. But all unknown perhaps to himself, or but faintly known, the day-spring from on high has with gracious glimpses of light visited his conscience, and that conscience, heaven-touched, trembles to disown the source from which comes that gentle visiting, and, with its still small voice, more divine than he is aware of, whispers him not to initiate in another faith the hearts of the guileless and the innocent, by nature open to receive the words of eternal life. And thus,

While Virtue's self and Genius did adorn  
With a sad charm the blinded deist's scorn,  
Religion's self, by moral goodness won,  
Hath smiled forgiving on her sceptic son!

*Shepherd.*—They are muckle to be pitied, my dear sir; and it's neither for you nor me, nor any body else, to be hard upon them; and I'll answer for Mr. Southey, that were any such to visit him in his ain house at Keswick, he wad be as kind to him as he was in the autumn o' aughteen hunder and fourteen to mygell, shew him his beautifu' and maist astonishing leebRARY, toast breed for him at breakfast wi' his ain hauns, wi' that lang-shank'd fork, and tak an oar wi' him in a boat roun' the isles, and into the bays o' Derwentwater Loch, amusin' him wi' his wut, and instructin' him wi' his wisdom.

*North.*—I know he would, James. From such deists then, though their existence is to be deplored, little or no danger need be feared to revealed religion. But there are many more

deists of a different stamp; the shallow, superficial, insensible, and conceited—the profligate, the brutal, and the wicked. I hardly know which are in the most hopeless condition. Argument is thrown away on both—for the eyes of the one are too weak to bear the light; and those of the other love only darkness. "They hate the light, because their deeds are dark." The former fade like insects; the latter perish like beasts. But the insects flutter away their lives among weeds and flowers, and are of a sort that sting nobody, though they may tease in the twilight; while the beasts bellow, and gore, and toss, and therefore must be hoodwinked with boards,—the tips of their horns must be sawed off, a chain passed through their noses—they must be driven from the green pastures by the living waters, on to the bare brown common; and, unfit for the shambles, must be knocked on the head, and sold to the hounds—"down to the ground at once, as a butcher felleth ox."

TOM PAINE—INFIDEL WRITERS.

*Shepherd.*—I fear, sir, Tom Paine worked great evil, even in Scotland.

*North.*—No, James; very little indeed. The times were then troubled, and ripe for mischief. Paine's blasphemy caused the boil to burst. A wise and humane physician, the illustrious and immortal Richard Watson, Lord Bishop of Landaff, applied a sacred salve to the sore—the wound healed kindly, soon cicatrized, and the patient made whole again, bounded in joy and liberty like a deer upon the hills.

*Shepherd.*—Feegar after feegar—in troops, bands, and shoals! What a teeming and prolific imagination! And in suldest age may it never be effete!

*North.*—Your affection for your father, my dear son James, sees in my eye, and hears in my voice, meanings which exist not in them—but the light and the breath touch your spirit, and from its soil arise flowers and shrubs indigenous to the blessed soil of our ain dear Scotland.

*Shepherd.*—Is the theme exhausted—the well run dry—the last leaf shaken frae the tree—wull the string no haud another pearl, or is the diver tired—has your croon gotten on the centre-tap the fecal and consummatin' diamond, or do the dark unfathomed caves o' ocean bear nae mair—can the rim roun' it support na greater weicht o' gowd, or is the mine wrought out—wull the plumes o' thoct that form the soarin' crest aboon your coronet no admit anither feather frae the train o' the Bird o' Paradise, or is the bird itsell flown awa' into the heart o' the Garden o' Eden? Answer me that mony-feegar'd interrogatory in the conciseness o' ae single word, or in the diffusion o' a thousan'—let your voice be as the monotonos of the simplest Scottish melody, or as the multitudinousness of the maist complex German harmony, the one like takin' a few short easy steps up a green gowany brae, and the ither like rinnin' up and down endless flights o' stairs leadin' through a' the mazes o' some immense cathedral, frae the gloom o' cells and oratories on the grun-floor, or even aneath the rock-foundation, to the roof open within its battlements to the night-circle o' the

blue boundless heavens, with their moon and stars. There's a touch for you, ye auld conceited carle, o' the picturesque, the beautiful, and shoo-blime; nor ever dare to think, much less say again, that I, James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, am not a poet equal to a' the three pitten thegither Ramsay, Kinnigham, and Burns, though they, I acknowledge, till the star of Mount Benger arose, were the *Tria Lumina Scotorum* of our northern sky. But I, sir, I am the great flashing, rustling Aurora Borealis, that gars a' the three "pale their ineffectual fires" in my electrical blaze, till the een o' our millions are dazzled, wi' the coruscations; and earth wonders, and o' its wonderin' finds no end, at the troublous glory o' the incomprehensible heaven. There's a touch o' the magnificent for you, ye auld wicked sconnel! Equal that, and I'll pay the bill out o' my ain pouch, and fling a dollar for himsell to Tappytourie, without askin' for the change. Eh?

*North.*—The evil done by the infidel writings you alluded to, James, was not of long duration, and out of it sprang great good. Many, it is true, suffered the filth of Paine to defile their Bibles. But ere a few moons went up and down the sky, their hearts smote them on account of the insult done to the holy leaves; tears of remorse, contrition, and repentance, washed out the stain; every renewed page seemed then to shine with a purer and diviner lustre—they clasped and unclasped with a more reverent hand

"The big Ha-Bible, aince their Fathers' pride."

Its black cloth cover was thenceforth more sacred to the eyes of all the family; with more pious care was it replaced by husband and wife, after morning and evening worship, in the chest beside the bridal linen destined to be their shroud. Search, now, all the cottages of Scotland thorough, and not one single copy of the Age of Reason will you find; but you will find a Bible in the shieling of the loneliest herdsman.

*Shepherd.*—You speak God's truth, for I ken Scotland weel.

*North.*—The main causes of infidelity lie in ignorance and misery, especially in that worst of all misery—guilt. But poverty, brought on by either the profligacy of the labouring classes, or by the ignorance or folly of their rulers, embitters the heart into sullen or fierce disbelief. A wise political economy, therefore, is one of the strongest and happiest safeguards of religion. Though dealing directly but with temporal things, it bears, James, on those that are eternal. Statist, statesman, philosopher, and priest, if they know their duty, and discharge it, all work together for one great end.

*Shepherd.*—That's geyan like common sense.

*North.*—When the social state of a people is disturbed by the disarrangement of the natural order, and changes of the natural course of agriculture, manufactures, and commerce, will not morality and religion, my dear James, sink with the sinking prosperity of the country?

*Shepherd.*—They wull that.

*North.*—The domestic virtues cannot live through the winter, round a starved board and a cold hearth. Sound sleep shuns not a hard

bed—but no eye can long remain closed on a truckle which next day may see in a pauper's rump at the city-cross.

*Shepherd.*—An' what's the drift o' a' thae vera true and excellent observations?

*North.*—That much of the worst spirit which we deplore in the people, though it may be cruelly exasperated and exacerbated by demagogues and infidels, owes to them neither its origin nor chief growth and nurture, but springs out of the very frame and constitution of society in all great kingdoms.

*Shepherd.*—And is that a consoling doctrine, think ye, sir, or one that gars us despair for our species?

*North.*—What! shall I despair of my species, because I see long periods in the history of my own and other countries, when the moral condition of the people has been withered or blasted by the curse of an incapable, unfeeling, or unprincipled government?

*Shepherd.*—But that's no the character o' the present government o' our kintra, Mr. North?

*North.*—It must strengthen their hands and hearts, James, to know that you are not in opposition. But to return for one moment more to the subject of the infidelity of the lower orders, how beautifully, my dear James, do all the best domestic affections, when suffered to enjoy themselves even in tolerable repose and peace, blend into, and, as it were, become one and the same with religion! Let human nature have but fair play in life—let but its physical necessities be duly supplied—and all its moral sympathies and religious aspirations kindle and aspire. What other religion but Christianity was ever the religion of the poor? But the poor sometimes cease to be Christians and curse their existence.

#### THE PRESS—THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

*North.*—But take it at the worst, James, and let us believe, with Mr. Southey, that the press is now a mighty engine of evil in the hand of the lovers of evil. What then? It is the press against the press. Wherein lies our trust? In the mighty array that might be—that is, on the side of heaven. Where are the twenty thousand ministers of religion, more or less? And in their cures and benefices, rich or poor, what are they about? Are they all broad awake, up, stirring, and at work? If so, they are more than a match for the miscellaneous muster of infidels, the lumbering levy-mass of the goddess, who, when brought into action, present the singular appearance of a whole large army consisting entirely of an awkward squad.

The Church of England is the richest in the world, though I am far frae thinking that its riches are rightly distributed. It ought, then, to work well, since it is paid well; and I think, James, that on the whole it is, even as it now stands, a most excellent church. It ought, however, to have kept down dissenters, which it has not done; and still more, it ought to keep down infidels. Did some twenty thousand infidels, educated in richly endowed universities of their own, compose an anti-Christian establishment, O Satan! how they would stir hell and earth!

*Shepherd.*—Universities, colleges, schools, academies, cathedrals, ministers, abbeys, churches, chapels, kirks, relief-meeting-houses, tabernacles, and what not, without number and without end, and yet the infidels triumph! Is't indeed sae?

*North.*—If infidelity overruns the land, then this healthy, wealthy, and wise Church of England has not done its duty, and must be made to do it. If infidelity exists only in narrow lines and small patches, then we may make ourselves easy about the infidel press, and knowing that the church has done the one thing needful, look with complacency on occasional parson somewhat too jolly, and unfrequent bishop with face made up entirely of proud flesh.

#### FEMALE WRITERS.

*Shepherd.*—Mr. North, I often wush that we had some leddies at the Noctes. When you're married to Mrs. Gentle, you maun bring her sometimes to Picardy, to matroneeze the ither females, that there may be nae *scandalum magnatum*. And then what parties! Neist time she comes to Embro', we'll hae The Hemans, and she'll aiblins sing to us some o' her ain beautifu' sangs, set to tunes by that delightful musical genius her sister—

*North.*—And she shall sit at my right hand—

*Shepherd.*—And me on hers—

*North.*—And with her wit she shall brighten the dimness her pathos brings into our eyes, till tears and smiles struggle together beneath the witchery of the fair necromanceress. And L. E. L., I hope, will not refuse to sit on the old man's left—

*Shepherd.*—O man! but I wush I could sit next to her too; but it's impossible to be, like a bird, in twa places at ance, sae I maun submit—

*North.*—Miss Landor, I understand, is a brilliant creature, full of animation and enthusiasm, and, like, Mrs. Hemans too, none of your lachrymose muses, "melancholy and gentlemanlike," but, like the daughters of Adam and Eve, earnestly and keenly alive to all the cheerful and pleasant humanities and charities of this every-day sublunary world of ours, where, besides poetry, the inhabitants live on a vast variety of other esculents, and like ever and anon to take a glass of Berwick's beer or Perkin's porter between even draughts of Hippocrène or Helicon.

*Shepherd.*—That's the character o' a' real geniuses, baith males and females. They're ae thing wi' a pen in their haun, at a green desk, wi' only an ink-bottle no't and a sheet o' paper—and anither thing entirely at a white table a' covered wi' plates and trenchers, scoop in the middle, sawmon at the head, and a sirloin o' beef or mutton at the fit, wi' turkeys, and how-towdies, and tongues, and hams, and a' manner of vegetables, roun the sides—to say naething o' tarts and flummeries, and the Delap, Stilton, or feenal cheese—Parmesan.

*North.*—You surely don't mean to say, James, that poetesses are fond of good-eating?

*Shepherd.*—Na. But I mean to say that they are not addicted, like green girls, to eat lime out of walls, or chowin' chawks, or even sookin'



barley-sugar and sweeties in the forenoon to the spoilin' o' their natural and rational dener; but, on the contrair, that they are mistress of a moderate slice o' roast and biled butcher's meat; after that the wing or the merry-hocht o' a fule; and after that again some puddin' perhaps, or some berry-pie, some jeely, or some blawmange; taukin' and smilin' and lauchin' at intervals a' the while to their neist-chair neighbour, waxing wutty on his hauns wi' a little encouragement, and joinin' sweetly or gaily wi' the general discorse, when, after the cloth has been drawn, the dinin'-room begins to murmur like a hive o' honey-bees after a' the drones are dead; and though a' present hae stings, nane ever think o' uain' them, but in genial employment are busy in the sunshine o' sociality wi' probosces and wings.

*North*.—What do you mean by a young lady being busy with her proboscis, James?

*Shepherd*.—O, ye coof! it's allegorical; sae are her wings. Proboscis is the Latin for the mouth o' a bee, and its instrument for making honey, that is, for extracting or inhaling it out o' the inner speerit o' flowers. Weel, then, why not allegorically speak of a young lady's proboscis—for drops not, distils not honey frae her sweet mouth? And where think ye, ye auld crabbit critical carle, does her proboscis find the elementary particles thereof, but hidden among the safest leaves that lie faulded up in the heart of the heaven-sawn flowers o' happiness that beautify and bless the bosom o' this itherwise maist dreary and meeserable earth?

*North*.—Admirable! Proboscis let it be—

*Shepherd*.—But wunna ye ask Miss Jewesbury to the first male and female Noctes? She's really a maist superior lassie.

*North*.—Both in prose and verse. Her Phantasmagoria, two miscellaneous volumes, teem with promise and performance. Always acute and never coarse—

*Shepherd*.—Qualities seldom separable in a woman. See Leddy Morgan.

*North*.—But Miss Jewesbury is an agreeable exception. Always acute, and never coarse, this amiable and most ingenious young lady—

*Shepherd*.—Is she bunny?

*North*.—I believe she is, James. But I do not pretend to be positive on that point, for the only time I ever had the pleasure of seeing Miss Jewesbury, it was but for a momentary glance among the mountains. Mounted on a pretty pony, in a pretty rural straw hat, and pretty rural riding-habit, with the sunshine of a cloudless heaven blended on her countenance with that of her own cloudless soul, the young author of Phantasmagoria rode smilingly along a beautiful vale, with the illustrious Wordsworth, whom she venerates, pacing in his poetical way by her side, and pouring out poetry in that glorious recitative of his, till "the vale was overflowing with the sound." Wha, Jamie, wudna hae luk'd bonny in sic a predeecament?

*Shepherd*.—Mony a ane wad hae loked desperate ugly in sic a predeecament—far mair uglier than when walking on fit wi' some respectable common-place young man, in a gingham gown, by the banks of a canawl in a level kintra. Place a positively plain woman in a

poetical predeecament, especially where she doesna clearly comprehend the signification o't, and yet has been tauld that it is incumbent on her to shew that she enjoys it, and it is really painfu' to ane's feelin's to see hoo muckle plainer she gets aye the langer she glowers, till at last it's no easy to thole the face o' her; but you are forced to turn awa your head, or to steek your een, neither o' whilk modes o' procedure perhaps is altogether consistent with the maist perfect propriety o' mainners that ought ever to subsist between the twa different sexes.

*North*.—My dear James—

*Shepherd*.—I'm thinkin' Miss Jewesbury maun be a bit bonny lassie, wi' an expressive face and fine figure; and, no to minch the matter, let me just tell you at ance, that it's no in your power, Mr. North, to praise wi' only warmth o' cordiality neither an ugly woman nor an auld ane—but let them be but young and fresh and fair, or "black but comely," and then hoo—you wicked rabiawtor—do you keep easting a sheep's ee upon the cutties! pretendin' a' the while that it's their *genius* you're admirin'—whereas, it's no their *genius* ava, but the living temple in which it is enshrined.

*North*.—I plead guilty to that indictment. Ugly women are shocking anomalies, that ought to be hunted, hooted, and hissed out of every civilized and Christian community into a convent in Cocksaigne. But no truly ugly woman ever wrote a truly beautiful poem the length of her little finger; and when beauty and genius kindle up the same eyes, why, gentle Shepherd, tell me why should Christopher North not fall down on his knees and adore the divinity of his waking dreams?

*Shepherd*.—The seldomer, sir, you fall down on your knees the better; for some day or ither you'll find it no such easy matter to get up again, and the adored divinity of your waking dreams may have to ring the bell for the servant lad or lass to help you on your feet, as I have somewhere read a French ledy had to do in regard to Mr. Gibbons o' the Decline and Fa.

*North*.—Nor must our festal board, that happy night, miss the light of the countenances of the fascinating Mrs. Jameson.

*Shepherd*.—Wha's she?

*North*.—Read ye never the Diary of an Ennuyée?

*Shepherd*.—O'a what? An N, O, E? Is't a man or a woman's initials?

*North*.—Nor the Loves of the Poets?

*Shepherd*.—Only what was in the Magazin. But oh! sir, you were maist beautiful specimens o' eloquent and impassioned prose composition as ever drapp'd like binny frae woman's lips. We maun hae Mrs. Jameson—we maun indeed. And wull ye hear till me, sir, there's a fine enthusiastic bit lassie, ca'd Brown—Ada Brown, I think, wha maun get an invect, if she's no over young to gang out to scooper;—but Miss Mitford, or Mrs. Mary Howitt, will abins bring the bit timid cretur under their wing—and as for mysell, I shall be as kind till her as if she were my ain dochter.

*North*.—

"Visions of Glory, spare my aching sight—  
Ye unborn Noctes, press not on my soul!"

INTELLECT AND IMAGINATION—SCIENCE AND POETRY.

*Shepherd*.—What think ye, sir, o' the dog-mas that high imagination is incompatible wi' high intellect, and that as Science flourishes Poetry decays?

*North*.—The dogmata of dunces beyond the reach of redemption. Imagination, my dear James, as you who possess it must know, is intellect working according to certain laws of feeling or passion. A man may have a high intellect with little or no imagination; but he cannot have a high imagination with little or no intellect. The intellect of Homer, Dante, Milton, and Shakspeare, was higher than that of Aristotle, Newton, and Bacon. When elevated by feeling into imagination, their intellect became transcendent—and thus were they poets—the noblest name by far and away that belongs to any of the children of men. So much, in few words, for the first dogma of the dunces. Is it damned?

*Shepherd*.—I dinna doot. What o' the second?

*North*.—Pray, what is science? True knowledge of mind and matter, as far as it is permitted to us to know truly any thing of the world without and the world within us, congenial in their co-existence.

What is poetry? The true exhibition in musical and metrical speech of the thoughts of humanity when coloured by its feelings, throughout the whole range of the physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual regions of its being.

You thus see with half an eye James, that poetry and science are identical. Or rather, that as imagination is the highest kind of intellect, so poetry is the highest kind of science. Thus, it is only in an age of science that any thing worthy the name of poetry can exist. In a rude age there may be bursts of passion—of imagination even, which, if you or any other man whom I esteem, insist on calling them poetry, I am willing so to designate. In that case, almost all human language is poetry, nor am I sure that from the province of such inspiration are we justified in excluding the cawing of rooks, or the gabbling of geese, and certainly not the more impassioned lyrical effusions of monkeys. In the light of knowledge alone can the eye of the soul see the soul—or those flaming ministers, the senses, do their duties to the soul—for though she is their queen, and sends them forth night and day to do her work among the elements, yet seem they, material though they be, to be kith and kin even unto her their sovereign, and to be embued with some divine power evanescent with the moment of corporeal death, and separation of the spirit. Therefore, not till man, and nature, and human life in the last light of science, that is, of knowledge and of truth, will poetry reach the acme of its triumph. As Campbell sings,

Come, bright Improvement, on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;

and still poetry will be here below prime minister and high priest of nature.

*Shepherd (with a grunt)*.—What's that you was saying about the prime minister and the high priest? Is the Dyuck gangin' out? and has ony thing happened to the Archbishop of Canterbury?

*North*.—But it is farther asserted, that the human mind will cease to look on nature poetically, or poetically to feel her laws, in proportion as the revelation becomes ampler and clearer of her mysteries, and that's—

*Shepherd*.—I begin to think, sir, that considerin' the natur o' a twa-haun'd crack, you're rather trespassing upon the rights o' the ither interlocutor in the dialogue—and that it would be only ordinair' good mainners to alloo me to—

*North*.—As if an ignorant were higher and more imaginative, that is, more poetical, than an enlightened wonder!

*Shepherd*.—Samphs!

*North*.—Does the philosopher who knows what a rainbow is, cease with delight to regard the glory as it spans the storm? Does the knowledge of the fact, that lightning is electricity, destroy the grandeur of those black abysses in the thunderous clouds, which flashing it momentarily reveals, and then leaves in eternal darkness? Clouds, rain, dew, light, heat, cold, frost, snow, &c. are all pretty well understood now-a-days by people in general, and yet who feels them to be on that account unpoetical? A drop of dew on a flower or leaf, a tear on cheek or eye, will be felt to be beautiful, after all mankind have become familiarly acquainted with the perfected philosophy of all secretions.

*Shepherd*.—Are you quite positive in your ain mind, that you're no gettin' tiresome, sir? Let's order supper.

From the Quarterly Review.

LIFE AND SERVICES OF CAPTAIN PHILIP BEAVER, of his Majesty's Ship *Nisus*. By Captain William Henry Smyth. R.N. 8vo. London. 1829.

"THE race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," and that thought should carry with it a salutary sense of humiliation to the heart of every one who has won the prize, whatever it be, for which he contended. The most successful of fortune's favourites, may call to mind men who started with him in the same course, having equal ardour, prospects equally encouraging, and equal, or perhaps greater natural endowments, yet who have dropped on the way, or been left lagging far behind him, at hopeless distance: some, perhaps, owing to their own misconduct, but others neither for want of strength, nor of wise and virtuous exertion: he has been in the full stream of fortune; but they have been caught in its eddy, and embayed, or borne back, or sunk, it having so seemed good to that Providence which directs all our ways, while its own are inscrutable: this, let us repeat, ought to be a solemn, and humiliating, and, therefore, a salutary consideration, for those who

in their lifetime have received their good things.

The person whose memoirs are now before us will be known by name to a very small portion of our readers, though a braver, an abler, more accomplished, or more high-minded officer never trod the deck of a British ship. Philip Beaver (the third of eight children, two of whom died in infancy) was born on February 25th, 1766, at Lewknor, in Oxfordshire, a village in which his father resided seventeen years, as curate. In the summer of 1777, the father was presented to the living of Monksilver, in Somersetshire: just as this better prospect had opened, he died in the vigour of life. His widow, "in the complicated misery of her situation," received from her friends that active kindness which was due to her husband's worth and to her own; and at General Cailaud's request, Captain Joshua Rowley received Philip as a midshipman on board the *Monarch*. The boy was then in his twelfth year; he had never seen the sea, "scarcely even a boat;" but he had an ardent predilection for a sailor's life.

The *Monarch*, in Admiral Keppel's action (July, 1778), received the fire of the enemy's whole line,—great havoc was made in her crew, "her spars and rigging were seriously injured, and her hammock netting set on fire by the enemy's wads." Beaver was only in his thirteenth year; but when he was questioned by Admiral Forbes concerning the particulars of the action, his relation was so clear and satisfactory, that the veteran declared he had never heard a consistent account of it before. As he told a straightforward tale, so he delivered a straightforward opinion; for, being asked what he thought of the two flag officers, whose recriminations were then the general topic, he replied, "They both deserve to be shot." We must not mention Admiral Forbes without noticing, that he, when a lord of the Admiralty, refused to sign Admiral Byng's death-warrant, a refusal more to his honour than if he had gained a victory like that of the Nile or of Trafalgar. At the close of that year Commodore Rowley hoisted his broad pendant on board the *Suffolk*, took all the officers of the *Monarch* with him, and went with seven sail-of-the-line to reinforce Admiral Byron in the West Indies. Byron was so proverbially unfortunate, that it was said he had never once met with a fair wind; yet his acknowledged merits were such, that his disasters were always imputed to his ill fortune, never to his fault.

We must pass over the details of some busy months, including an action "more remarkable for gallantry than success," with D'Estaing. That able commander, notwithstanding his superior force, avoided a close and general conflict, and Byron made the best of his way to Basseterre roads, there to repair his damaged ships. This allowed Beaver time to improve himself in navigation and nautical astronomy, there being a master's mate on board who had a considerable proficiency in both sciences. At this time he was not more remarkable for buoyant spirits than for occasional sedateness and caustic observation, which drew from the admiral a remark, that if "that boy

should get safely through the snares which snap us up between fifteen and five-and-twenty, he would turn out an admirable officer."

War now took place with Spain, and brought with it the usual expectations in which sailors indulge on such an occasion, and the usual disappointment which ensues. He was present at the destruction of part of a French convoy under the batteries of Port Royal Bay, and at the capture of three frigates belonging to La Motte Piquet's squadron; one of these the *Suffolk* chased, and having come up abreast, gave her a few random shot, "which (says our midshipman in his journal) she impudently answered with a broadside, and then struck." This has often been done by French ships of war, when about to strike to a superior force; so often, indeed, as to show that many of their naval officers see in it nothing inconsistent with honour and humanity, and to render it fitting that effectual means should be taken in any future war for putting a stop to a practice which is at once cowardly and murderous. After this success, Admiral Rowley shifted his flag to the *Conqueror*, and took Beaver with him: Rodney soon arrived to take the command, and it was then the boy's good fortune to serve, and in an active scene, under one of our best naval commanders. In the action of April 17th, 1780, the *Conqueror* had her masts, yards, and rigging much torn, her hull riddled by some heavy shot, besides the hits between wind and water; thirteen men killed and thirty-seven wounded: "As for myself," says he, in his Journal, "I have still my proper complement of legs and arms; but I have twice to-day narrowly escaped a dive into Davy's locker." The success which was that day within Rodney's reach was let slip, because some of the British ships, instead of doing their duty, "took a easy." One captain was brought to a court-martial: another, who inquired of Rodney why he had been mentioned in terms of reprehension, received this impressive answer: "Could I have imagined that your conduct, and your inattention to signals had proceeded from any thing but error in judgment, I had certainly superseded you; but God forbid I should do so for error in judgment only. I merely resolved, sir, not to put it in your power to mistake again upon so important an occasion as the leading a British fleet to regular battle."

Beaver followed Rowley's flag into the *Terrible* and the *Princess Royal*; but when the admiral was ordered to convoy the homeward-bound traders in the *Grafton*, it was thought best to leave him on so active a station,—recommending him to the notice of Sir Peter Parker, who held the Jamaica command. While in the *Princess Royal*, he wrote a ballad on the battle between the *Milford* frigate and the *Duc de Coigny*, (fought on the 10th of May, 1780)—which, both for its spirit and diction, is a most remarkable production for a boy in his fifteenth year.

"Up in the wind, three leagues or more,

We spied a lofty sail;

'Let's hoist a Dutch flag, for decoy,

And closely hâg the gale.'

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"Nine knots the nimble Milford ran,  
'Thus—thus,' the master cried;  
Hull up, she raised the chase in view,  
And soon was side by side.

"Down the Dutch ensign, up St. George,  
To quarters now all hands,—  
With lighted match, beside his gun,  
Each British warrior stands," &c.

Early in the ensuing year, an American brig was brought in prisoner off Cape Nicola, and the charge of it given to this youth, as an efficient officer. Proud of this first command, he parted from the fleet in high spirits; but his joy was of short continuance. That same evening the vessel caught fire at the fore-peak, owing to the drunkenness of one of the men. All hands were half the night in extinguishing it; and hardly was this done, before he saw himself chased by a privateer, whom he could neither resist nor escape, and he was carried into Port-au-Prince. War was not then carried on upon the barbarous system of not exchanging prisoners; and after about eleven weeks' confinement, he was sent on board the Southampton frigate. In less than four weeks after he had joined her, that ship, in company with the Pomona, burnt two enemy's vessels, captured one, escaped from a French fleet, and took some shipwrecked sailors off the great Inague island. She then parted from the Pomona; suffered severely in action with a large ship which got out of Nicola mole; and weathered that tremendous hurricane in which their late consort, with the elder brother of Captain and Sir Samuel Hood on board.

Whirl'd, riven and overwhelmed, with all her crew  
Into the deep went down.

While the Southampton was refitting at Kingston, the town took fire; and Beaver and his messmates distinguished themselves by their exertions in pulling down the houses which would otherwise have spread the flames, removing people and property, and saving lives. Next year, this frigate escaped again from a French fleet, and from a second hurricane which disabled her. He was then removed into the London, 90, in which he had another providential preservation; for in a dreadful storm the lightning struck the fore-mast, and shivered it from the truck to the gunner's store-room, with a terrible explosion close to the fore magazine. But Beaver was desirous of more active service than a three-decker affords, and therefore obtained his removal into the Tobago sloop of war: from that sloop he was sent to navigate a prize into port, and in port was attacked by a dangerous fever. In that deadly climate, fevers are so generally fatal, that men's graves are sometimes made ready before they die; and his death was inserted in a Jamaica Gazette, copied into a London paper, and seen by his eldest sister. Strength of mind belonged to the family in an eminent degree: the sister, hoping against hope, determined not to communicate the intelligence till it should be confirmed. She had the fortitude to keep this resolution, and the inexpressible joy to receive letters from himself which announced his perfect recovery.

In June, 1783, his friend Admiral Rowley gave him an acting order to the *Nemesis*. He passed his examination on the 15th October. The next day Rowley complimented him with an appointment to act as first lieutenant of the same ship, which duty he performed till she was paid off; and so conspicuous were his merits, and so well known, not only by those under whom he had served, but by those also who had served in the same fleet, that he obtained his commission after the peace in May, 1784.

"But, as many officers, with ostensibly better interest, failed at that time in obtaining their rank, Lieutenant Beaver became an object of envy, because, forsooth, bearing a high character from every officer with whom he had served, he was justly rewarded. This is what many of the most insignificant in the service called 'luck'—as if a youth of strong natural parts, with obedient, diligent habits, was not likely to make his way, in a service which, however clogged by drones of interest, must always have a demand for efficient officers. It is only really marvellous to observe how many embark, who merely exist in apathy and uselessness, though surrounded by every inducement to exertion; and, instead of pursuing the zealous, straightforward course of duty, which insures both honour and happiness, use all the subtleties and refinements which they can resort to, for evasion."—p. 41.

Captain Smyth has truly observed, that "it may happen to eighty officers out of a hundred not to witness more service during a whole professional life, than Beaver had already encountered in his noviciate." He might have added, that it might happen to the other twenty not to profit in the same manner by the service which they saw. It was thought a piece of good fortune for him to be placed on the first step of the ladder in time of peace; and such an instance in the Admiralty of attention to deserts which had been manifested in the whole course of service, and not necessarily brought to its notice by any single splendid action, was as unusual as it was wise and just. But if the good of the service had been prospectively considered as it ought, such a youth would not, at the age of eighteen, have been turned adrift to support himself as he could upon a lieutenant's half-pay, and to rust in idleness, or run wild in dissipation. Some choice spirits might have been saved from both, and reserved to do honour to their country and themselves, if, during those years of peace, one or two vessels had been constantly employed in surveys or voyages of discovery; and the officers selected with reference exclusively to their ability and good conduct. Lieutenant Beaver soon became weary of an idle life, and used to say he was never so happy as when sure of meeting an enemy every day. His mother, who was now obliged to assist him more than when in the West Indies, where his prize-money almost supported him, saw that a London lodging was a dangerous abode for him: he himself, not satisfied with possessing a sailor's colloquial knowledge of the French language, was ambitious of acquiring an idiomatic proficiency in it; removal to a cheaper country was desirable for both, and they went

to Boulogne. This part of his life, his biographer says, is that on which he would perhaps have looked back with the least satisfaction. "In the ardour of youth, without occupation, or any restraint except the gentle cheek of an indulgent mother, it is not surprising if he fell into that dissipation which he saw around him."

We happen to have heard that, during his residence in France, Beaver became acquainted with a French officer, since so well known as Marshal Soult; and that he always spoke of him as one of the ablest persons he had ever known. The fate of these two men, in whose characters there were probably some points of strong resemblance, was widely different. Marshal Soult has risen to the highest rank in his profession, has been raised to the highest grade of nobility, and has enriched himself in a war as wickedly conducted as it was treacherously commenced. Captain Beaver left little other inheritance to his children than a good name, to which no title could add honour: but he died with a conscience clear of any offence against his fellow-creatures; and while Soult's name will receive its lasting character from the history of that flagitious war, the story of Beaver's not less eventful life will be put into the hands of many a young sailor, as containing an example by which he may learn how to perform his duty, not only as an officer, but as a man and a Christian.

In 1787, the Lieutenant made a visit to his brother, the Rev. James Beaver, at Stoke, near Coventry. Here he rose late, lounged away the mornings, justified this course of life by arguing that he had no actual duties to perform, and might perhaps have irretrievably lost the energy of his character, if his brother had not wisely admonished him, and placed such books in his way as were likely to fix his attention, and awaken a sense of his deficiencies. His good sense and good feelings were roused; and he declared that, for the first time, he now felt the shame of conscious ignorance. The loss of time was soon repaired by vigorous and constant application; and that application was well directed: he sought for knowledge, not for mere amusement; and seeking to store his mind well, cared little for what is called cultivating his taste. Nature had given him a sound and manly one. His note-books (it is said) display the assiduity, and depth, and variety of his reading; but, with the exception of Milton and Shakespeare, he did not profess much regard for poets or writers of fiction: his healthy appetite required more substantial food. From this time forward his acquirements were commensurate with his industry, and that was great. Captain Smyth has here well observed, and the remark extends as well to the army, that "the necessity of application cannot be too often repeated to aspirants in the British navy: it is a proud profession; and there is sufficient leisure for attaining considerable knowledge."

When a fleet was equipped in consequence of the dispute concerning Nootka Sound, in 1789, Beaver was appointed first lieutenant of the *Fortune* sloop. Being paid off in 1790, he solicited employment the year afterwards in the Russian armament; and by Lord Hood's

express desire was appointed to the *Saturn*, 74, with a promise from a statesman high in office, that if war should be declared he should certainly be promoted. The expected war was averted. Beaver was again paid off: he was then at the age of twenty-five; and being, as he himself has said, not inclined to be inactive, he turned over in his own mind in what way his time could be completely, and at the same time usefully, employed. Any thing he thought better than lounging about the capital. "The world was all before him;" and no man in such circumstances, ever took a wider view of it with the mind's eye than he did at this time:—

"I had a great wish," says Mr. Beaver, "to be acquainted with both our northern and southern whale fisheries, and therefore intended to go out as passenger in some ship employed in those trades, in order to make myself master of the subject. The season was gone by for the former; I was therefore confined to the latter; and went, in consequence, to a house at Paul's Wharf, which owned a great number of ships in the southern whale fishery. Inquiring for the gentleman of the house, to whom I was totally unknown, 'Sir,' said I, 'I understand that you have several vessels employed in the southern fishery?' 'Yes, sir,' he replied. 'A young friend of mine,' I continued, 'wishes very much to see your mode of killing the fish, cutting them up, and melting them down, as well as the manner of killing seals and sea lions, on the Falkland islands; where, if your vessel should be absent about two seasons, he will have no objection to remain one winter; and I am come from him to propose his going out as a passenger in one of them: he will pay you any thing you choose to demand for his possessing half the cabin; and taking with him his books, he will have nothing to do with the ship, where he will never be in the way, but, being a bit of a seaman himself, he may sometimes be of use.' 'Sir,' he replied, 'we never take any such persons; I cannot, therefore, comply with your request: he must be a very odd young man, sir.' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'he is an odd fish.'"—p. 47.

This intention being thus frustrated, which he says it might probably not have been if he had been a little more explicit, three other schemes, all of a more arduous character, divided his attention. The first was to reach the North Pole. Daines Barrington's well-known paper upon that subject gave birth to this desire: perseverance he knew would be required for it, but not much time: for at the expiration of the first, second, or third summer, if not accomplished, it would be given up. The next was to traverse Africa, from the Cape of Good Hope, north, or from the Gambia, east. This required three years' preparation, and probably five more for its accomplishment. The third was to coast the world, which he conceived might be usefully done in about twenty years, time being to him a thing of no account; for having seen three armaments end in accommodations, he began to think war was at an end for our days, and that his occupation was gone. While undetermined between these projects, and contriving

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the means for them, he was introduced to Mr. Dalrymple, whom the Directors of the Sierra Leone Company had at that time chosen to be governor of the settlement which they were about to found. Dalrymple invited this young officer to go out with him. "It was a plan so congenial to my mind," says he, "that a second was not required to hesitate; and my own plans being too expensive for my purse, were given up. I knew nothing of what would be expected from me,—nothing of the plan, except that it was benevolent and humane. All that I knew was, that a colony was to be established, and among uncivilized tribes; and that was enough for me." Thus it is that in our disordered state of society, talents, and genius, and moral worth, which is of more value than both, are found adrift, like thistle-down upon the wind, ready for any direction that chance may give them! After a few days, Mr. Dalrymple and the Directors disagreed, and this engagement fell to the ground. But Beaver had now conceived a strong inclination to form a colony in Africa; and upon Dalrymple's observing that when he was with his regiment at Goree he had heard much of Bulama, an uninhabited island at the mouth of the river Grande, as a proper place for making an establishment, Beaver said, "Let us colonize it ourselves!" "With all my heart!" was the reply; and thus originated the expedition to Bulama. So prompt, so hasty, and so unpremeditated a resolution did not, he says, argue much wisdom; but his mind was so completely fixed upon the African scheme, that he would have undertaken it if he could only have got half a dozen persons to accompany him.

"I determine," says Beaver in a note-book (from which Captain Smyth has extracted passages that throw much light upon the history of this wild but well-meant adventure)—"I determine to give up my whole time and attention for one year to the success of the undertaking; and however I may be laughed at, or discredited in this money-making world, no prospect of amassing lucre has any influence in my giving up the comforts I enjoy in my own country, to join myself with an unknown party to cut down forests and plant sugarcanes in Africa. Wealth, to be sure, has its advantages; and, if it should accrue, may render me more independent in moral action; but I can never board. Why did Bacon forget his own adage—'that money, like manure, is of no use unless it be spread?'"

No object could be worthier than what the projectors of this unfortunate expedition had in view—

"To try whether or not the poor degraded Africans are capable of holding that rank in the society of nations which, it is natural to suppose, all people are capable of attaining, if they have but an opportunity of acquiring knowledge, was the end," says Beaver, "of our institution. To purchase land in their country, to cultivate it by free natives hired for that purpose, and thereby to induce in them habits of labour and of industry, it was thought might eventually lead to the introduction of letters, religion, and civilization, into the very heart of Africa. If we fail, the negroes will

be just where they were; but, if we succeed, it promises happiness to myriads of living, and millions of unborn people."

But the children of this world are, in their generation, wiser than the children of light. Excellent as the intentions of these projectors were, Beaver was the only man among them whom nature had qualified for such an undertaking. Six persons, all of whom were or had been officers in the military or naval service, met at a coffee-house, and constituted themselves a committee to open a subscription, and form regulations for carrying their views into effect. The next step was to acquaint the prime minister with their intentions. Mr. Pitt informed them that he had no objection to the enterprise, but he did not caution them against drawing up a form of government for their colony, which could be done legally by the legislature alone. He no doubt supposed that the projectors were aware of this; and, perhaps, did not know that their ardour would not allow them to wait till a charter could be obtained, for they were determined to sail that season. But they were ignorant of the law on this subject, and prepared a constitution for themselves. This was an error of ignorance: it was an error of judgment when they increased the number of the council from seven to nine, first, and afterwards to thirteen. "Increasing the number," says Beaver, "was increasing the means and the probability of weak measures and disunited counsels: the probability of succeeding would have been increased had they been reduced to three; and much more so had one person only had the direction—for I am fully convinced that in enterprises of this kind the direction should be left to one. He should have full power, and should be responsible for the use of it." The scheme was not viewed with friendly eyes, either by the founder of Sierra Leone or the West India merchants; but it met with no opposition; and the proposals took so well, that the projectors did what could not have been accomplished in any other country: in little more than three months after Bulama had been named by Dalrymple to Beaver, they were ready to sail with three vessels, and nearly three hundred persons. But then the difficulties began: the ships were at Gravesend, almost every person on board, and all anxiously waiting the order for departure, when an order came from the secretary of state forbidding them to proceed. The rainy season on the coast of Africa was fast approaching; and the daily expense of the ships enormous, when compared with the funds of the Association. They presented a memorial, therefore, to Mr. Secretary Dundas, on the last day of March—were permitted to move the ships round to Portsmouth, and there await its issue; and, on the 9th of April, received permission to proceed, on condition of their disclaiming and setting aside their printed agreement and constitution of government;—then learning for the first time that printing the constitution was a high misdemeanour; that wherever they should make their settlement, there the laws of England attached; and that, without an act of parliament, they had no authority to make bye-laws. Government had no wish to impede the undertaking: it required

only an observance of the existing laws; and there seems to have been no unnecessary delay in expediting the permission. The projectors were, however, sufficiently punished for their ignorance; they were reduced to the necessity of either giving up the enterprise, or sailing without having any legal restraint on a class of people, who, from the very nature of things, peculiarly required it. But they had gone too far to recede; and with this inauspicious beginning they sailed from Portsmouth.

Beaver himself, as the story of the miserable adventure evinces, was the only one among the projectors who had strength of purpose enough for such an adventure, as well as every requisite of bodily and mental activity. Nature breaks none of her moulds, though Ariosto has said so; but of all her moulds, infinite in number as they are, there are none in which she repeats her cast so seldom as that in which Beaver was made. Among the colonists there were some who deserved a better fortune than that which compelled them to embark in this expedition, and a better fate than awaited them in it: but these were very few in number; and though it was likely, or rather certain, that more would take this course in consequence of their misconduct than of their misfortunes, the proportion of scoundrels was greater than might have been expected, and there were among them men of so villainous a description, that the galleys has seldom been more largely defrauded than when they set sail for the coast of Africa. One hundred and fifty-three men, fifty-seven women, and sixty-five children, sailed in two ships and a Gravesend boat. One of the ships (the *Hankey*) was under Beaver's command; and both the others (the *Calypso* and the *Beggar's Benison*) were commanded by lieutenants in the navy. Desirable as it was that the ships should keep company, they lost sight of each other on the third day. Rough weather came on, and in Beaver's ship—

"Most of the landmen and all of the women were sea-sick; the latter, some of whom had infants at the breast, were more than twenty-four hours without nourishment of any kind, and would (says he) have been so much longer, if I had not undertaken to cook for them; for some who would have relieved them, if able, were labouring under the same disease, and the surgeon, whose more immediate duty it was to attend to them, was wholly destitute of feeling: he left to those who had folly enough to feel, the charge of taking care of his patients. This certainly was not a very dignified employment; it was at least a useful one; and had I not undertaken it, these poor women might have suffered much from hunger, ere any other would have relieved them. I had already been employed, since our sailing, in functions equally low, and therefore was in some degree prepared for it; but at times I was compensated for the meanness of these employments by the exercise of authority pertaining to more dignified posts; for I verily believe that there is not an office or gradation of rank in naval service, from the admiral and commander-in-chief down to the Jack of the bread-room, which I had not already exercised in this ship. The fact is, that, to govern and maintain order and regularity amongst a licen-

tious rabble, without any legal power, was an exceedingly difficult task, and only to be accomplished by example. I soon perceived that I must either give up the point, which threatened ruin to the undertaking, or accomplish it by the constant exercise of unremitting exertions. The latter was most congenial to my mind; and, therefore, there was no employment, however humble in the general opinion of the world, which I hesitated to undertake; but, having once done this, I ordered whom I pleased afterwards to perform the same duty; and the consequence was, that, from the sailing of the expedition to the final abandoning of the island, I was never more cheerfully, willingly, nor implicitly obeyed, when armed with the authority of martial power, than I was by the members who embarked in the undertaking."

This extract is truly characteristic of Philip Beaver, a man who, in the sincerity of his heart and understanding, knew that as there could be no station, however elevated, above his capacity, so was there no duty, however humble, beneath his regard. It is moreover valuable, because it exemplifies in what manner even the worst subjects may be controlled and guided. Severity is not necessary for producing obedience to one in whom they can see no caprice, discover no weakness, suspect no unworthy motive, fear no tyranny, apprehend no injustice. The good horse rejoices in an accomplished rider; and in like manner men, as if by an instinctive sense of fitness, feel in their obedience something like the freedom as well as the strength of voluntary exertion, when it is called for by one in whom they perfectly confide. Men will always set for those who will think for them; they love to cast their cares, as well as to rest their hopes, and pin their faith upon others. The priest, the physician, the steward, and the lawyer know this; so does every officer who deserves to hold a commission. If his men have confidence in him, he may confide in them under all circumstances, even though their confidence should be only in his intellectual, not in his moral nature also; but, if they love as well as respect him; if they know him to be a good man as well as an able one, to have a kind heart as well as a brave one, they will honour and obey him with a zeal like that of religious feeling, and in that feeling sacrifice their lives, if it be needful, willingly and gladly for his preservation. Worse subjects no man ever had to deal with, than those with whom Beaver was embarked. Among some of the directors of the enterprise, he saw a constant attention to their own interest, and an entire neglect of that of the public; among others, a total indifference to both; a general apathy in all, concerning all such measures as could contribute to success. Yet over these people, bad as they were, Beaver at once asserted and maintained an ascendancy in which they acquiesced, from a full conviction that it was for their own good.

At the Canaries the *Beggar's Benison* joined company with the *Hankey*; and these two vessels, proceeding to their destination, anchored in sight of the three islands of Bissau, Arece, and Bulama, on the 5th of June. The *Calypso* had been before them and alarmed the

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Portuguese at Bissao, by avoiding any communication with them. When Beaver, therefore, landed at the factory, he was taken for a pirate, the long boat was seized, and he and its crew lodged for the night in an empty room. Beaver, who never lost his temper or his courage, after remonstrating in vain against this usage, told the governor that he expected two things, "first, that you send us a good supper, for we are hungry; secondly, that you send us beds, for we are weary." The good humour and the plain dealing of this demand had their effect; for the governor promised both, and kept his word. But the next morning, he insisted that the captain should go back to the ship, accompanied by a Portuguese officer, to examine his papers, and learn her destination. Beaver, who had already, of his own accord, made him acquainted with the object of the expedition, objected to this; but the matter ended in detaining him as a hostage till the papers had been examined. The members of the council saw no reason for refusing this examination. Beaver, whose notions of national dignity were such as it behoves a British officer always to maintain, thought there was reason to refuse what there was no right to demand. But he did not sufficiently bear in mind that in this case the suspicion of piracy was not altogether unreasonable, and that when such a suspicion had been excited, the governor, in guarding against danger, committed no disrespect toward the British nation, and only discharged his duty to his own.

The affair terminated amicably, as it could not fail to do, where nothing but what was right and honourable was intended on either part; and it led to an acquaintance with the principal merchant of Bissao, Sylva Cordoza (probably *Cardoso*) by name, to whom Beaver was afterwards indebted for much real kindness, and all the services which it was in his power to perform. Next day he returned on board. On the 5th he had left a quiet, clean, healthy, and orderly ship, the colonists contented, and in good spirits; when he returned on the 7th, the ship was noisy, dirty, disorderly, the people dissatisfied and out of heart. The *Calypso* had joined in the interval, bringing with it tidings of misfortune. That unlucky vessel had got sight of Bulama on the 24th of May, sent all the boats armed on shore, and took possession of the island as if it had been their own, without making any agreement for it with the natives, or thinking it necessary to take any precautions against them. The *Bijugas* who claimed the island watched their opportunity: they had observed that in the morning the "men straggled into the woods by twos and threes," and returned in like manner at evening; that those who remained at the block-house (a shed enclosed with inch planks, which the intruders had erected) were generally asleep from one to three (during the greatest heat of the day), and that no watch whatever was kept. Accordingly, at two o'clock on Sunday the 3d of June, they approached the block-house, where the people were sleeping, and fired into it; as the colonists ran out, they were killed or wounded one by one; the negroes then rushed into the house, found sixty stand of arms there,

loaded and primed, which they instantly seized, turned against the miserable adventurers, and killed them with their own weapons. So totally had the persons in the *Calypso* neglected all measures which could conduce to their own safety, that not a gun was out of the hold, when the poor wretches on shore ran into the water for protection: and had the negroes pursued, they might have put all the fugitives to death before any assistance could have been given them. Early the next morning the *Calypso* got under sail, and without attempting to revisit the block-house, or look for the bodies of the slain, went to Bissao in hopes of meeting her consorts. Nor was this the only ill news which Beaver learnt upon his return to the Hankey. There was a fever on board the *Calypso*; with this, as well as with dirt and disorder, and discontent, that ship had been permitted to infect her consort; and in both ships there was a settled gloom in the countenances of all, of which Beaver says it is difficult to convey an idea, but which it was melancholy to behold.

While the other members of the council complained of the colonists for insubordination, and the colonists complained of them for neglect and incapacity, Beaver alone acted with promptitude and decision: through his Portuguese friend *Cardoso*, he took immediate measures for ransoming the prisoners, and through an American slave captain purchased Bulama in due form from the two *Bijuga* kings, *Bellchore* and *Jalorem*, for goods amounting in value to something less than £80. Having sought for the remains of the dead, and buried the few scattered bones which the hyenas had left, in a deep grave, close by a large tree, on which they cut deeply the figure of a cross to mark the spot, he went himself to conclude the ransom of a woman and her child who had been separated from the other prisoners. He landed alone, and unarmed, to show the natives that he had no fear, and trusted in the laws of hospitality which are generally observed among savages. Nothing could be said concerning what had past at Bulama that would not, he says, "recall the idea of our weakness, humiliation, and disgrace." But Beaver took always the straight course, which in matters of policy is always the right one. He told King *Jalorem* that the best friends had sometimes the misfortune to misunderstand each other's intention, and so to quarrel; this had been their case: what was done could not be undone, and therefore he should say nothing on that subject, but hoped that they should hereafter live like good neighbours; so he came with presents for him and his brother king, offered friendship, and proposed to purchase their hunting island of Bulama. "*Jalorem* replied, that what was done was done: that he was sorry for what had happened, but that then they neither knew who we were, nor our intentions; we were strangers and we took their land; however he knew now that we were good people, hoped we should always be good friends, and was glad, very glad, to see me." The business was concluded to Beaver's satisfaction; and the woman and her child were restored to him, though they were in such a state that it was only to die in peace

among their countrymen. A white skin is so disgusting to those negroes who have not been accustomed to see Europeans, that he could hardly find a black man to assist in carrying these poor creatures to the boat; but the king's women, he says, behaved remarkably well to them, "and exhibited that delicacy and feeling, which, from either pole to the equator, will be generally found characteristic of their sex."

Having now purchased the island, and read the treaty to the colonists, he expected that they would have gone to work immediately, and in good earnest, clearing away the woods and erecting houses: but no plan had been digested; not a word was said of landing and commencing their labours; and the council and colonists, who had been convened to hear the treaty, separated as soon as it was read, as if the written instrument itself was to create them a town. He, however, with a party of twelve men, landed, and worked till sunset; and when he returned on board, proposed to the council some regulations for their future proceedings, without which nothing effectual could be done. Instead of adopting or discussing these, the council resolved to discuss, on the following morning, the question where the ships should be stationed during the rains. This was the first intimation which Beaver had of any design to abandon the enterprise. Upon perceiving the general discontent on board the Calypso, he had himself proposed, a week after her junction, that one of the ships should be made ready to carry back to England all persons who chose to return: this proposal was rejected on the 14th of June, by the very persons who, on the 3d of July, resolved, that because the rainy season had commenced, and that a great mortality among the settlers might be expected during that time, the three vessels should remove to Sierra Leone to water, and there take into consideration the expediency of proceeding to England, or returning to Bulama after the rains.

"What, in the name of common sense," says Beaver, "did we come here for? Did we not know that the rains would commence when they did before we left England? Mortality, in some degree, must be expected in such an enterprise: when was a colony settled without it? To go to Sierra Leone for water! Is not water to be procured here? But there to consider the expediency of returning to England or hither: and why not consider of that expediency here?"

Of all the adventurers, he was the only one who, before he left England, had declared his intention of returning thither after the first rains. Most of the difficulties, he thought, would be over in one year, and he had no idea of remaining longer. But to return in this manner, without making some attempt to succeed, seemed to him so disgraceful, that he could not submit to it. He entered a protest, therefore, against the resolution of the council: three others joined in it; but of these three two changed their opinion, and determined on departing with the rest. Beaver then informed the council that he would remain on the island with his servant, though every body else might leave it, and he expected, therefore, that one vessel should be left with him. By the next

morning, between eighty and ninety volunteered to remain with him; and it was then settled that the Calypso should proceed with the rest to Sierra Leone and to England. Beaver advised all the married men who offered to remain to return in this ship, and when they refused to do this, he urged them, but without effect, to send home their wives and children, who were ill able to encounter the difficulties which he foresaw. But it is no wonder that this advice was disregarded; for better was it that these unfortunate persons should take the chance of climate upon the coast of Africa, than be turned adrift upon the shores of their own country, there to beg their way, or be passed as paupers to their respective parishes. So the Calypso departed for Sierra Leone on the 19th of July, carrying fever on board; and Beaver remained at Bulama with forty-eight men, thirteen women, and twenty-five children, besides four seamen and a boy in the cutter.

Bred as he was in a school of strict discipline, and scrupulously obedient to the laws of his country, by principle as well as habit, he would never have voluntarily placed himself in the situation in which he was now found. To give up the enterprise was, in his view, unjust to the absent subscribers, dishonourable to those who had undertaken it, and injurious to the nation, by lowering the British character in the eyes of the neighbouring Africans, and of the Portuguese. But, without power, the attempt could not be carried on; and therefore he refused to take charge of the colony till the assembled colonists had agreed to be governed by that constitution which the council had been obliged to disclaim before they left England. Illegal he knew this to be; but he knew it also to be an act of moral necessity; and what he believed it to be his duty to do, that Beaver always did. When they had agreed to this, he read to them certain regulations, which were unanimously approved. Then he began to clear ground for a garden, sent the cutter to Bissao for fresh provisions, and took that opportunity of writing to Cardoso, and proposing to contract with him for a regular supply during the rains. On the second day after the Calypso's departure, Lieutenant Hancorne, the only one of the original council who remained, died of the fever, with which that unlucky ship had infected the Hankey; but the care and cleanliness which were now enforced seems to have subdued the infection. Beaver's next care was to become acquainted with the Bialaras on the opposite shore, that no such misunderstanding might occur with them as had fallen out with the Bijugas. He learnt that they were an inoffensive people, but that they would expect to be paid for the island; because it was to them, not the Bijugas, that it rightfully belonged. Accordingly, he visited them; and for goods to the amount of about £26, not only satisfied them for the island, but purchased a much greater extent of land on the opposite shore, together with all the adjacent isles. One of the black kings, Niobana, was very desirous to have an establishment made in his country: "If white man live here," said he, "we shall want nothing; but if white man does not live here, we shall want every thing."



It was not at that time notoriously known, that "white man" cannot live there: that the European home can no more bear the climate of Western Africa, than the African *simia* can bear that of Northern Europe. Soldiers, indeed, at Goree, and Guineamen had had proof of this; but their experience was of no use to others. Only a vague opinion prevailed, that the climate was unhealthy at certain seasons: the first proof that it is absolutely fatal to European constitutions was given by the expedition; and yet so little was Beaver's mind prepared for such a result, that he failed to perceive it even from the demonstration before him when it came. Believing, as all persons at that time believed, that there was no such insuperable impediment on this score to colonization from our part of the world, he saw clearly that in all other respects there could not be a more eligible spot than that part of the Western African coast between the rivers Grande and Gambia. At the bottom of that immense harbour, formed by continental islands on the north, and the Bijaga archipelago on the south—and at the mouth of the Rio Grande, (which Beaver, who sailed thirty miles up it, thought the most beautiful river he had ever seen,) the island of Bulama lies. It is about seven leagues long, its breadth varying from five to two. "The soil is every where rich and prolific, and affords ample pasturage to innumerable elephants, buffalo, deer, and other wild animals which graze on its surface; the sea which surrounds it is sheltered from violent agitation in every direction, and abounds with excellent fish of various kinds; in short, here reigns abundance of every thing requisite to the comforts of savage life. It seems," says Beaver, "to have been produced in one of Nature's happiest moods." But not for white colonists! It is from negroes and mulattoes, trained in European civilization, that the civilization of Western Africa must come; and proper colonists, fitted by such training, as well as by constitution, will be raised up in the course of one generation, from the time in which the humane, and temperate, and just, and wise measures of our present colonial policy shall be fairly carried into effect in the Columbian Islands.

The effects of the climate were soon felt. Returning on the 4th of August from his expedition to the Biafara, he found that, during the four days of his absence, four had been added to the sick list; and fear, which, in such cases, is the sure precursor of sickness, had begun to show itself among the sound. He had occasion to send the cutter to Sierra Leone; and four persons requested leave to take that opportunity of departing, that they might find a passage home.

"Is it not odd," says he, in his Journal, "that these people could not have made up their minds sooner? It is only nineteen days since the Calypso sailed! . . . As to asking my leave, it is ridiculous in the extreme; for, were I inclined to detain them, they all know that I have no power to do it. I have not asked any one to remain with me, and believe I never shall; for of the whole number I cannot select half a dozen that deserve their bread."

One of that little number was one of the first

victims to the climate, Mr. Benjamin Marston, the surveyor of the colony, of whom Beaver has left this memorial in his Journal: never was a more feeling or a nobler tribute rendered to departed worth:—

"Mr. Marston was born in Marblehead, New-England, where he was a respectable merchant, and had considerable property at the commencement of those unfortunate troubles which terminated in the separation of that country from England. In consequence of his loyalty he had not only lost a comfortable competency, but had undergone, for the last ten years, unheard of, and almost incredible, difficulties. Sometimes he was whole days without bread; and weeks together his daily expenditure amounted only to three halfpence, a pennyworth of bread and a halfpenny-worth of figs. Too noble to beg, yet willing to work, but unknown and friendless in England, no one would employ him. Thus did this good man struggle in poverty for ten years, in that country which he had fought for, in that country for whose interest he had quitted his friends, his relations, the land of his ancestors, and every thing which is dear to man.

"I never heard this good man rail at, nor say harsh things of that country, by which he had been so ill treated; he bore all patiently. He was about sixty years of age; had been educated in Harvard College, New-England; and was both learned and pious. Happy in having known such a man, I felt it a duty to endeavour to record his virtues. Should this Journal, by any accident, ever reach Marblehead, it may be a consolation to some of his friends and family to know what became of him; and at the same time to know, that if he did not die a rich, he died a good man; for I cannot be suspected of flattering or overcharging the character of that man whom I never saw till in this expedition; and who, though it ought to have been otherwise, was in such a situation as would not be likely to procure an interested panegyrist. It may also be some consolation to them to learn, that his virtues were not unknown; and that though we may have but little ourselves, we have at least sufficient to respect it in others; that this good man lived respected, and died regretted by all; and is now, we trust, receiving the reward of his virtues and sufferings in this world."

This is such a record as none but a wise and good man could have written; it is here inserted to illustrate the character of Beaver himself, and to fulfil the intention, or, rather, the hope with which he penned it. For this Journal assuredly will reach Marblehead; it may yet find there some who are akin to the deceased, and others who remember him; and they will feel, upon perusing it, if they can distinguish between good and evil, that though this good man took what they deem the wrong as well as the unsuccessful part, and, when proscribed from one country, found, for his earthly recompense, ingratitude in the other, neglect, poverty, and destitution, he bore his sufferings meekly, bravely, and contentedly, with the consciousness of having acted according to his own clear sense of duty, and has thereby obtained an honourable remembrance. They who bear his name ought to be



more proud of it, than if he had left rank, and honour, and large possessions to his representatives.

Beaver himself had nearly fallen a victim to the climate, thus early in the attempt. He was seized with a fever, and on the fifth day his life was despaired of.

"As the front of the cabin, (says he) from one side of the ship to the other, was one continued window, I could hear every thing that was said, but could not be seen on account of a canvass screen round that part where my cot hung. Reader! if this should ever be seen by other eyes than my own, call me vain if you please; for I do assure you that I was exceedingly so, when I heard every individual speaking only my praise. Every one said that I had killed myself by my exertions for their good; that labouring and exposing myself so much as I had done, no constitution could stand: that now they *must* go home, for as they had lost me, there was no one left who could take care of them. Between seven and eight in the evening, I could no longer articulate, but was seized with a rattling in my throat, which I conceived to be a symptom of my no very distant dissolution. I was still sensible. . . . Captain Cox, sitting by the skylight almost immediately over me, said, that to-morrow he should have orders to get ready to sail for England. I can with truth aver, that if in these moments I had the least wish to live, it was to preserve this colony. Death, if thou never comest clothed in greater terrors, I shall never be afraid to meet thee; for the happiest moments of my existence were those when I expected to cease to be. May my future life be such as to enable me always to meet thee thus!"

This disease, severe as it had been, left no debility behind: he gained strength with a rapidity at which even he himself was astonished; and on the sixth day after the first symptoms of recovery had appeared, he traced the lines for a block-house, and set the people at work. He had now a visit from the old Bijuga king, Bellechore, with men enough in his company to render some precautions necessary, in case their intention should be evil, or any accidental quarrel should arise. The old king, who had by no means spared the rum which had been set before him on his arrival, would not go to bed without having a bottle and glass within reach: "For," said he, "suppose I might wake in the night, that time I can drink rum too." A mat and pillow were spread for him on one side of Beaver's cot; three of his men slept on the other side of the cot, and four under it. This cordial treatment, and the habitual frankness of Beaver's fearless manner, kept the old African in a placable mood after a provocation so gross that it could never have been anticipated. He had gone on board the ship to dine; and Beaver, thinking no harm could possibly arise there, went ashore to keep peace between his people and the Bijugas there. But when he returned to dinner, he saw immediately, by Bellechore's countenance, that all was not right. A bullock having been killed on board, one of the negroes carried to the king in the cabin some of the entrails, dressed in the most approved

manner of Bijuga cookery; that is, just warmed through on the coals, and like a woodcock with its trail. The sight so offended one of the committee, that he turned the poor Bijuga and his food out of the cabin, and, upon Bellechore's interfering, turned him out also. "It was certainly as easy, and would have been much more civil," says Beaver, "for Mr. M. to have turned himself out instead of his guest; and that was a conduct which our situation, one would have supposed, would have led him to pursue, rather than give offence to a people whose good opinion we were particularly interested in acquiring." Beaver, however, brought the offended potentate into good humour, and sent him away with many presents.

When this negro saw the extent of ground which had been levelled for the foundation of the block-house, (180 feet by 115,) he observed, "Plenty of time must pass before that house can be done!" The old man had not then learnt to appreciate the character of the director, but he anticipated, with sure foresight, the fate of the colonists. On the 19th of July, Beaver had been left with four and forty able-bodied men; five had left him, and before the end of August the number capable of working was reduced to twenty-four. It was necessary to spare them as much as possible; and yet their health, safety, and very existence, depended upon their being housed in a place of strength and security, before the Hankey (whose charter was to expire early in November) should leave them: very unwillingly, therefore, Beaver, who, from a sense of duty, was punctual in religious observances, required them to work on Sundays. One man declared that nothing should induce him to do this. The necessity of the case being clear, Beaver's arguments were very short.

"I told him," says he, "that if he did not work, I should take care that he did not eat on a Sunday. This was a gratification which he had no inclination to forego, and all his scruples vanished."

By the end of September their number was reduced from eighty-six to sixty. He himself was persuaded that this great and unexpected mortality was owing to the fatigue attending a first attempt to settle a colony; and, especially, to the necessity under which they had been placed of working in the rains, in order to have a fort to defend and a house to cover them. Of abandoning the enterprise he never dreamed; but when he gave notice that the Hankey would sail about the middle of November, he requested that all who wished to return in her would communicate their intention without delay, and thereby save the unnecessary labour of building more apartments than would be occupied. Five persons only gave in their names; for, even among this people, Beaver's resolute conduct had excited a sense of shame; and, however desirous they were to fly from death while it was yet possible, they were not less desirous of doing so with credit to themselves. Some of them, therefore, endeavoured secretly to produce a general resolution of returning in the Hankey, whereby they should compel him to leave the island also—shelter themselves under his example—and, more-

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over, get a free passage home. With this object, they chalked upon the door of the new storehouse—"It is death to stay!" So, indeed, too surely it was. Beaver writes in his Journal, Oct. 7—"Not a carpenter able to lift a tool; myself, with a little assistance, continue the logging: every body seems much depressed; not a soul among them capable of exertion." It was not in any stubborn spirit of pride that Beaver struggled against the insurmountable difficulties of this undertaking. Insurmountable they did not appear to him, because he did not know that he was struggling against a law of nature; any thing short of this he knew himself capable of surmounting. But he had soon perceived that "not only from sickness, but from a kind of stupor, a general depression of spirits, and a total unconcern even for their own safety, which had, in a most unaccountable manner, seized almost every person," he should not be able to complete the blockhouse, or to keep it, if completed, unless it were by means of the natives. Accordingly, he had requested Cardoso to hire for him some of those natives who serve Europeans for wages, and who are called by the Portuguese name of *grumetas*, and early in October two arrived. These men worked well and willingly; but so great was the horror which they felt at a white corpse, or any thing relating to it, that he was obliged to dig graves for the dead, and bury them himself; the funeral service he always read. These *grumetas* chose to leave him at the end of the month; and, most important as their services were, he did not even ask them to remain, but paid them their wages and gave them presents besides. Before the Hankey sailed, he was again attacked with fever, and was for thirteen days too ill to keep a journal; and when she departed, on the 22d of November, taking with her fourteen persons, he was left with twenty-seven—of whom fifteen men, four women, and four children were on the sick list, leaving only three men and one child in health; but besides these he had a sailor belonging to the cutter and seven *grumetas*, whom his zealous friend Cardoso had engaged for him. On leaving England they had been two hundred and seventy-five in number; they were ninety when the Calypso left them; and to this they were now reduced.

To a certain degree, Beaver had certainly been steely by the habits of his profession. Accustomed to hold his own life cheaply, as a thing which might at any hour be called for in the course of the king's service, he seems to have regarded the loss of men by the climate here, as he would the loss of lives in action. And when his old schoolfellow, Mr. Birkhead, who commanded the cutter, gave notice that, if he recovered from the fever, he should return in the Hankey, he expressed, in his Journal, surprise as well as regret at the intimation. Birkhead, after vainly urging him to abandon an attempt which he believed to be utterly hopeless, said that he could not in conscience leave him, without making him acquainted with the character of the only man who would be left in the cutter, Peter Hayles, by name: he had been a notorious pirate in the bay of Honduras; he had also run away

with one vessel in which he had sailed, and sold her; and had set fire to another, and then plundered her—for which he had been tried, but had succeeded in defrauding the yard-arm. Birkhead, in returning from Sierra Leone, had slept with pistols under his pillow, in fear of some attempt from this fellow, and, verily thought he would, one day or other, run away with the cutter. "I was sorry to learn all this," says Beaver, "for he is certainly the most useful man in the colony. However, knowing a man to be a villain is getting over every difficulty." Certainly no man ever knew better than himself how to give a villain credit for the good which may be in him, and bring that good into action. That same day he promised to increase Peter's wages from £1 15s. per month to £3. A week after the Hankey had sailed, every man, woman, and child was ill, except himself; and he and the *grumetas* continued to work at the building.

Four men had recovered sufficiently to be capable of bearing arms when Bellichore was seen with two canoes coming round the point. Beaver beat to arms, saluted him, and then loaded his eight four-pounders with grape and canister. By that time the old African had landed and marched up to the eastern part of the square with two and thirty well-armed negroes. Beaver placed two sentinels at each gateway, with orders not to admit any one within the square, and to put to death any who might attempt to force their way. He then went out to meet Bellichore, conducted him to his own tent, and put his men in possession of a hut which had been built for the *grumetas*. His own force, consisting of himself, the four convalescents, and seven *grumetas*, he divided into two equal watches, taking the command of one, for the intention of such visitors in the then state of the colony could be no matter of doubt. He was advised not to trust himself in the tent with the Bijaga chief and two of his men; but believing that the danger would only be heightened by showing any symptom of fear, he dined there with Bellichore unarmed, the other negroes squatting on their hams, one on each side of him the whole time, Bellichore giving them occasionally large pieces of meat. It was thought that he ran great risk of assassination during this meal, and he thought so himself. After dinner, Bellichore was particularly solicitous that he might be admitted into the square, and through the store-room; Beaver took him there accordingly. The negro then returned to his people, and told them that most of the white men were dead; that all the survivors, except their captain, were sick; that he had put them there, and could send them away, for they were his chickens; an expression of contempt by which the Bijugas were accustomed to call their unwelcome enemies the Bifaras. A *grumeta* who heard this reported it immediately to Beaver, and said that Bellichore meant to attack him. Beaver thought this so likely, that he assembled the rest of the *grumetas*, and the four colonists, and told them so; if they behaved with common firmness, he said, there would be no danger, for they could certainly repel an attack; but if they did not, there was no safety; for rather than be taken

by these people, he would blow them all up. The sequel must be told in his own words.

"There was about a ton of gunpowder, a few feet only from my cot in the store-room; and I ordered Nash, the cooper, to take the heads out of two of the barrels, one at either end, and by these were placed lighted matches. The north and west gateways were blocked up, and there was a four-pounder in the east and south ones. The Bijugas occupied a hut about thirty yards from the Blockhouse; and I made their king Belchore, having first pointed out to him the powder and the matches, sleep in my cot. A few minutes afterwards, Nash, who had been accustomed to sleep on board the cutter, (where I had only one man, who was now on board, with orders to fire directly into the hut if he heard two muskets discharged in the night,) came to me, and requested me to go on board the cutter to sleep as usual. This I refused. He threatened to swim on board; and I promised to shoot him if he made the attempt. He had never yet known me break my promise, and therefore went to the post where I had ordered him. I lay down wrapt up in a cloak, in the middle of the east gateway, with a brace of pistols under my head. Five sentinels called 'All's well,' every five minutes, and the night past in peace. Thursday, 6. All day taken up with Belchore, endeavouring to get him away before night, without his perceiving that it arises from fear. I succeeded about an hour before dark. Saluted him as he went out of the harbour. I attribute our safety to the powder; he certainly meant to attack us."

It is not surprising that after such a visit, and the sight of the open powder-casks, the grumetas should, all except one, have desired to leave him; they made whimsical pretences for this, as if they were ashamed to confess their reasonable fear to so resolute a man as Beaver; but to their comrade and interpreter, Johnson, who, being from Nova Scotia, had more confidence in the resources of a white man, they fairly acknowledged their motives, and that on no other account they had any reason to be dissatisfied. "I told them all," says Beaver, "that every man on this island was free to leave it whenever he pleased; that they had voluntarily come to work for me, and that I would not detain them a day longer than they wished; adding, that though I stood in need of a few grumetas, they were at liberty to depart by the first boat." He was at this time again very ill of the fever, and the palaver with these men aggravated the disease; the next day he was delirious, and, on the following, having somewhat recovered his deranged senses, he sent for Fielder and Hood, the only subscribers who were able to move, made his will, and gave them advice how to act in case of his death. Almost the next entry in the journal is as follows: "Died and was buried, this evening, Mr. Fielder. This is the man, who two days ago, made my will, and whom I thought likely to be my successor. He was young and brave, fit to draw a lion's tooth." Next day, "Still very ill." The pin-nace departed, "leaving my servant Watson, the only colonist well, on shore, and Peter Hayles in the cutter. Watson and myself slept in the east gateway, every other being

barricaded; and I collected the colonists, being seven sick men, into the adjoining birth that we might be in a body in case of an attack. Two sick men with Peter, guard the cutter." If craniology were true, the bumps of perseverance and resolution on Philip Beaver's head must have risen into prominences like the horns of Michael Angelo's Moses.

"Friday, Dec. 21. Have overworked myself, and feel very ill. Since the first of this month, of nineteen men, four women, and five children, we have buried nine men, three women, and one child, which is, except one, half of the whole colony. It is melancholy no doubt, but many have absolutely died with fear. More courage, and greater exertions, I firmly believe, would have saved many of them; but a lowness of spirits, a general despondency, seems to possess every body. When taken ill, they lie down and say, that they know they shall die; and what is very remarkable, I have never yet known one recover after having, in such a manner, given himself up."

This fear, which Beaver supposed, in great part, to have caused the fatal termination of the disease, was in reality one of its symptoms; not so much a vain apprehension of death, as a sure presentiment of it. When he recovered from this illness, Johnson, to his "inexpressible pleasure," returned with eighteen grumetas, three women belonging to them, and two boys, so that he had now four-and-twenty able-bodied men, all free native labourers. But these men were continually quarrelling among themselves, so that sometimes, there was, on this account, little or no work done. They were noisy, and troublesome, and riotous enough to make him exclaim, "no man, I believe, was ever so plagued with such a set of rascals." And yet over these people he asserted and exercised as firm an authority as he could have done on board a king's ship.

"This morning, one of the grumetas drew his knife on me. Had I a pistol, I believe I should have shot him. This crime is common with them: they all carry knives in their girdles, and the instant they have any quarrel the knives are directly drawn. If this is not stopped, at least towards white men, I know not what may be the consequence. At noon I assembled all the grumetas, and endeavoured to convince them of the enormity of the crime which Domingo Swar had been guilty; that his life was forfeited; and that he now only lived through my clemency. They seemed astonished at his boldness, sorry for his crime, and acknowledged that his punishment ought to be great. The man himself was half dead with fear. I told him that no punishment short of death could atone for his crime, and that if he had attempted to wound one of the colonists, that would have been his fate; but as the attempt was made upon me, whom twenty of them could not wound, I should remit his punishment, from his excessive folly: I then ordered a block to be put on the branch of a large tree, and reaving a rope through it, declared that I would hang immediately the first of them that should ever be guilty of a similar crime. Domingo was then ordered to the beach, there to wait the first boat's arrival to carry him off the island, and was told, as he

valued his life, never to appear again in my presence."

Beaver had taken advantage of the opinion general among them, that all white men are witches, to confirm them in a notion, that he was invulnerable by any of their weapons. Two of the best of these people he was ere long obliged to discharge, for disobeying his orders, an offence, in his situation, "not to be forgiven." The rest behaved so ill, that he told them all they were a set of scoundrels, and might go away too if they chose: seven accepted this offer, and were immediately sent to Bissao. But he had now established his character for justice as well as resolution among these people; and as he never detained a man who expressed a wish to go away, he never wanted grumetas, the boats generally returning with more new ones to the island than equalled the number of those who had departed.

Twice more he was in danger of a treacherous attack from the Bijugas; but we must omit the details of these escapes. Some fruit of his perseverance began now to be seen. The blockhouse was so far advanced, that he deemed it perfectly secure against any attack from the natives, and he, therefore, ceased working on the Sabbath; for he had rightly judged, that any such cessation from work on that day was not justifiable till the people could go to prayers in safety. He now began again to fell trees and extend the cleared ground: made little excursions into the island, and felt himself so far secure, that towards the end of March, he undressed himself, for the first time, except when he was ill, for eight months and nine days: "for though, I trust," says he, "that I have no improper fears, I have hitherto always thought it prudent to have arms within my reach, and to be ready to act in a moment, without losing the time necessary for dressing, in case of surprise; from open force we have now nothing to fear." There was, however, much to fear from the character of the people about him. One day, there was such a riot that it was necessary to beat to arms; he knocked down the black servant Watson with the butt-end of a fusil, and was about to seize Johnson, who was particularly violent, and put him in irons, when this grumeta presented a cocked pistol in each hand, and said, that he would rather be killed at once than put in irons, as he knew that he should then be flogged severely. Peter Hayles (the ex-pirate,) who was close by, asked, at that moment, if he should fire at him, saying, that if orders were given, he would shoot him dead on the spot. "This sanguinary fellow," says Beaver, "I called a scoundrel; and ordering his musket to be taken from him, gave my own to Mr. Hood, and then went up to Johnson and seized him by the collar; he immediately burst into tears, and dropped both his pistols, saying he could not fire upon an unarmed man." Had such a scene occurred in Greek or Roman history, it would have become a common-place illustration of magnanimity, as exemplified in both parties. The anecdote is, indeed, one of those useful ones, which tend to counteract that sad sense of human depravity that any course of historical reading too surely impress-

es upon the heart. But a generous impulse, and that Beaver knew, may sometimes safely, and therefore wisely, be relied on, in cases where it would be the extreme of credulity to expect, or even hope for, any permanent reformation. The course of this man's life had been somewhat remarkable. He was a negro, born in British America, and brought up there as a blacksmith: then he became a carpenter; and then, during the American war, entered into the British army. He was long an officer's servant; and had in that capacity travelled over the greater part of Great Britain and Ireland. Besides the trades which he had learned in youth, he understood caulking, was a tolerable sailor, a good servant, an excellent hairdresser, and an admirable cook. Moreover, he was Beaver's chief interpreter, and of the greatest service to him in procuring grumetas. But with all his good qualities he was a great rascal, and to that part of his character, no doubt, it was owing, that he had exchanged the comfortable life of a gentleman's servant in England for that of a free labourer at Bissao, whither he had found his way from Sierra Leone. At Bissao he had been often in prison, was much in debt, and had been obliged to fly from the place. But in his case, as in that of Peter Hayles, knowing him to be a rascal, was "getting over all difficulties;" and a man who could turn his hand to any thing was, as Beaver said, invaluable to him in his situation. He kept him in irons five days; and then finding him very humble and penitent, lectured him well, liberated him, and trusted him as before: he wished, indeed, to do every thing that could attach this man to him, especially after the unquestionable proof of generous feeling which had been manifested in this occurrence; but about three months afterwards, when Beaver had set him up for a trader, by fitting him up a boat, which he was to pay him for at some future time, and lending him two hundred bars' worth of goods for his first trading voyage, instead of returning according to his promise, he made away with boat and goods, and the last that was heard of him was, that he was in prison at Bissao,—a proper reward for his ingratitude. It was, perhaps, well for Beaver, that he thus absconded; for it came afterwards to light, that one Moore, the captain of an American vessel, had advised this Johnson and Peter Hayles, as they were both Americans, and both sailors, to get some of the grumetas on board the cutter, and run away with her; sell the grumetas to any slave-ship upon the coast; then go to America and sell the cutter, where nobody would know any thing about it, and their fortunes would be made. These fellows asked Watson, the black servant, to join them in the scheme, and his refusal seems to have withheld them from carrying it into effect. And thus the desire which Peter Hayles had shown to receive orders for shooting Johnson was explained; for, by so doing, he would have got rid of one who might, in some repentant and better mood, have informed Beaver of his treachery.

Death had by this time nearly done its work among the Europeans of the colony; some went away in the American ship; and then of two hundred and seventy-five persons who



had sailed from England eleven months before, there remained only three white and two black men, with two boys, and Scott the midshipman, Peter Hayles, and the American deserter in the cutter—this being the whole strength of the colony. "For such a power," said Beaver, "we have work enough before us." But the great work was done; a stronghold had been erected; shelter was provided for the reinforcement of colonists which he expected; and he had acquired a character among the negroes for probity as well as resolution, such as no white man had ever before him obtained upon that coast. Belchore at this time paid him another visit, with twenty-eight men. Beaver, who was now strong enough to stand in no fear of this treacherous tribe, intended at first to reproach him with his intended villainy, then flog him, and turn him out of the island; but further consideration, and the sense of present security, made him change his mind, and give him a friendly reception, as if he was ignorant of what had passed. Some six-pounders were fired, not more with the intention of amusing him, than of confirming him in his opinion that "all white man witch!" an exclamation which he frequently repeated. He astonished them with his theodolite, with his telescope, and with his quadrant, bringing down the sun upon one of the Bijuga's head, to the amazement of all his countrymen; and, without intending, he impressed them with a stronger persuasion of his miraculous powers than even this exhibition could have produced, by happening to be seated upon a cannon when a boy fired it. Some Biarasas visited him, one of whom served him excellently well as a hunter, and the others worked as well as his hired grumetas. Whatever was necessary for shelter and security having been provided, every thing that was now undertaken was for convenience and future comfort: fields, accordingly, were inclosed as well as cleared, a garden made, and huts built for the grumetas. Perhaps Beaver was never happier than at this time, when looking forward in hope, and thoroughly satisfied with the effect of his own perseverance. He says, indeed, that so far as related to himself, the time which he spent upon the island of Bulama (independent of the motives which led him thither or kept him there) was the best spent part of his life, so completely was he thrown upon himself, and so completely, in consequence, were all his resources of mind called into action. "For one year of that time," says he, "I had not an individual to converse with, and lived almost as much the life of a hermit as if there had not been another human being on the island. It is true that I set every body to work, and directed them what to do, but there our intercourse ceased. Their work done, the grumetas retired to their houses, the settlers to their rooms." He had never before had a tool of any kind in his hand, yet he practised the various trades of—1. carpenter in all its branches, from that of making a broomstick to that of building a house; 2. joiner; 3. sawyer, which he found the most difficult of the whole; 4. brickmaker; 5. tanner, for he tanned a number of goat-skins for the bottoms of a set of chairs; 6. thatcher; 7. tallow-chandler; 8.

rope-maker; 9. sail-maker; 10. caulker; 11. plasterer; 12. carcase-butcher, it having fallen to his lot more than once to skin and cut up a bullock, which had been killed for the colonists. And among those occupations which are dignified with the name of professions, he practised as—1. engineer; 2. architect; 3. surveyor; and 4. apothecary, "with this difference in practice," said he, "that I never made a bill. Some of the employments were not very dignified; however, to make amends, I was honoured with very fine, nay, magnificent, titles. The Portuguese always called me governor; the Bijugas, *capitao*; but all the other nations, king (*rey*)."

The island abounded with game; there was the hippopotamus in the river, and elephants were very numerous. A most afflicting account is given of killing a female and her young in the water. Beaver repented that he had attacked them, when in mercy he was compelled to finish the butchery that had been begun; and "determined never again to attack any of these poor animals, unless he were provided with iron slugs; for to fire leaden balls at them exceeded," he said, "almost any thing in cruelty. The larger elephant grounded in three feet water: and, while Peter Hayles was cutting out its tusks with a broad axe, I," says Beaver, "sat on its upper side, with a long pike, to prick the sharks on the nose which surrounded it, and keep them from him; there were never less than seven or eight trying to nibble at it." Nothing that came within reach of his observation seems ever to have escaped it; but he was not able to seek for information, owing to the lassitude occasioned by excessive labour under a vertical sun. Indeed, even his constitution was not acclimated by the repeated seasonings which it underwent; true as it may be in many cases, that *Pars sanitatis velle sanare fuit*, even the strong will could not fortify him against this deadly atmosphere, though it preserved him from the stupefying effect which was produced upon the few remaining colonists—whose minds "if ever they had any," he says, "were annihilated."

Just twelve months after the departure of the Calypso, when he had written his Journal, and was sitting down to a boiled fowl for supper, his door opened, and two Englishmen came in. "It is impossible," he says, "to express my astonishment, my joy, my feelings, at the sight. Their florid complexions, their appearance of health and vigour, were such a contrast to the yellow skins and shrivelled carcases which I had for a long time been accustomed only to see, that I gazed upon them the whole evening. I thought them the handsomest mortals I had ever beheld." They were from a vessel bound to Sierra Leone, and charged with letters for him, and some provisions for the colony. The letters were from the trustees, in reply to the despatches by the Calypso and the Hankey. They promised to send out, in about six weeks or two months, some six, eight, or ten settlers, with a fresh supply of useful articles; and if, in the interval, they should receive favourable accounts from him, or meet with the encouragement from government which they expected, they said that the shipment would probably be very

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considerable, and the settlers more numerous, as well as of a proper description; and they expressed the most earnest wish that he would not think of quitting the colony—at least during the present season—but exert himself to keep it up, and prevail on his associates to stand by him, so that his hard labours might not be rendered fruitless.

These letters informed him of the war with France; upon which he writes in his Journal, thus—as we might expect him to have written:—

“Although no earthly consideration would have induced me to have placed myself in my present situation, could I have foreseen, on our leaving England, that we were so near a war, or even that there was a distant probability of one; yet, being here, I cannot leave it. If I take every body with me, I abandon the colony when there is no necessity for so doing: I deceive those who placed themselves under my care; I betray the subscribers at home; I betray the interest of humanity. It is true, I am under no written obligation; I receive no pay—I receive no support—I have no master. True, but I feel that I ought to stay; and, therefore, be the consequences what they may, here will I remain. Should I go, and leave the colonists, they would all be killed: they could not exist without me. Should I not in that case, besides desertion, be guilty of murder? What do I get by remaining here? nothing. Yes, I do: the satisfaction of feeling that I act as I ought to do. I have therefore written to the Admiralty the following letter:—

“*Island of Bulama, July 24, 1793.*

“Sir,—I have to request that you will be pleased to inform their Lordships, that, by a vessel which arrived here on the 23d instant, I was informed that all half-pay officers have been ordered, through the medium of the Gazette to return to England: also, to inform them that I have the direction of a small colony whose very existence depends upon my presence. If I disobey their Lordship's order in the Gazette, I know that I am liable to lose my commission; and if I obey it, I never deserved one.

“I hope their Lordships will observe the peculiar difficulty of my situation, and give me credit when I aver that the king has not an officer more attached to him, his country, and constitution, than myself; that it is with the greatest regret I found myself obliged to be absent from the fleet in time of war; and that I shall embrace the first opportunity of joining my profession. I have the honour to be, &c.

“*To Philip Stevens, Esq.,  
Secretary to the Admiralty.*”

In the despatches, which he took this opportunity of sending to the trustees, he said, “the good people of England need not be afraid of coming out. They will find a fort ready to protect them. They need not be much afraid of the climate: I think it a tolerably healthy one. They need not run the risk of clearing a spot of ground to build on: I have already as much cleared as a large town would cover,” &c. Fortunately for others, though fatally for

the scheme in which he had so heartily engaged, his despatches never reached the trustees; the promised reinforcements never arrived; and he was left to work on with grumetas, who soon learned the secret of their own strength. The rains had now returned. “All hands sick,” was the usual entry in the Journal; and when a grumeta was to be flogged for house breaking, Beaver was obliged to make his own comrades punish him, for none of the colonists were able to perform that office. The loss of memory, from which the survivors seem partially to have recovered during the better season, returned; and, with sickness, fear, and despondency, all of them became almost idiots. “I have had sickness as well as others,” says Beaver, “more bodily exertion than any other individual—and more mental exertion than all of them put together; and yet I am the only person in the colony whose memory is totally unimpaired. It is true I have never been afraid; while every other person has lived in fear and trembling for these last eleven months. Whether or not fear can produce such effects, I shall leave to the physician or philosopher to determine. The fact is as I state it.”

Shortly after this he found it necessary to disrate Peter Hayles, the pirate; and, for some forgotten provocation, assembled the colonists, and asked them if they were not all villains? This “all” amounted only to seven men and one boy; and an exception from the charge of villany was made in favour of Mr. Hood, who was now thoroughly stupefied, but had always been a good, quiet, hard-working man, willing to do whatever was in his power. Of this little number, two ran off with the boat, for which he consoled himself by thinking there were now two months less to feed. Bennet, the one, had “never done any thing but crawl about the block-house;” and Peter Hayles, the other, though he had been the most useful man in the whole set, had of late been “not worth his salt.” He left the following letter behind him, asking leave to go, after he had run away:—

“To Mr. Beaver.—Sir, I hope that you will pardon me for riteing to you, which I know I am not worthy of, but I hope you will forgive me for all things past, for I am going to try to get a passage to the Cape deverds, and then for America. Sir, if you will be so good as to let me go, I shall be greatly ab bleaght to you. Sir, I hope you will pardon me for ruining away. Sir, I am your most obedient umblid servant,

PETER HAYLES.

“Sir, I do rite with Tears in my eyes.”

Gallows-bird as he was, it may be believed that he spoke truth in this postscript, and that in circumstances less desperate, he would have served Beaver to the last.

Bellechore now paid him another visit, and pressed him to return it, saying his women did nothing but cry to see him, and he must come and satisfy them or they would die. “The cunning old rascal!” says Beaver, “he forgot that all white man witch.” Knowing that he could do nothing by force, he wanted to get Beaver into his power, and then get rum, powder, tobacco, and arms, of which he thought

the blockhouse was full, for his ransom. A friendly Papal trader sent him word to arm his grumetas, and beware of the Bijugas. But the grumetas were at this time the more dangerous of the two; and the four remaining colonists, stupefied as in other respects they were, distinctly perceived their danger. At the end of October they presented to him what they entitled a humble petition, declaring their intention of departing by a vessel which was hourly expected. "It is not out of disrespect to you, Sir," they said; "far from it. We are all sorry to leave you; but we hope that you will value your life as we do ours, and leave a place which you cannot hold without risking your life every moment both night and day." Beaver replied, that he could not prevent their deserting him, but that he would procure some Portuguese soldiers at Bissao to keep the place with them; and he only requested them not to let the grumetas know their intention till he could receive an answer from Bissao.

For a fortnight after this he went on with his works—making a pond, clearing up stumps, and finishing inclosures. The colonists then presented a second petition, to the same tenor as the first, but in a more determined tone; and Hood said, that sorry as he was to leave the island, and more to leave Beaver alone on it, go he would, he and the rest having done their duty by remaining with him so long. If he would not go with them in the cutter, they would run away and leave him to his fate. Beaver represented to them the danger of going to sea in a cutter without ropes, sails, anchors, cables, chart of the channel on which any dependence could be placed, pilot, or any individual who knew any thing of the place; without sailors also, for there was but one among them, and he was lame, and had a fever whenever he was exposed to the air. Their danger he states forcibly; but their answer was, "If we remain, death is certain; if we go, we have a chance." Further opposition would have been unavailing; and when the last argument which was addressed to their fears failed, he yielded, but not till then did he discontinue clearing the ground of stumps. Most of the stores he sold to an agent of the Portuguese government, and to his friend Cardoso; the rest he shipped. "I must confess," says he, "that in going out of the harbour, I feel a great reluctance at being obliged to abandon a spot which I have certainly very much improved, and to see all my exertions, my cares and anxieties for the success of this infant colony, entirely thrown away; but, at the same time, I do feel an honest consciousness that every thing that could be reasonably expected from me had been done to secure (though without success) its establishment." When he was thus obliged to abandon the island, the trees of about fifty acres had been cut down and burnt, and thirteen of these acres cleared of the stumps, and inclosed in three inclosures; a garden of half an acre, and a cattle and poultry yard of twice as much more had been inclosed with pales. There was a blockhouse; two nests of grumetas' houses; a good broad road leading to each; a well in the blockhouse; and a pond for fresh water in the field. Almost all, except the

blockhouse, had been done by the labour of free natives. Tropical fruits, esculent vegetables, and other trees, were thriving in the garden. The practicability, therefore, of cultivating such productions, and by means of free natives, Beaver, as he himself says, undoubtedly had proved. Shelter and protection were prepared for more settlers; and fields were ready for the plough. Beaver had done more than this. In a part of the world, where it was an opinion established as firmly as any point of faith, and warranted by all former experience, that "all white man rogue," he had obtained the confidence and respect of the people. Their first impressions were unfavourable, because he would not deal with them for slaves; but when it was seen that he was in earnest in this refusal, and would neither buy nor sell them, that he paid his grumetas fairly, and let them leave him whenever they thought good, among all the nations (and they were many, to whom these men belonged) it became a saying, that "the white man of Bulama can't do bad."

Upon reaching Sierra Leone he sold the cutter, disposed of four of his companions according to their own wishes, recovered of another fever, and of the jaundice which followed it, recruited his greatly exhausted strength, and then returned to England in one of the company's vessels, with Mr. Hood, the only surviving subscriber! On his arrival, the Bulama Association held a meeting at the Mansion House, passed a vote of thanks to him, and resolved that a gold medal should be presented to him in acknowledgment of his meritorious services: this vote, and this unperformed resolution were his only reward for two years of such unparalleled exertions—he having moreover lost his half-pay, not only for that time, but for the six months preceding.

Within two months after his return he was made first lieutenant of the *Stately*, sixty-four, in which ship he distinguished himself at the capture of the Cape of Good Hope. After a cruise off the Isle of France, that ship joined the squadron under Sir G. H. Elphinstone, with whom Beaver then commenced an acquaintance which ripened into a friendship that was only terminated by death. He was present at the capture of the Dutch squadron, and the admiral then removed him into his own flag-ship, the *Monarch*, the same in which he had commenced his maritime career. On the way home the *Monarch* was driven into Crookhaven, on the coast of Ireland, just when the French were off Bantry Bay, and near them it was obliged to remain some days at anchor. A large French frigate was wrecked about three miles off; there were on board three hundred seamen and two hundred and sixty soldiers: "on her striking the rocks, the former hoisted out the boats, and beat out the brains of all the latter who attempted to enter them. Neither would they admit any of the officers, through whose folly, they exclaimed, the ship was lost. While thus deliberately guilty of such atrocious murders, these wretches perished themselves, a dreadful instance of the savage depravity produced by a total want of order, discipline, and religious obligation."

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Seven, whom Beaver rescued from the wreck, were the only survivors!

A coolness between Lord Keith and the Admiralty is believed to have disappointed Beaver's hopes of promotion at this time, which chagrined him the more, because he used to say, "he would not give a pin to be made an admiral after fifty." The mutiny soon followed, and he observes in his journal that hearty as his regard for British tars had always been, he should now like their character better than ever, for the decency and moderation with which, except in one ship, all hands had conducted themselves throughout that astounding transaction. Lord Keith, being appointed to the command in the Mediterranean, applied for him to resume his old situation on board the *Foudroyant*, for he had now become noted as the best first lieutenant in the service.

"He found that ship in such a state of insubordination, that three days after joining her, he writes—'What confusion every where! one would suppose that we were manned from the Glory; last night we had all but lost the ship—this will never do.' Soon afterwards he exclaims, 'Are the officers going to copy the men? We have here so many for promotion, that few are left for plain duty; we had just now nearly run over a brig, but where from, or whither bound, the Lord knows—a pretty look-out for a smart ship.'"

"It should be here premised, that this captious tone might rise, in some measure, from the view which the writer, as a first lieutenant selected expressly to carry on all the detail duties, took of the state of the ship. Indeed, it must be candidly admitted, that with a zeal sometimes bordering upon heat, his rigidly exact notions did not always quadrate with those of his messmates. He took umbrage at an apparent levity not unusual in a flag-ship, where youths of powerful interest are brought together rather to accept than to earn commissions; and having determined to act up to what he considered the punctilio of service, he brought Lord Cochrane, despite of his influence with the commander-in-chief, to a court-martial, for failing in personal respect towards him. The frivolity of excessive nicety about scrubbing decks, squaring yards, burnishing arms, polishing stanchions, flying kites, and roofing to a second of time, he despised, and perhaps justly; but he deemed every breach of official decorum too dangerous an inroad upon our truly Spartan system of discipline to be overlooked."

He followed Lord Keith to the Queen Charlotte, and his promotion soon took place to the *Dolphin*, 44;—but it was thought that the flag-ship would not have been destroyed if he had continued in her, because he never permitted hay to be pressed on board, to which cause her loss, by taking fire, was generally attributed. He now distinguished himself at the siege of Genoa, and being appointed to treat, on the part of the English, when that city capitulated, a French account remarks that "the English Captain Bivera answered *non, non*, to every thing; the Austrian general was more polite." In our own service it was too often found throughout the war that on such occasions soldiers were more polite than sailors.

Massena was most urgent to retain some small craft, "for having taken all our ships," said he, "a few boats are beneath your notice." It seems that Lord Keith afterwards softened Capt. Beaver's no, and that Massena used these very boats to smuggle away his plunder. Lord Keith thought to reward his services, which had been very great during the siege, by making him the bearer of the despatches; but the circuitous route which he was obliged to take gave time for news of the battle of Marengo to arrive before him; and when he reached the Admiralty, exhausted with fatigue, he found his despatches were of no importance, and returned without either his post commission or the gift usual on such occasions, neither of which ought to have been withheld. If the guns could not be fired for the capture of a place which the enemy had regained, there was no reason why an officer, who had performed his part zealously and well, should have been disappointed of his due reward. Confident, however, as he had a right to be, in his character and himself, he married at Gibraltar, on his way back, a lady to whom he had been previously engaged. Next he was heard of in the expedition before Cadix, where Morla, whose name has since become so peculiarly and everlastingly infamous, addressed that memorable letter to the British commanders, which made them, for the sake of humanity, and to their own and their country's honour, desist from the intended attack. Beaver was now appointed to command the flag-ship, with post rank; and in the expedition to Egypt, he it was who so diligently arranged the naval communications, as to draw from Sir Ralph Abercrombie the remark, that all his wants were anticipated as if by magic. His conduct, during that campaign, obtained for him, from the Porte, the medal of the order of the Crescent, a diamond box for himself, and a golden one for each of his lieutenants; but when the peace of Amiens was made he found "that by a new government order, respecting freight money, he had lost eleven hundred pounds on which he had reckoned; his plate, and every thing necessary for housekeeping, which he had sent from England, disappeared at sea, and he was left poor indeed." He was paid off on his arrival in England; a frigate was offered him, but he wisely declined it, because of his inability, in time of peace, to maintain a family at home, and support the expense of a table afloat: so he fixed himself at Watford, and there found his time fully occupied with his family, his books, his cottage, and his half-acre of garden. But his was too active and too ambitious a spirit for retirement; Bulama was still, to his imagination, a little paradise, (such, indeed, it might be for a race of civilized negroes, or for a mixed breed, uniting the European mind with the African constitution,) and the command of two or three vessels for African colonization appeared to be within his reach, when the renewal of war closed this scheme.

He was now appointed to command the *Sea Fencibles*, on the Essex coast; and it is said by his biographer that his strictures at that time "are so clearly decisive on certain points of national impolicy, and, from disdaining to

temporize, expressed so strongly, that it is not advisable to publish them." To us it appears always advisable, when it can be done without danger, to expose any national impolicy, and that, too, in the strongest terms; for it is only by such exposure that we can hope to have it amended. He submitted to the Admiralty a plan for destroying the flotilla at Boulogne; and he published, upon the subject of the then threatened invasion, a letter in the *Courier* (reprinted in this volume,) so clear and so convincing in its arguments, that it might have sufficed to dispel the fears of even the most timid: in that letter he spoke of the British army, "with which," said he, "I have served in each quarter of the globe. I know its merits, I know its foibles; I know it well, and am as fully convinced as I am that I now write, that this army as far surpasses all others in bravery, as British seamen surpass all others in skill." At this time he found leisure to arrange and publish his *African Memoranda*, a book which, though little noticed at the time, and still too little known, is perhaps the most extraordinary record of individual perseverance, exertion, and resolution, that ever issued from the press.

After frequent applications, he was at length appointed to the *Acasta*, a forty-gun frigate, and, having settled his wife and children at Swansea, sailed for the West Indies. Being sent to Halifax for repairs, the opinion which he formed of our then pendant disputes in America was thus expressed in a letter. "If either dignity or policy guided our councils, we should have been at war with these people, for our conciliatory system is viewed only as want of energy. Instead of strictly enforcing our orders in council, we enact ordinances one day, and the next issue licenses in the teeth of them; thereby decidedly sacrificing our national to our commercial interest." Speaking then of the "vulgarity, mendacity, and malignity of the American democratic press," qualities in which it was not exceeded by our own, he says, "with you in Europe, the public mind is too ardently occupied to pay that attention to transatlantic politics which perhaps they merit: but the heads of departments here should detect and expose the misrepresentations and falsehoods which flow so profusely; what remains uncontradicted will generally be credited, for many read, while few think. If the editor of the *Halifax Gazette* cannot stem the effect of the poison which is disseminated in this province, and is withheld by disaffection, indolence, or fear, the sooner he sells his types and presses, and kicks his devils into hell, the better."

It is proper in this place to relate something which is altogether unnoticed by Captain Beaver's biographer. In the summer of the year 1811, Mr. Brougham, as an instance of the oppression and cruelty practised in the British navy, brought forward a story in the House of Commons, to this effect:—

"A naval captain on the western station, about two years ago, acted with such severity to his crew, that to a man they expressed their

discontent. One man, who had been flogged once or twice, said, 'that if he were sentenced to be flogged again, he would leap overboard;' this being told the captain, he replied, 'I will try the gentleman.' Accordingly the man was again sentenced to be flogged, and actually leapt into the sea. At this time the vessel was under an easy press of sail, and there was a general cry of 'Heave to, heave to; lower the boat.' But the captain said, 'No; if the gentleman prefers that ship to this, he is welcome to sail in it.' He would not permit any attempt to save him; and the man was drowned."

Upon this, the Secretary of the Admiralty called upon Mr. Brougham to state the name of the ship; he did so, but not in the course of the debate, nor till the day before the session closed, when of course it was not possible that inquiry could be made in time for refuting the misrepresentation, if such it should prove, as publicly as it had been made.

"The Admiralty, however, immediately investigated the business; a lieutenant, who had at the time belonged to the ship, was found, and his deposition related the circumstances as they had really occurred. The sufferer was ordered to be flogged, not to try whether he would fulfil his intention of jumping overboard, (for no such intention had been expressed on his part, and still less had any such diabolical purpose of provoking him to effect it ever entered the heart of the captain,) but because he had been asleep below during his watch; an offence of which he had been repeatedly guilty. It was true that he jumped overboard; the lieutenant who made this deposition was at the time standing by the captain, where he heard, and could not but hear, every word which the captain spoke; it was false that the captain had used the words imputed to him, or any words of the like import; it was false that no efforts were made to save the man; the ship was put back, and the boat lowered; and it was equally false, and equally calumnious, that the crew to a man expressed their discontent against the captain for his habitual severity, for he was both beloved and respected by them. The captain, against whom this accusation of nothing less than wanton murder had been thus groundlessly thrown out, is one of the most able men and distinguished officers in the British service. But such is the system of these popular reformers:—like the stone lions of the state inquisition at Venice, they are ready to receive all accusations, however unsupported, and open-mouthed to repeat them, careless whom or what they injure, so they can but gain popularity."

This statement is copied here from a publication of that time; a copy of the deposition is in our possession, and it is just and proper not to withhold now, what was withheld then, that the *Acasta* was the ship named, and Philip Beaver the officer who was thus accused! No comment can be needed; but if the circumstance had found a place in Captain Smyth's volume, no better annotation could have accompanied it than the example which he has given of Beaver's regard for the lives and the well-being of the men under his command. Writing to a young friend who had just been



appointed to a sloop of war, he bade him recollect—

"That numbers of your people have been impressed, and are the unwilling victims of our temporal, though urgent interests. Such considerations, added to the tantalizing breaches of the ties of home, which the very nature of the service renders necessary, should make every good officer desirous of establishing the comfort of his crew. Temper discipline with kindness. Endeavour to grant some respite in port, if the tenour of your instructions will admit it. The refitting, stowing stores, squaring yards, working boats, and drying sails, with all the minor minutiae, leave but little leisure. And yet I know many smart gentlemen who torment themselves to find constant labour for their ship's companies; and who would be astonished to discover that it was not considered a proof of knowledge. Jack knows well enough what is necessary, and therefore does not relish a too frequent mastering of hammocks and bags, polishing of iron work, and other artificial modes of teasing the time."—pp. 171, 172.

Such were his feelings regarding the comfort of his crew; and, as respecting their lives—

"Remarking one day, in conversation, upon the dangers to which many, from a mistaken sense of courage, sometimes expose themselves and their crews, where no corresponding advantage could be gained,—he said he had aimed occasionally in that way himself, but was cured of the propensity by an incident, which, though trifling in itself, had made a strong impression upon his mind. He had stood close in under one of the batteries of Martinique, when a shot fired from it fell at the feet of a midshipman, whom he had received under the anxious solicitations of a parent, to be as careful of him as circumstances would permit. 'I asked myself seriously whether I had fulfilled the entreaties of my friend? I had no business to be where I then was, for no object could be accomplished by it; and had this boy been killed, I should have considered his death to have lain at my door. The same feeling has influenced me since; and as, however I may risk my own life, I have no right, unnecessarily, to endanger that of others, I take care to avoid it.'"

The truth is, that Beaver was beloved by his men, and not by his officers. Captain Smyth observes, that he could not understand, and found it difficult to excuse, either indifference or idleness in either. His discipline, in the early part of his career, was, like that in which he had himself been trained, severe; but he soon saw his error, acknowledged and corrected it. It then became strict, but never tyrannical, never unjust, never capricious. "Yet," says his biographer, "the pardonable weakness of forgiving a little more frequently would, perhaps, have brought the commander's character nearer to perfection. But with him the punishment of slight transgressions could not be imputed to heat of temper, cloaked under the necessities of official discipline: it was what he considered a conscientious discharge of his duty." Such the men knew it to be: they saw that he was exceedingly careful of their health;

that he was sparing of their lives; and, what they would feel more than either, that he saved them from the annoyance of unnecessary labour. They therefore loved, as well as respected and admired him. But with the officers he was not popular, except with those who were capable of appreciating his character: for, when he commanded, he rarely, if ever, consulted any one. "There was a degree of moral as well as physical magnanimity about him, which rather sought than shrunk from responsibility." He could as easily have lowered his stature, as have concealed his consciousness of superiority to most of those by whom he was surrounded; and, "wherever incapacity was evident, he evinced contempt, even towards senior officers." But he had no other pride than this, which he deemed requisite for his station and necessary in his profession. Both in his life and conversation he was a strictly moral man—rather, it should be said, a religious one; for his life bore testimony to the sincerity and efficacy of his belief. He read prayers regularly and solemnly to the ship's company, and set them the best example, in the regularity and temperance of his habits.

Beaver was not unsuccessful in the *Acasta*, but his agent at Barbadoes died insolvent; and he was thus defrauded of more than £3000 prize-money. He bore a distinguished part in the capture of Martinique and of the *Saintes*,—having, at both places, the charge of conducting and landing the troops; opened a communication with the *Caracacas*, upon the commencement of the Spanish war against the French; and, in 1809, sailed for England in his crazy frigate, "literally freighted with Frenchmen," his crew being so weak, that he not only thought it prudent to sleep with loaded fire-arms himself, but recommended a captain and lieutenant, who were his passengers, to do the same. The *Acasta* was paid off, and he remained about six months unemployed, when Lord Mulgrave appointed him to the *Nisus*, a frigate just completed; and he took leave of his friends and family for ever, and sailed for the Cape. The disembarkation at the Isle of France was entirely managed by him; and it was one of the most perfect as well as most arduous operations of the kind. As a reward for his exertions, the admiral left him senior officer on the station. Being thus "obliged frequently to have men of high rank with their staff on board, he entreated that he might be permitted to draw for the trifling allowance generally accompanying a broad pendant; this, although inadequate to his expenses, would have diminished the accumulation of debt, in which the very nature of his distinguished services necessarily involved him; but his request was unheeded." Commodore Beaver's next service was the capture of the *Seychelles*: after which he sailed for Madras, for treasure, taking the degree and a half channel, in consequence of a manuscript chart which he obtained in his conquest, and thus saving nearly a thousand miles of route. In the reduction of Java he bore a conspicuous part, as he had always done wherever his services were required.

The war in the East being thus concluded,  
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he returned to the Isle of France, cruised afterwards in search of an expected enemy in the Southern Indian Ocean, and in 1812 examined the east coast of Africa. On that coast, at Johanna, and at Mozambique, he collected many particulars concerning Benyowski; and believing that he knew more of the betrayal, and consequent fate, of that remarkable adventurer than any other person in the world, he expressed a hope in his journal that he might, at some future day, in his half-pay cottage, relate that tragedy to the world, and "expose the villany of those, who, by the barbarous murder of an adventurous nobleman, had so deeply injured the cause of humanity in those benighted regions." Beaver had a strong sympathy with Benyowski: to colonize in Africa, for the purpose of civilizing the Africans, was the first wish of his heart. His account of Quiloa is very curious; and his conduct there distinguished by the same promptitude and sense of justice which always characterized him. He returned to the Cape somewhat debilitated by a disorder contracted at Batavia by hard duty, and by exertions at Quiloa, which were deemed imprudent. Beginning now to think with some anxiety concerning the future, and being painfully desirous to rejoin his family, he heard with joy that his ship was ordered, toward the end of December, to St. Helena, to collect a convoy for England; but neglecting, in his habitual reliance upon a strong constitution, to employ any medical aid for an obstruction, which might easily have been removed, he did not apply to his surgeon till it was too late. An interesting account of his death is given by that surgeon, Mr. Prior, now well known as the biographer of Burke: it was such as might have been expected from the whole tenour of his life, composed and manly, in the confidence of one who had always endeavoured to do his duty to the utmost, and in Christian faith.

His last hours were cheered by a persuasion that a valuable American ship, which he had lately captured, would form a provision for his family; "for he had no suspicion that the greater part of the cargo would be claimed and awarded as individual property."

"His family, at his death, consisted of Mrs. Beaver and six children; and as fortune had not favoured him in the acquisition of wealth, his widow was, through the kindness of Lord Viscount Melville, appointed matron of Greenwich Hospital School—a situation which she could have little contemplated, when her husband was so conspicuous in the high road to the brightest honours. This nomination, however, afforded a refuge from pecuniary distress, and procured her an unexpected source of consolation, in the eager desire with which the veteran sailors crowded her door, entreating to see the children, those interesting portraits of their late revered commander."—p. 308.

Captain Smyth has rendered a service to his profession and his country by publishing these Memoirs of his friend. Yet we wish that he may be induced to perform a further service to both, and a further justice to the dead, by giving us more of Beaver's papers, of his journals and his letters; for, if ever there was a

man whose secret thoughts would bear exposure to the world, it was this. Were these remains collected and published, with his *African Memoranda*, in such a form as would put them within reach of that wider public, to whom such a work would be equally acceptable and useful, they ought to be put into the hands of every midshipman, and of every young soldier as well; and they would form for their author a more durable monument than could have been erected to him in Westminster-Abbey or St. Paul's.

## FAME.

*From the "York Gazette."*

I love thee, mighty trump of Fame,  
When echoing to the winds of Heaven,  
Swell's o'er the earth some glorious name—  
Some mind for man and nature given;—  
But more I love the secret praise  
That like the morn's half-opening rose,  
But by its scented breath betrays  
The bower in which its beauty glows!

I love thee, Sun, of stars the star!  
As, throned amid the heaven of blue,  
Rushes thy splendour free and far,  
O'er mountain top and vale of dew;—  
But more I love the infant ray,  
As rising from its eastern cave,  
With circling flight, with fond delay,  
It seems to kiss the crimson wave.

I love to hear the Anthem's sweep  
Through old cathedrals dim and high,  
Like swellings of the midnight deep—  
Like echoes of the opening sky;—  
Yet more I love the first faint tone  
That dies along the breeze's wing;  
Now thrilling sweet, now dim and gone,  
As if a spirit touched the string.

I love thee, Genius, in the hour  
When triumph round thee pours its blaze;  
When stands in bright consummate power  
The Spirit for a nation's gaze.  
Yet more I love the first rich glance  
Of thy dark eye through early gloom,  
The whisperings of thy half-waked trance,  
The first wild rustlings of thy plume.

*From the Foreign Quarterly Review.*

## BOURRIENNE'S MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON.\*

So much has been written about Napoleon, the greater part of which is so justly liable to the suspicion of falsehood, that a corrector and verifier of the various stories respecting him becomes as valuable a contributor to true knowledge as the reporter of new facts. M. de Bourrienne, however, appears in both cha-

\* *Mémoires de M. De Bourrienne, Ministre d'Etat, sur Napoléon, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire et la Restauration. Tomes I.—VI. 8vo. Paris. 1829.*

acters: his position was favourable for the collection of the truth, and his disposition fits him for the business of correction. His comrade at school; his friend in after-life, sharing his young hopes and fears; a partner in his first successes, and then his intimate private secretary; a kind of third hand or other self for many years of conquest, glory and power—no one assuredly has yet entered the lists with such claims to be heard on the subject of Napoleon as M. Fauvelet de Bourrienne. In order to encourage Bourrienne under the arduous labour he continually imposed upon him, Bonaparte would sometimes say, "Bourrienne! we shall go down to posterity together." The vanity of this hope was shown in the answer—"Can you tell me who was the secretary of Alexander?" The author has, however, a good chance of reaching that goal which, perhaps, the secretary might have missed. Undoubtedly, as long as the character and achievements of Napoleon are an object of interest to the student, and it would be difficult to say when they will cease to be so, the work of Bourrienne will be referred to as a most faithful depository of information respecting a great number of his acts, and moreover of his motives and true character. Other books have given us Napoleon in the field, or in the court; in the saloon, and in the privacy even of his apartments: But Bourrienne shows him in the cabinet, in the private-cabinet, the birth-place of all his vast conceptions, and the starting point of each of his great courses—the scene of his mental debates, and the asylum where he retreated to decide, to consider, and to give the first movement to his great designs. Night and day Bourrienne worked with him; early and late, before and after dinner, with or without sleep, his secretary was on the spot, read his despatches, translated his communications, and opened his letters. Bourrienne was aware that he and his master were *making history*; so that he did not, like so many unconscious actors in great scenes, let the opportunities pass without taking accurate note of all that came under his notice. In spite of the fatigue of incessant labour at all unseasonable hours, he let no day pass without recording its events, or setting aside the materials for judging them aright. He thus became the possessor of an accumulation of documents of unequalled interest, which have proved the groundwork of these Memoirs. With them as his companions, Bourrienne, whether for greater quiet or greater security, has now sought a retreat in the chateau of the Duchess of Brancas, in the Netherlands, where he has undertaken the task of reading and correcting the former histories of Napoleon, and of writing his own. He is, however, too modest to dignify it with so high-sounding a title; he only hopes that the future historian, when the time arrives to do strict justice to Napoleon, will find in his work information upon the matters which came within his knowledge; for it is only of such that he speaks: many great events pass without notice; battles and conquests, and other important scenes, take place without more than a casual allusion in the pages of these Memoirs, for the reason assigned, viz. that Bourrienne had not witnessed them, and possessed no au-

thentic documents relating to them. Let, as he says, others do as much, and we would add "no more." But why, it may be asked, should we repose more confidence in the profession of Bourrienne than in many others who have laid strong claim to belief. We put the question for the sake of giving the answer.

"My answer," says he, "is very simple. I enter the lists the last; I have read ALL that my predecessors have written; I have a deep conviction of the truth of all I say; I have no interest in deceiving, no disgrace to fear, no recompense to expect. I neither wish to obscure his glory, nor to decorate it. However great Napoleon may have been, he was a man, and had he not a man's weaknesses? I speak of him such as I have seen him, known him—often admired, sometimes condemned him. I tell all I have witnessed, heard, written thought under each circumstance. I have neither permitted myself to be enslaved by the *prestiges* of the imagination, nor by friendship, nor by hatred. I have not moreover, introduced a single reflection which did not arise in my own mind at the very moment of the event which produced it. How many acts, how many writings were there which I could only lament! how many measures inconsistent with my views, my principles, my character, in which the best intentions in the world were utterly powerless in resisting the obstacles presented by a will of iron."

Napoleon's master-passion was a hunger of future fame. What will history say?—what will posterity think?—were the speeches oftenest in his mouth: they became his principle of action. Doubtless this love of renown had been early instilled into him by some accidental instruction; it probably produced some of his earliest steps in life: and when he first felt that it was likely to be gratified, when it first occurred to him that he was in a position in which all the world were beginning to talk of him, we may conceive with what ardour this passion would grow—with what devouring energy it would arm his will: effect would become a cause, and give that impetus to his career which endured to the termination of its existence. This observation is rendered particularly necessary when the historian has to take into consideration the documents from St. Helena, which nearly all proceeded from his own mouth, and all of which were corrected either by his own pen, or under his own direction. The Memoirs of St. Helena are neither more nor less than the views which Napoleon wished posterity to take of his own character and actions; truth is only so far considered or *managed* that it may not start up a refractory witness against the wished for complexion of the case. M. de Bourrienne gives us clearly to understand, that an inconsistency between his statements and those of the St. Helena MSS. is not to be held as fatal to his more authentic narration. "He has often, in these documents," says M. de Bourrienne, "recounted as a *fact* that which was only an *idea*, and moreover an idea born in St. Helena, the child of misfortune, and transported by his imagination into Europe to the time of his prosperity." In short, it would seem from M. de Bourrienne's report—and he

is not singular—to be a grand mistake if any one were to write the history of Napoleon after the proclamations and the bulletins which proceeded from his own pen, or what is more, from the confidential and apparently unstudied communications of St. Helena.

Bonaparte and Bourrienne were within a few days of the same age, and entered the military school of Brienne about the same time. They became comrades, certainly not from any similarity of character. The biographers of Napoleon have not erred in attributing to him, even in his childhood, a certain severity and love of solitude unusual at his age: the scenes of misfortune which he had witnessed in Corsica had produced an impression upon his mind which was fixed upon him by his removal to a French school, where the boys perpetually reminded him that he was a foreigner, laughed at his dialect, and taunted him with his country. "I will do these Frenchmen of yours all the mischief I can," he would say to Bourrienne, burning with rage against his tormentors; and when his friend sought to soothe him;—"but you, Bourrienne, you never laugh at me, you love me." Hence, probably, the secret of their friendship. Though Bourrienne puts many foolish stories to flight respecting the early life of his hero, he confirms the reports respecting his love of solitude, and his attention to studies usually beyond the reach of schoolboys: every moment, out of the hours required by the masters, Bonaparte would run to the library to read Polybius and Arrian, (of Quintus Curtius he made no account,) or seclude himself in some nook of the garden either for the purpose of reading or reflecting. For mathematics he also showed an extraordinary facility, for Latin and rhetoric as remarkable an inaptitude; so that Bourrienne and he struck up a mutual exchange of the resolutions of problems against themes and Latin exercises: in history and geography he was, however, strong: and at the age of fourteen years he was chosen among the batch of scholars to be transferred to the military school of Paris; an election not made, as most writers have it, out of compliment to his acquirements, but chiefly as a matter of course, as he had attained the required age, and gone through the prescribed studies. M. de Bourrienne quotes a document which shows the opinion entertained of the young Bonaparte by the inspector of military schools in 1784. It runs as follows:

*Report made to the King by M. de Keralio.*

"M. de Bonaparte, (Napoleon,) born the 15th August, 1769, height four feet ten inches ten lines, (French,) has passed his *quatrième*: of a good constitution, excellent health, docile in disposition, honest, grateful, and of regular conduct. He knows tolerably well his history and geography. He is very backward in the politer studies and in Latin, in which he has only just passed his *quatrième*. He will make an excellent seaman; . . . he deserves to pass to the Military School of Paris."

In spite of this favourable report, the master, Father Berton, opposed his removal to Paris, on the ground of his insufficiency in literature, and M. de Bourrienne learned that a counter-note respecting Napoleon was sent up

from the school, in which he was described as of an *overbearing* disposition, *imperious*, and *obstinate*.

When Napoleon removed to the college at Paris, he was for a time separated from his friend and school-fellow, Bourrienne: they, however, kept up a very active correspondence during the eight years that elapsed before they met again. So little, however, did Bourrienne dream that he was being addressed by the future arbiter of the destinies of Europe, that no sooner had he answered his letters than he tore up the precious autographs.

Napoleon was fifteen years and a half old when he arrived at the Military College at Paris; his first act was in character. Finding the institution established on a costly footing, and the pupils brought up with a luxury inconsistent, as he considered it, both with the profession of a soldier and the means of the parents of the youths, who were ordinarily the sons of poor gentlemen, Bonaparte addressed a memoir to the sub-principal on the subject, stating his views of the manner in which such an establishment should be conducted, in a style of good sense and manly confidence far beyond his years. The memoir has been preserved by Bourrienne. The sentiments conceived at this early age were retained and acted upon at a later period in his military school at Fontainebleau. A young man, or rather boy of sixteen years, who took the liberty of thinking for himself, and had the hardihood to express his thoughts with openness and energy, was not permitted to remain long at the school. His superiors, annoyed by the inquisitive turn of his mind, anticipated the epoch of his examination, and obtained for him the first vacant sub-lieutenancy in a regiment of artillery.

In the meantime Bourrienne had gone to Germany to learn diplomacy: the revolution broke out in France: and it was only after spending some time in Poland and Prussia that he returned to Paris in 1792. Here he found Bonaparte, and their schoolboy intimacy was renewed.

"I was not very well off, and adversity was hanging heavily on him. His resources frequently failed him. We passed our time like two young fellows of twenty-three who have very little money, and less occupation. He was always poorer than I. Every day we conceived some new project or other: we were on the look out for some profitable speculation. At one time he wanted me to join him in renting several houses in the Rue Montholon thus building, in order to underlet them afterwards. We found the demands of the proprietors extravagant: every thing failed. At the same time he was soliciting employment at the war-office, and I at the office of foreign affairs. It will be seen that, for the moment, I was the luckier of the two."

"While we were thus spending our time in a somewhat vagabond fashion, the 30th June arrived. We had met by appointment at a restaurateurs, Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais Royal, to take one of our daily rambles. On going out we saw approaching, in the direction of the market, a mob, which Bonaparte calculated at five or six thousand men; they

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were all in rags, armed with every description of weapon, and were proceeding towards the Tuilleries at a great rate, vociferating all kinds of gross abuse. Undoubtedly it was a collection of all that was most vile and abject in the parlious of the town. 'Let us follow this *canaille*,' said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace of the bank of the river. It was there that he witnessed the scandalous scenes that took place. It would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. He could not understand such weakness and forbearance. But when the king showed himself at the windows which look over the garden, with the red cap which one of the people had just placed on his head, the indignation of Napoleon broke out: '*Che coglione!*' cried he loud enough, 'how is it that they have let in all that *canaille*? why don't they sweep off four or five hundred of them with the cannon? the rest would then make off fast enough.'

"In our tête-à-tête at dinner, which I paid for, as I generally did, for I happened to be the richer of the two, he spoke incessantly of this scene: he discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unexpressed insurrection. He foresaw and developed with sagacity all that would follow: he was not mistaken. The 10th of August was not far off."—vol. i. pp. 48—50.

Thus the future Emperor of France was a spectator of one of the first steps in the abasement of the monarch whose throne he was to occupy—a poor spectator in the crowd, without a sous in his pocket, dependant on a friend for the price of his dinner, the sum for which he had pawned his watch having been some time consumed.\*

A short time before the fatal 10th of August arrived, the day of the attack on the Tuilleries, Bourrienne had received the appointment of Secretary of Legation at Stuttgart: immediately after it had passed, Bonaparte betook himself to Corsica. He only returned in 1793. It was not until 1795, that Bourrienne met once more his young and ardent friend. In the meantime Bonaparte had written his *Souper de Beaucaire* (which he had forwarded to Bourrienne), and, as *chef de bataillon*, had drawn the attention of France upon himself by his conduct at the siege of Toulon. He had likewise been employed by order of the government, at that time in the hands of the terrorists, in examining the fortresses of Genoa and the neighbouring country. When, at the fall of Robespierre, the terrorists were displaced, Bonaparte was put under arrest at Genoa, and his papers seized: he made an energetic defence of his conduct in a letter to the deputies, by whose direction he had been so dealt with, which appears to have influenced them. This letter to Albitte and Salicetti, the deputies, is pregnant with the character of Bonaparte: it may be seen in the memoirs. He was set at liberty provisionally, until a report should be made of his conduct to the Com-

\* He had pawned it with Bourrienne's brother, who, it seems, was a partner in an establishment of this kind.

mittee of Public Safety at Paris for their decision. Bonaparte returned to Paris immediately, and shortly after, (Sept. 1794,) the Committee of Public Safety proposed to him to take a command in La Vendée as brigade-general of infantry. Considering La Vendée as a theatre unworthy of his talents, and the proposal to change the army, in which he had served with so much distinction, as a species of outrage, he refused, and was in consequence struck out of the list of general officers in employment. The decree is signed by Le Tourneur de la Manche, Merlin de Donai, T. Berlier, Boissy, and Cambacères, as president. Bourrienne and his wife returned to Paris in May, 1795, when Bonaparte and he resumed their usual habits of intimacy. Bonaparte's conversations chiefly turned on his exploits at Toulon and with the army of Italy, and the injustice of which he had been made the victim. Between this and the 13th Vendémiaire, when he was employed to put down the revolt against the Sections, occurs a space of time during which his destiny was, as it were, on the balance. His active spirit gave birth to numerous projects: they were none of them taken up, and he became disgusted and wearied with their failure. He envied his brother Joseph his marriage with a merchant's daughter at Marseilles; and used to declare that, if he could reside in a small house opposite to one where Bourrienne resided with his uncle, and keep a cabriolet, he should be the happiest man in the world. The design of passing to the East to instruct the Turks in gunnery, and to aid them against the Russians, is referred to this period of his life. He drew up a note, explaining the grounds upon which he founded his project, and the assistance he should require. This note, as given by Bourrienne, shows the error of those writers who have imagined that he proposed to volunteer into the service of the Porte: on the contrary, he stipulates for a mission from the government, and a force of 2500 cannoniers. He proposed to Bourrienne to accompany him, and even at that early time spoke of Junot and Marmont as two young officers who desired nothing better than to follow his fortunes. The project did not meet with the approval of the government, and Bonaparte continued to wait upon events. Of his character and manners at this period, our author has given a lively sketch from the pen of his wife, Madame de Bourrienne: it is highly descriptive, and somewhat spiteful, bearing marks of a feminine pen, as if she were jealous of the fortunes of her husband's ambitious comrade. She speaks of his disposition as cold and *sombre*: of his occasional gaiety, charming while it was *farouche*: of his selfishness in trifles, his indifference to the pleasures of others, his insensibility to humour: these are qualities which afterwards showed themselves on a greater scale.

Before the 13th Vendémiaire arrived, Bourrienne had retired to Sens, the place of his nativity. Bonaparte kept him supplied with the news of Paris: he had soon an important event to communicate. Bourrienne has printed, from the autograph of Napoleon, a document, sent to him at the time by the writer of it, describing minutely all the arrangements of that



eventful day. It is remarkable, however, that he describes every order as proceeding from Barras, his chief in command; and in his narrative he is excessively solicitous to throw upon the rebels, as he calls them, the blame of spilling the first blood. A few days before the 13th Vendemiaire, when Bonaparte was beginning to despair of employment, he wrote to Bourrienne—"Seek out for me some little spot or other in thy pretty valley of the Yonne; I will buy it as soon as I get some money. I want to retire; but remember I will have nothing to do with national property." When Bourrienne returned to Paris, it was no longer a small house, with his friends and a cabriolet, nor yet a little retired spot in Burgundy that were the limit of his friend's desires; but a magnificent hotel in the Rue Neuve des Capucines, where, as second in command of the army of the interior, he had established his head quarters.

At this time Bourrienne saw but little of Bonaparte: he was taken up with the important duties that had devolved upon him; and it was not until the General's series of successes had begun in Italy that their intercourse recommenced upon a footing of intimacy. Bonaparte sent for his old friend to join him as his secretary, but Bourrienne had considerable difficulty in procuring a permission to depart from Sens, having been inscribed in the early part of the revolution on the list of *émigrés*; and without the direct and peremptory interference of the successful General of the army of Italy, he would have probably found it impossible to cross the frontiers. The obstacles were at length surmounted, and Bonaparte one morning saluted his friend, as he entered his quarters, with *Te voilà donc, enfin!* Bourrienne, however, no longer thought proper to answer with the sign of intimacy and equality, the familiar *tu* and *toi*—a consideration at which Bonaparte in private afterwards signified his satisfaction. This unlucky practice of *tutoying* among intimates was the source of no small chagrin in the *parvenue* court of the young general. There were some rude and independent spirits, who could not forget the former condition of equality, if not of superiority, and would not give the sign of deference required. Several painful instances occur. Lannes, for example, because he was inexorable on this point, and consequently could not be tolerated, was first duped into pecuniary difficulties, and then sent into honourable banishment, after a scene which, in the pages of Bourrienne, throws no favourable light on the character of the great man of the story. Bourrienne arrived at the army of Italy exactly at the period of the treaty of Leoben, and he and his master immediately began to discuss the passing events in which the latter had so large a share. Venice was on the eve of its fall. "Seest thou this Constantinople, that flatters itself that it is the seat of a double empire—and Venice, that boasts a stability of a thousand years—their day will come." This was one of the General's first communications; the last day of Venice was already at hand; that of Constantinople does not seem to be far distant.

It was a busy moment when Bourrienne as-

sumed his duties, and Bonaparte determined to try a new mode of conducting his correspondence. He wished to show, that far more was written than there was any occasion for. "Open only the letters," said he, "that come by the couriers extraordinary, and leave all the rest in the basket for twenty days." It happened as Bonaparte had anticipated: four-fifths of the letters had been already answered by events; others contained requests actually granted, of which the writers had not had time to receive intelligence; many were filled with complaints respecting provisions, pay, or clothing, orders respecting which had been given before the arrival of the letters. Generals demanded reinforcements, money, advances; on opening whose letters it was clear that the pain of a refusal had been spared. When Bonaparte saw how very few of the letters that remained really required an answer, he was mightily amused at this new mode of doing business, and applauded greatly the happiness of his idea. Bourrienne compares it with the Cardinal Dubois's mode of answering his letters, who used to throw them into the fire and say, "Now my correspondence is finished."

Bonaparte was with his army settling the preliminaries of peace with Austria, when the 18th Fructidor took place; he was, however, by no means a mere spectator of the event, which destroyed the rising hopes of the royalists, who, working upon a reaction of the feelings of the people, had begun once more to entertain sanguine expectations of attaining to the supreme power. Bonaparte from a distance threw his weight into the balance of the republic: he despised the directory, but he saw that he could draw a greater advantage from them than from a royalist administration. He consequently sent Augereau to act as his agent in the expulsion of the objectionable members of the councils, and promised the directory a copious supply of money, which, however, he never sent. He was ready to march upon Paris with 25,000 men; and in several ways may be said to have guided this great movement of the revolution. The correspondence between the General and his agents at Paris, which explains his position and his conduct better than his own recollections of the event at St. Helena, has been preserved by M. de Bourrienne. The portion of these Memoirs relating to the first war in Italy, the treaty of Leoben, and the preparations for the 18th Fructidor, throw light first of all upon the pretensions of Carnot, who as minister of war, has absurdly enough run away with much of the credit for the combinations and movements made by the army of Italy under Bonaparte; the character and usefulness of the labours of Berthier are also justly estimated, as well as the exertions of Augereau, as Bonaparte's agent in the events of the 18th Fructidor, and whom, after that day, the directors would gladly have opposed as the rival of the General, whom they were beginning to fear. Points—all of which have been more or less misunderstood by previous writers.

Napoleon at this time was only twenty-eight years of age; the conqueror of Italy—the terror of Austria—the man upon whom all Europe looked as the arbiter of the destinies of



France. His object was to become a director in spite of his being under the required age. He did not succeed; the directors were well aware that when he joined them as an equal, he would soon become their master. Had he gained this point, the expedition to Egypt never would have taken place, and his advancement to the throne have only been the more rapid. The Egyptian expedition was neither more nor less than a scheme to keep himself in the eyes of the most fickle people in the world, during which time he might await the fortune of accidents for an opportunity to step into the possession of the government, which he already regarded as his in reversion. He felt that he had shown himself to be the man of the time; that sooner or later he must rule, however his opponents might for the moment be protected by the accidents of place and party. Lavalette, Bonaparte's aide-de-camp, whom he had sent to Paris, in order to keep him *au courant* of affairs, writes thus to him, "I have had a long conversation with Lacuée: 'As for Bonaparte,' says he, 'let him never expect to reap the fruit of his labours here; he is feared by the authorities, envied by the military, and misunderstood by the people, incapable of appreciating him. Calumny is getting ready her poisons, and he will be the victim of them. I should be glad of his prosperity. I would that he did not forsake the high destinies to which fortune has called him with so much constancy.'" This conversation repeated by the aide-de-camp, sunk deep in the mind of the General; it may be considered the guide and key of his after-conduct. His position at the moment of signing the preliminaries of peace was singular; the difficulty of it great; nevertheless vast events are determined by small circumstances, even to a proverb. Listen to Bourrienne—

"The earliness of the severe season (it was in the north of Italy) precipitated his resolutions. The 13th October, on opening my windows at the dawn of day, I perceived the mountains covered with snow. The evening previous had been beautiful, and up to that day there was every appearance of a late and mild autumn. I entered the bed-room of the General, as usual, at seven o'clock in the morning. I awakened him and told him what I had just seen. He pretended at first not to believe me, jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, to witness himself the change so suddenly operated in the temperature, he pronounced these words with perfect calmness—'Before the middle of October. What a country! Come, we must make peace.' During the time in which he dressed himself hastily, I read the journals to him, as I did every day; he gave them but little attention. He shut himself up with me in his cabinet, reviewed, with the greatest care, the state of each portion of his army, and said to me, 'Now here are 80,000 effective men: I feed them, I pay them, but I shall not have more than 60,000 on the day of battle. I shall gain it; but in killed, wounded, and prisoners, I shall have twenty thousand less: how then resist all the forces of Austria, which will march to the succour of Vienna. It will take more than a month for the armies of the Rhine to second

me, if they are in condition to do it: and in fifteen days the snow will block up the roads and passages. There's an end: I shall make peace. Venice shall pay the expenses of the war, and the boundary of the Rhine. The directory and the lawyers may say what they please."

M. Bourrienne makes the very natural reflection, that fourteen years later he neglected to calculate the force of frost and snow with the same prudent precaution.

This peace was made in opposition to the directory, and rumours have been current, and they find a place in the English histories of the man and the period, of offers of money, and even of a principality, made by the Emperor of Austria to Bonaparte, all which Bourrienne undertakes to denounce as utterly false. The character of the General was of far too elevated an order, and the estimation in which his glory as a conqueror and a pacificator was held by the negotiators, utterly preclude the supposition of an offer of a bribe, however princely; the report might have its rise in an attempt to corrupt the fidelity of Bourrienne himself. In the park of Passeriano, the Marquis de Gallo approached the secretary and told him, that he had it in command to offer him an estate in Bohemia, with house and title, and a revenue of 90,000 florins, on the simple condition that he would communicate to him the General's *ultimatum*. Bourrienne, however, only communicated the proposal to his master. It was at this period that Bonaparte was dreaming of representative governments. He would say often, "*I wish the era of representative governments to date from me.*" It was because at that time he expected to reach no higher elevation: afterwards he substituted the phrase, "*I wish to be the chief of the most ancient dynasty of Europe.*"

On his return from Italy, the popularity of Bonaparte, at Paris, was carried to the highest pitch of enthusiasm. He knew how to estimate it.

"'Bourrienne,' said he, (29th Jan. 1798,) 'I will not stay here; there is nothing to do; they won't come to any understanding (meaning that they would not admit him into the Directory). I see that if I stay here I shall founder soon: every thing gets old here; my glory is already gone: this little Europe does not supply it in any quantity; we must go eastward: all the great reputations come thence. However, I wish first to run down to the coasts to see if there is any thing to be done. I will take you, Lannes and Sulkowski. If the success of a descent upon England should appear dubious, as I fear, the army of England shall become the army of the East, and I will set off for Egypt.'"

Here is the secret of the Egyptian expedition. It is commonly called an honourable exile, provided for him by the Directory. The Directors were, however, literally nothing in the affair, except in so far as they shut the doors against his admission to their order. Their apprehensions excluded him from office, but their feebleness was far too great to direct his movements: he was at this time the full master of his own, and those of his army. The time had not come when he could step into the

government; he saw that it was approaching, and he wished to occupy himself in the mean while in some striking enterprise which would preserve his reputation in all its brilliancy. The expedition to Egypt was projected, contrived and executed by himself, without any further reference to the Directory, than the necessary forms of office required. When he wanted a signature, he drove to the Luxembourg and procured it. In this interval the examination of the coasts took place. Bonaparte visited Etaples, Ambleteuse, Boulogne, Calais, Dunkerque, Furnes, Newport, Ostend and the Isle of Walcheren, where he interrogated the sailors, the smugglers, the fishermen and boatmen, from morning till midnight, made his objections, and listened patiently to their answers. "It is too hazardous a blow," said he; "I will not risk it: we must not play such a game with la belle France." I saw myself at Cairo, adds Bourrienne. He asserts that neither Bonaparte nor the Directory entertained the least serious thought of invasion, and that the "immense preparations" of the English writers exist only in their imaginations, and as some justification of the real alarms of England at the time. The tour lasted eight days, and Bonaparte returned to Paris to arrange his expedition to Egypt.

A little time before his departure, Bourrienne asked him how long he proposed to stay in the East. "A few months, or six years; every thing depends on events. I shall colonize this country; I shall bring over artists, workmen of every kind, women, actors, &c. We are only twenty-nine years of age; we must be thirty-five—that is no age. These six years, if all succeed, will be sufficient to take me to India." Bonaparte considered that he ought to be provided with a travelling library as well as a moveable academy of sciences, for such was the body of savans that accompanied his army, and he accordingly drew out a list of the books he wished to take with him. It contains curious indications of his leading tastes. Under the head of *politics* we find the Old and New Testament, the Coran and the Vedam. Bonaparte never could spell, and his penmanship was as bad as his orthography. It was a riddle to make out this list of books—Duguesclin was written *Ducelling*, and Ossian was shadowed forth under the word *Ocean*.

A conversation which took place between Bourrienne and his master, immediately preceding their departure for the East, will serve to explain his motives and the circumstances under which he was acting.

"We were going together, in his coupé, to the Luxembourg, in order to procure the signature to some necessary regulations. He was extremely thoughtful. As we were going down the rue St. Anne, I asked him, without any object, and solely to break the long silence by saying something or other, whether he was still resolved to quit France. 'Yes! I have tried every thing; they won't have me at any rate. I ought to overturn them, and make myself king; but we must not think of that yet—the nobles would not consent to it: I have sounded them; the time is not come—I should be alone. I will dazzle these gentry still.' I answered

nothing but 'Well then, we shall go to Egypt.'"

The idea of the abandonment of the expedition at the moment of departure, supposed to have been entertained by Bonaparte, as well as the mysterious visit of Barras, and other circumstances connected with the expedition which may be found in the narratives of some preceding biographers, are ranged by Bourrienne in the class of fables, along with the ostracism and honourable exile into which the Directory proposed to drive him.

On board the *L'Orient*, the occupations, and even the amusements of Bonaparte, were characteristic of the activity of his mind. Every country that came in sight excited a crowd of historical recollections, and gave to his ideas a kind of poetical inspiration. His intellectual intercourse with Monge and Berthollet, and the other most instructed members of his suite, was incessant and delightful. One of his greatest pleasures was after dinner to pick out three or four persons to argue a proposition of any kind. One day he would suggest the question whether the planets were inhabited; at another time the age of the world; the probability of the destruction of the globe, by water or by fire; the truth or falsity of presentiments, and the interpretation of dreams. A circumstance which will not appear remarkable to those who have lived with Bonaparte, says Bourrienne, is, that he always gave the preference to the disputants who had defended an absurdity with talent, over those who had equally well maintained a rational proposition. He himself invariably gave out the text of the discussion, and most frequently made it turn upon questions of religion, the different species of government, and the strategic art. He had an object in this beyond the temporary amusement it afforded; it enabled him to sound the capabilities of his officers and companions—a knowledge which he laid up for future use.

The musicians on board the *L'Orient* frequently played upon deck. Bonaparte, however, did not at that time love music enough to tolerate it in his own apartment; for it is remarkable that his taste for this art increased with his power, just as his love of the chase sprung up altogether after his elevation to the empire, as if, observes his secretary, he wished to prove that he was not only born with the genius of command, but likewise with the instinct of those pleasures which are supposed to be truly royal.

Bonaparte's carelessness of human life in the mass needs not to be pointed out; but how are we to reconcile it with his humanity in individual cases, of which instances are not rare? In the voyage to Egypt, as in all other voyages in a crowded vessel, a man frequently fell overboard. The commander-in-chief had no repose till he was saved. He invariably directed the ship to lay to, and ordered the individuals who had exerted themselves to be well rewarded. One night the crew were all alarmed by the cry of "a man overboard," which resounded from one end of the vessel to the other. Bonaparte ordered the ship to be laid to. It proved, however, in the end, to be nothing more than a quarter of an ox, which had slipped

ped from the provision hooks. Bonaparte wisely ordered that on this occasion the sailors should receive a more than ordinary reward. "It might have been a man, and these fine fellows have not shown less courage and zeal than if it had." So spoke he who was on his way to immolate his thousands and his tens of thousands.

Bourrienne is continually destroying the pretty speeches which the imitators of Plutarch have put into his mouth, and in some instances, which he put into his own. In his first despatch to the Directory, Bonaparte relates that previous to disembarking on the coast of Egypt, a strange sail appeared on the horizon. In dread lest it should prove the forerunner of the English fleet, he exclaimed, according to his own report, "Fortune! wilt thou abandon me: I ask but five days, wilt thou refuse them?" The fact is, that when Admiral Brueys remonstrated on the danger of immediate disembarkation in a violent gale, and at so great a distance from the coast, (three leagues,) Bonaparte answered sharply, "Admiral! we have no time to lose; Fortune gives me but three days: if I do not avail myself of them we are lost." Bourrienne was constantly at hand, and all the details of the arrangements took place in his presence, and he affirms that neither on this, or any other occasion, did he ever hear Bonaparte appeal to his fortune, though he often spoke of it; and that no strange sail did appear at the time. The frigate *La Justice*, which Bonaparte speaks of as being signalled, returning from Malta, had joined the fleet at Candia. The story is one of Bonaparte's own embellishments.

Speaking of the capture of Alexandria, the historian of the "Family Library," a little work which may be said to represent the English opinions of Napoleon, writes that Bonaparte, after taking possession of the town, abandoned the place for three hours to the unbridled license of military execution and rapine—an atrocity for which there was only one pretext, &c. He then quotes a part of the *General Order* of Napoleon, running thus. "These people treat their women differently from us, but in all countries, he who violates is a monster. Pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom it is our interest to have for friends." Such, remarks the biographer, was the text of Napoleon's *General Order*, and such the comment of his first actions. This is a grave charge, not only of cruelty, but of unnecessary and mischievous cruelty; and they who may be inclined to give Bonaparte credit for general want of sympathy, will scarcely believe in his want of judgment. "Alexandria was not given up to plunder, as has been asserted and repeated:" for this we have the testimony of Bourrienne, who is by no means the advocate of Bonaparte, be it observed, but on the contrary, as will be seen, one of his severest judges. The pillage of Alexandria "would have been but a clumsy commencement of the conquest of Egypt, which possessed no fortified towns which it was desirable to intimidate by a striking example. Could Bonaparte have given up to be massacred the people whom he was all the time desirous of

snatching from the domination of the Mamelukes? on the contrary, he marked his entry into Alexandria by acts of lenity and kindness.

Berthier, in his official relation, has spoken on this point the exact truth. Bonaparte and Bourrienne entered side by side into the town, accompanied by others, through a narrow lane which only permitted two to walk abreast: they were fired upon by a man and a woman from a window: the guides in advance put an end to this annoyance, and the party passed. The town had surrendered, and neither violence nor plunder followed.

In recording the circumstances connected with the battle of Aboukir, Bourrienne is enabled to do an act of justice to the French admiral Brueys, whom Bonaparte has sedulously blamed for disobedience to orders, that he might save himself and his Fortune from the suspicion of having failed. It has always been doubted that he gave any directions to Brueys to quit the coast and sail to Corfu, as Bonaparte plainly asserted that he had; and Bourrienne makes the falsehood clear. *Malheureux Brueys, qu'as tu fait!* exclaimed Napoleon, with an accent impossible to render, says his secretary, when he was informed of the destruction of his fleet by Nelson. The misfortune was tremendous, incalculable and irreparable. For an instant the firmness and courage with which he was accustomed to regard events forsook him; his brightest visions were destroyed; he felt that he was imprisoned with his army in a desert, that he was blocked up from all communication with France, and on this communication turned all his hopes and prospects.

Bourrienne has frequent occasion to inform us that little reliance is to be placed on Bonaparte's bulletins; and a memorable instance occurs in his despatch to the Directory, (to which we have already alluded,) describing this affair of Aboukir. Bourrienne in his simplicity had written a despatch which told the truth, and attributed blame to no one, closing the communication with a demand for succour, as in a case of need. This suited neither the circumstances nor the taste of his master. He smiled as he read the manuscript, and returned it to its author, saying, "This is too vague, too soft; it is not lofty enough: you must enter a great deal into details, and speak of those who have distinguished themselves, and then you do not say a word of Fortune; and according to you, Brueys is without blame; (he saw no harm in blaming the dead.) Oh! you do not understand the men! here, let me do it—write!"—and then he set out with one of his pompous official epistles, beginning with the details of preceding transactions, and finishing with some insinuations against Brueys, and but a slight mention of the total destruction of the fleet. Of the great and fatal event he had to communicate, he says little more than "Ce n'est que lorsque la fortune voit que toutes ses faveurs sont inutiles, (on account of his triumphant success in Egypt,) qu'elle abandonne notre flotte a son destin." Bourrienne tells us that Bonaparte laughed himself at the turn he had given to this unhappy affair. He reckoned, however, upon implicit faith, and that the influence of his name would incline opinion in his favour. He never hesitated to disguise the

truth when it might have tarnished his glory. Not to do so he called *niaiserie*.

The people of the East have a logic altogether eastern, which it behoves others to understand before they have dealings with them. An instance in point is recorded among other events which fell under the notice of Bourrienne. Sidy-Mohamed el Coraim, schérif of Alexandria, was accused and found guilty of treason against the republic of France, to which he had taken the oaths of fidelity. He was condemned to die, or to pay 300,000 francs; an alternative which a wealthy European, in similar circumstances, would have been happy to accept from the hand of power. "You are rich," said Bourrienne to him; "make this sacrifice." He chuckled, and said, "If I am to die now, nothing can save me, and I shall give my piastres for nothing: if I am not to die, why give them?" He carried his fatalism to the gibbet on the 6th of September, 1798.

Napoleon himself has been accused as given in some measure to fatalism—a charge at which Bourrienne laughs: he takes more pains to show the absurdity of all the stories that have been current respecting his conversion to Mahometanism. The anecdote concerning his behaviour in the sepulchral chamber of the Great Pyramid, and other similar stories, Bourrienne characterizes as the *combe de la niaiserie*. The fact is, that Bonaparte never did enter the Great Pyramid, and consequently he never could exclaim as he entered, "Glory to Allah! There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." The truth is simply this—that he caused several persons to examine the pyramid, outside of which he remained, and when they returned he desired them to give an account of what they had seen; there were as few muphtis and ulemas present as archbishops or popes. Once, and once only, Bonaparte clothed himself in Turkish robes. "He told me one day to go down to breakfast, and not wait for him: a quarter of an hour afterwards he came down, clothed in a costume he had had made for him: he was no sooner recognised than he was received by all with loud bursts of laughter. He took his place with composure; but he was so uncomfortable in his turban and his oriental robe, so awkward and restrained in an unaccustomed kind of dress, that he soon went to undress himself, and never attempted to give a second representation in his masquerade."

After the disaster of Aboukir to the revolt of Cairo, the Commander-in-Chief had little to do, and the time began to hang somewhat heavily upon his hands. He was without news from France, and with difficulty satisfied the singular activity of his organization. In the day time he talked and talked (says Bourrienne) strange things of his great designs, or he read and made notes; in the evening Bourrienne read to him; and if the book happened to be the *Life of Cromwell*, he then expected scarcely to be permitted to go to bed at all. So interesting had the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the East already begun to find the precedent of the Protector!

The misery of the retreat from Acre—when the plague was destroying the remnants of his army, and the wounded and exhausted por-

tions of it were dropping by the road—made a deep impression on Bonaparte's feelings: he dictated to Bourrienne an order that every body should walk, and that all the horses, mules, and camels should be given up to the sick and wounded. "Carry that to Berthier," said he. Bourrienne carried it, and he had secretly returned to the General's tent when Vigogne, his principal equerry, entered: "General," said he, "what horse do you reserve for yourself?" His burst of indignation was dreadful: in the first moment of his passion he struck the equerry a violent blow on the face with his whip, and then, in a voice which his secretary calls "terrible," he cried out:—"Let every soul go on foot, fool! I the first. Don't you know the order? Begone." There is no one so liable to be angry with others as he who is ill at ease with himself, and doubtless the sufferings around him solely troubled a conscience not yet hardened by long years of successful ambition. The order was, however, humane, and the example he afforded creditable to himself, and encouraging to his soldiery.

At Jaffa two incidents occurred, or are said to have occurred, which have attracted great attention, and one of which was made for years matter of deep accusation. We allude not to the fusillade of the Albanian garrison, but to Bonaparte's visit to the hospital, and to the scheme of poisoning the sick of the plague with the view of shortening their sufferings, and preventing them from falling into the hands of the enemy.

In his visit to the hospital at Jaffa, Napoleon is said to have "breathed hope into the sufferers, and rebuked the cowardice of their attendants, by squeezing and relieving with his own hand the ulcers which no one had dared to touch." His latest English biographer exclaims:—"Pity that this act of true heroism must ever be recorded in the same page that tells the story of Jaffa." Supposing that the transaction really took place, it may be doubted whether it comes under the head of true heroism or culpable rashness. On the life of Bonaparte depended the safety and almost the existence of his army, and any unnecessary exposure of it became a flagrant injustice to his faithful and suffering troops. The story, however, like so many others respecting Bonaparte, is a misrepresentation of what actually took place, and destitute of foundation in the main point of the ulcer-squeezing. He did not even touch the plague-patients. Bourrienne will set us right upon this as upon so many other disputed questions. We will give his hospital scene, which is sufficiently striking.

"Bonaparte took a rapid view of the ruined ramparts of the town, and then went to the hospital. There were numerous patients, some who had limbs amputated, some wounded, many suffering from ophthalmia, who uttered horrible cries, and some labouring under the plague. The beds of these last were on the right on entering the first room. I walked by the General's side. I affirm that I never saw him touch a single plague-patient. And why should he have touched them? They were in the last stage of the disorder. No one spoke a word. Bonaparte knew well enough he was



not incapable of catching the contagion. Is Fortune to be brought on the scene again? She had, in truth, but little favoured him of late. . . . Bonaparte traversed the wards rapidly, striking the yellow top of his boot with a jockey-whip which he held in his hand, repeating these words:—The fortifications are destroyed: Fortune has been against me at St. Jean d'Acre. I must return into Egypt, to preserve it from the enemies who are about to attack it. In a few hours the Turks will be here: let all those, who feel the strength to rise, get up; they shall be carried on litters and horses. There were scarcely sixty sick of the plague. All that has been said of a greater number is an exaggeration. Their deep silence, their utter dejection, their general imbecility, announced their approaching end. To carry them in that state was evidently to inoculate the remains of the army with the plague."

Bonaparte ordered an immediate investigation into the state of these unhappy sufferers: the report was, that none could live above four-and-twenty hours. Their case was deliberated upon, and it was decided that their death should be anticipated a few hours by a *poison*. Bourrienne warrants the truth of the statement, and defends the step as one of wisdom and humanity. Napoleon at St. Helena also avowed the act, and reasoned, as he had done twenty years before, that were he in the same condition he "would have wished to be so treated—that he would have so acted to his own son." He confines the number to seven individuals, unnecessarily if there were more, for if the deed were good for one, it was equally so for five hundred.

When it becomes necessary to poison the indwellers of the hospital to save them from the vengeance of a cruel enemy, it may be supposed the state of the retreating army is not enviable. And yet Bonaparte preceded his return into the capital of Egypt with one of his lying bulletins. "I bring with me," said he, "many prisoners and many standards. I have razed to the ground the palace of Djexzar and the ramparts of Acre. There rests no longer stone upon stone: all the inhabitants have deserted the town by sea. Djexzar is severely wounded." Bourrienne blushed to write such falsehoods, and he made some observation as to the enormity of the lie. "My dear fellow," replied the General, "you are an ass."—"It is painful," adds Bourrienne, "to read in numerous works, of the triumphant entry of the army of Syria into Grand Cairo. Whoever said so, certainly was not there."

One of the debateable points of the life of Bonaparte is the immediate cause of his sudden departure from Egypt. The true history of it is contained in a few lines:—

"After the battle (of Aboukir) which was fought the 25th July, Bonaparte sent a flag of truce on board the English admiral. Our intercourse was full of urbanity, and such as might have been expected between two civilized nations. The English admiral returned some presents by the flag in exchange for what we had sent, and the *Gazette Française* of Francfort of the 10th June, 1799. For ten

months we had been without news from France. Bonaparte ran through the journal with an eagerness it is easy to conceive. 'Well,' said he to me, 'my presentiment has not deceived me. *Italy is lost*. The miserable creatures! All the fruits of our victories have vanished. I must go.' He called Berthier: he made him read the news: he observed that matters were going wrong in France—that he must go and see how they were: that he, Berthier, should go with him, and that for the moment he only, myself, Berthier, and Gantheaume, whom he sent for, should be let into the secret: he desired Berthier to keep it well, to show no particular elation of spirits, not to change his habits in any respect, to buy nothing, to sell nothing. He finished by saying he reckoned upon him, adding, 'I am sure of myself, I am sure of Bourrienne.' Berthier promised to be silent, and he kept his word: he had had enough of Egypt: he was burning with the desire of returning to France, and was afraid lest any indiscretion of his should ruin the whole scheme.

When Gantheaume came, Bonaparte gave him the order to prepare the two frigates, the *Muiron* and the *Carrière*, and two small vessels, the *Révanche* and the *Fortune*, with provisions for four or five hundred men for two months. He desired him to remain secret as to the object of the armament, which he confided to him, and to act with such prudence that the English cruisers should have no suspicion of his preparations. He fixed afterwards with Gantheaume the route he intended to take. He anticipated every thing."

This is the simple truth according to the General's confidential secretary and friend, from whom nothing was concealed. What, then, becomes of all the stories that have been invented with relation to it? Of one Bombachi, who brought important news from Joseph? and of the secret that Madame Bonaparte sold to Fouché for a thousand louis?

A circumstance connected with the departure is characteristic of the astucious genius of Napoleon. General Kleber, to whom Bonaparte destined the command of the army, was invited to come from Damietta to Rosetta, where he was wanted to confer on matters of the utmost importance. Bonaparte appointed a rendezvous where he knew he should not be: he wished to avoid the reproaches and the rude frankness of Kleber. He therefore wrote all he had to say, and gave as his reason for not being found at the place appointed, that he had been induced to start suddenly by the fear of seeing the English cruisers appear. "Bonaparte," says his secretary, "knew well when he wrote to him that he should be gone before Kleber received his letter;" but the crookedness of the policy pleased a genius naturally disposed to trickery.

The voyage was melancholy, and afforded a striking contrast to the sanguine cheerfulness of the expedition on its way to the East. There were no longer any scientific discussions, no original and spirited debates, no more highly-coloured anticipations of success. All was dark; both the view of what they had left behind, and the prospect before them. The fate of the army in Egypt was as uncer-



tain as the fate of Bonaparte himself in France, or as the condition and fortunes of the country itself. He walked backwards and forwards on the deck, incessantly occupied with watching the execution of his orders. The appearance of the slightest sail renewed his anxiety: the fear of falling into the hands of the English never quitted him. For the sake of distraction, they were reduced to cards, which supplied the place of philosophical discussions. *Vingt-un* was the favourite game of the General, and even in this trifling amusement he showed his character. He loved *vingt-un* because it was of all others the most rapid in its progress, and because it gave him an opportunity of cheating. He laughed a good deal at his roguery, especially when he was not found out, and the spirit of the courtier had already made such progress in his suite, that they often voluntarily shut their eyes upon his small generalship. Gain, as it may be supposed, was not his object; at the end of the game he restored his winnings; it was his fortune that he could not bear to frown upon him any more in a game of cards than on a field of battle. Fortune owed him an ace or a ten as she owed him fine weather on the day of an engagement, and if she did not give it, nobody was to see it. Bonaparte also played at chess, and was a very poor player, in spite of its supposed similarity to the game of war.

Bad weather drove the two frigates into Ajaccio, the general's native place. Here it absolutely rained relations, according to his own expression: every other child had been held to the font by him, or in some remote degree claimed to be held a cousin. The crowds of kindred were amazing; but Bourrienne says, "that he never took greater delight in counting his crowns at the height of his fortune, than he did on this occasion in pointing out the limits and situation of his father's small domains." The detention of eight days in Corsica was a severe trial of temper; at length they sailed.

"The voyage was prosperous and undisturbed till the next day: but on that day, just as the sun set, we signalled an English squadron of fourteen sail. The English, having advantage of the light, which we had in our faces, saw us better than we could see them. They recognised our two frigates as Venetian built; but luckily for us, the night came on, for we were not far apart: we saw the signals of the English for a long time, and heard the report of the guns more and more to our left; and we thought it was the intention of the cruisers to turn us on the southeast. Under these circumstances Bonaparte had reason to thank fortune, for it is very evident, that had the English suspected our two frigates of coming from the east and going to France, they would have shut us out from the land by sailing between us and the continent, which to them was very easy. Probably they took us for a convoy of provisions going from Toulon to Genoa; and it was to this error and the night that we were indebted for being let off without any worse consequence than of being well frightened.

"During the cruel night which followed this evening of fear and tribulation, the most lively

agitation reigned on board the *Muiron*. Gantheaume especially was in a state of anxiety which it is impossible to describe, and which it was painful to witness; he was quite beside himself, for our disaster appeared inevitable. He proposed to return to Corsica. 'No! no!' replied Bonaparte, imperiously. 'No! spread all sail; every man at his post. To the north-east! To the north-east, sail!' This order saved us, and I can affirm, that in the midst of a terror almost general, Bonaparte was solely occupied in giving orders; the rapidity of his judgment seemed to grow in the face of danger. The remembrance of this night will never be effaced from my memory: the hours of it were long; none of us knew upon what new dangers the sun would shine.

"However, the resolution of Bonaparte was taken; his orders were given, his dispositions made. Already in the evening he had resolved upon throwing himself into the long-boat, (which he had provided with the best rowers of Corsica); already he had fixed upon the persons admitted to share his fate; already he had indicated to me the most important papers, and which it was necessary to save. Happily our terrors were vain, and our arrangements useless. The first rays of the sun discovered the English fleet sailing to the north-east, and we took the direction of the wished-for coast of France.

"The 8th of October, at eight o'clock in the morning, we entered the roads of Frejus. The sailors not having recognised the coast during the night, we did not know where we were. There was at first some hesitation, in order to ascertain whether we should advance. We were by no means expected, and did not know how to answer the signals, which had been changed during our absence. Some guns were even fired upon us by the batteries on the coast; but our straightforward entry into the roads, the crowd upon the decks of the two frigates, and our signs of joy, did not permit them to doubt long that we were friends. Scarcely were we in the port, scarcely had we approached the landing place, when the rumour spread that Bonaparte was aboard one of the two frigates. In an instant the sea was covered with boats; in vain we begged them to keep at a distance; we were carried off and landed; and when we told the crowd of men and women who were pressing about us of the risk they ran, they all cried, *We prefer the plague to the Austrians.*"

So much for the fortune of Napoleon, which however we are disposed, with Bourrienne, to call his genius.

"We often talk," says he, "of the luck which some people are favoured with, and which accompanies them through life: without attaching faith to this sort of predestination, when I think of the numerous and various dangers which beset him, and from which in his different enterprises he escaped, of the risks he ran, the hazards he faced, I can understand how it is that others entertained this belief; but having myself for a long time studied the 'man of destiny,' I have remarked that that which he called his *fortune* was in fact his *genius*; that his good luck resulted from his keen insight into things, from the calculations

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he made rapid as lightning, from the simultaneity of his actions and his conceptions, and from the conviction which he himself held that boldness is often wisdom."

The destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir by Nelson put to flight some of Napoleon's grandest visions; he had been dreaming of dating an order of the day on the plain of the Pyramids, and three months afterwards from "the rich and populous city of London." Similarly, on landing at Frejus, he was intoxicated with the idea of instantly proceeding to the army of Italy, and striking a blow at the head of it, the news of which should be received at Paris at the same time, or immediately after, with the intelligence of his great victory over the Turks at Aboukir, his last feat of arms in Egypt. The joy which this conception gave him Bourrienne designates by the word *enivrement*. The truth is, that Napoleon's idea of glory was a *coup-de-theatre*—hocus-pocus on a splendid scale—a trick which should confound the calculations of reason, and strike the imagination. When he learnt the miserable state of the French fortunes in Italy, he was obliged to give up the notion that had so pleased his fancy. "The evil is too great: there is nothing to be done," said he, and set off to Paris.

The revolution of the 18th and 19th Brumaire drove the Directors from their post, and established Napoleon and two brother consuls in their stead. Bourrienne will inform the world of the manœuvres which brought about this important movement. The springs of most political changes are base: they were never of a meaner kind than moved the minds of the actors on this occasion. A compound of corruption and violence placed the foot of Napoleon on the first step of the throne. The grand reputation of Bonaparte won over the soldiery: the people had become disgusted with the feeble and depraved individuals who governed them: the leaders of the councils, and the other persons of influence of the time, were either gained by the profound dissimulation of the new Cromwell, or deterred by his threats, excepting, indeed, an honest and obstinate few, who proved too small in number, or too little skilled in the arts of intrigue, to oppose an effectual resistance. Among these stands distinguished the upright and disinterested Bernadotte, at that time an unbending republican, now the king of Sweden, the most ostensible remaining monument of the French Revolution. Napoleon himself, however, had nearly ruined his own cause by his maladroitness before the two councils: it required the cogent argument of the bayonet to repair his blunders. He was no orator; he could address his soldiery, and was master of a few energetic appeals which never failed to reach the hearts of his military auditors: but in a deliberating assembly of civilians he was utterly unequal to the task of eloquence, and even in imperial times did not much improve. The memorable scenes, which took place on the 19th Brumaire, before the Assembly of Ancients and the Assembly of Five Hundred, demonstrate the truth of this fact: like most passages in his life, they have been misrepresented; he was successful, and consequently was always enabled, the day

after, to disseminate any interpretation which pleased him. Had he not been able to repair his blundering before the Ancients by his authority with the troops, it would have gone hard with him. The activity, the courage, and the presence of mind of his brother Lucien served him equally with the Council of Five Hundred. Without his assistance it is probable that the career of his brother would have been closed. Bourrienne was a witness of the interview with the Council of Ancients: it is good to compare his circumstantial narrative with the formal misrepresentations of history. In the pages of the biographer a well-turned speech supplies the place of the broken phrases really employed by Napoleon on this memorable occasion.

"I went on the 19th to St. Cloud, with my friend La Valette. As we passed across the Place Louis XV., now Louis XVI., he asked what was going to be done, and what was my opinion of the event that was about to take place. Without entering into any detail, I said to him, 'My friend, we shall sleep to-morrow at the Luxembourg, or we shall end here.' At that moment, who could be certain which of the two things would happen? Success has legitimized as a noble enterprise that which the most trifling circumstance might have turned into a culpable attempt.

"The sitting of the Ancients, presided by Lemercier, opened at one o'clock. A warm discussion took place on the state of affairs, on the dismissal of the directors, and the immediate election of others. Considerable heat was manifested; reports were brought to Bonaparte every moment, and he at length determined upon entering to take a part in the debate. His entry was abrupt and angry—that did not give me a favourable idea of what he was going to say. The passage by which we entered, and led us right into the middle of the hall, was narrow: we turned our backs upon the door. Bonaparte had the president at his right; he could not get a front view of him. I was on the general's right; our coats touched. Berthier was on his left.

"All the speeches that have been arranged since the event differ from each other, as they well may; for he delivered none, unless the broken conversation with the president may be called such—a conversation carried on without any dignity or self-possession. The only words that could be distinguished were *brothers in arms*—the *frankness of a soldier*. The questions of the president followed one another rapidly; they were clear. Nothing could be more confused, or more unintelligibly uttered, than the ambiguous and crooked answers of Bonaparte. He talked without connexion of *volcanoes, secret agitations, victories, violated constitutions*. He even censured the eighteenth Fructidor, of which he had been the most active promoter, and the main support. He pretended to be unacquainted with *every thing* up to the moment that the Council of Ancients had called him to the succour of his country. Then came *Cæsar—Cromwell—Tyrant*. He repeated over and over, that *is all I have got to say to you*: and he had said nothing. He said that after his return from Italy he had been called upon to assume the chief authority by

the wish of the nation, and then by that of his comrades. He pronounced the words *liberty—equality*; for which it was very clear he had not come to St. Cloud. He had scarcely uttered these words when a member of the Ancients, called Linglet I believe, interrupted him bluntly, and cried out, “*You forget the constitution.*” At that his countenance lighted up, and we could make out nothing more than *eighteenth Fructidor—thirtieth Prairial—hypocrites—intriguers—I am not so—I am going to tell you—I will abdicate power as soon as the danger which threatens the republic shall be passed.* Bonaparte, believing that all his allegations were admitted as proofs, summoned up some assistance, and accused the two directors, Barras and Moulins, saying that they had proposed to put him at the head of a party whose object it was to put down the men of liberal ideas.

“At these words, the falsity of which was revolting, a great clamour arose in the hall. A general committee to hear these revelations was loudly called for. ‘No! No!’ cried others, ‘no general committee; conspirators have just been denounced: it is fit that France should know every thing.’

“Bonaparte was then invited to enter into the detail of what he had just declared against Barras and Moulins, and the proposition that had been made to him. ‘You ought to conceal nothing.’ These interruptions, apostrophes and interrogations threw him into confusion; he thought himself lost. Instead of entering into explanations of what he had seen, he began to accuse afresh—whom? The Council of Five Hundred, who wanted to re-erect the scaffolds, revolutionary committees, the revolution again. The murmurs became more violent, and his discourse was still more destitute of order and connexion. One moment he addressed himself to the representatives of the people, altogether stupefied; at another to the soldiers in the court, who could not hear a word; then, without any transition, he spoke of the *thunder of war*, and added, that he was accompanied by the God of War and the God of Fortune. The president calmly repeated to him, that he saw no subject of deliberation, absolutely none; that all he said was vague. ‘Explain yourself,’ said he; ‘disclose the plots into which you were invited to enter!’ Bonaparte once more repeated all he had said—and how it was repeated! No one can form an idea of it without having been present. There was not the slenderest connexion in all that he stammered out—for so it must be called—with the most inconceivable incoherence. Bonaparte was no orator. It may easily be supposed that he was more accustomed to the roar of battle than the clamour of the tribune. His place was before a battery, rather than the chair of the president.

“I saw the bad effect that this wordy stuff was producing upon the assembly, and of the progressive want of possession in Bonaparte. I said to him in an under tone, plucking him gently by the lapel of his coat, ‘Go out, general; you no longer know what you are saying.’ I made a sign to Berthier to second me in engaging him to leave the place, when all of a sudden, after having blundered out a few

more words, he turned round, exclaiming, ‘*Let those who like me, follow me.*’ The sentinels at the door offered no resistance to his going out; the person who preceded him quietly opened the two curtains which closed the door, and the general instantly leaped upon his horse, which was in the centre of the troops stationed in the court. In truth, I do not know what would have happened if the president, seeing him retire, had said, ‘Grenadiers! let no person leave the hall.’ I have a strong conviction, that instead of sleeping the next day at the Luxembourg, he would have finished his career on the *Place de la Revolution.*”—vol. iii. p. 87.

The interview with the Five Hundred was of a still more stormy character. Napoleon, in his proclamation, speaks of conspirators armed with dagger and pistol, and represents himself as only saved from assassination by the interference of his guard.

“*Les stylets qui menaçoient les députés sont aussitôt levés sur leur libérateur; vingt assassins se précipitent sur moi et cherchent ma poitrine; les grenadiers, du Corps Législatif que j’avais laissés à la porte de la salle, accourent, et se mettent entre les assassins et moi. L’un de ces braves grenadiers (Thomé) est frappé d’un coup de stylet dont ses habits sont percés. Ils m’enlèvent.*”

It is humiliating to find that all this is an invention of the next day, and that the attempts at assassination were confined to the tearing of Thomé’s coat, which was laid hold of by some deputy, enraged at the profanation of the hall by the entrance of grenadiers.

The revolution of the 19th Brumaire gave Napoleon all that was necessary for his final and permanent elevation: it put the reins of government into his hands. Up to that point he was an adventurer whose fortune depended on the issue of a throw. Armed with the authority of the state, his progress was sure and steady to the absolute control of all the resources of the country. Subsequently to the 19th Brumaire, Bonaparte assumed different titles, which had more or less reference to the continuation of his power in himself and his heirs; but under various names his actual power was pretty much the same. The destruction of the Directory was the last acclivity he had to surmount: the rest of his history is the elevated table-land of his life; we all know that it led to a precipitous descent. Bourrienne, as far as his work has hitherto appeared, only accompanies us to the assumption of the Imperial title; and he ceased to be “*secrétaire intime*,” even before that epoch. Between, however, the elevation of Bonaparte to the Consulship, and the moment when Bourrienne quitted his service, occurs an eventful and important period, respecting which the information in these memoirs is both copious and curious. It is more desultory and unconnected than the previous part, which traces pretty closely the rise of Bonaparte, step by step; but it is more amusing, yields more characteristic anecdotes, and is more illustrative of the motives and actions of the historical personages who figure during the extraordinary period of the Consulship of Napoleon. Above all, however, they set before us in true and striking

colours the portrait of him who played the first part in the great drama of the times. He has often been drawn, but he never sat for his likeness before, or at least, no artist had ever such long and tranquil opportunities of catching his resemblance. We will follow Bourrienne's method, and attempt to paint by examples. But we warn our readers that the effect of all we can condense in a small space, of characteristic circumstances, must fall far short of the sure and gradual effect of Bourrienne's details. We have read all that has been written of Napoleon in later years, and yet it would really seem to us that Bonaparte, First Consul, has not yet been known. The period must be borne in mind; for, as Bourrienne remarks, age goes for much in men's histories. The Emperor and the Consul are very different modifications of the same character; the same substance in different stages of a chemical process. Bourrienne guarantees the resemblance of his portrait only between 1792 and 1804.

It is rare to find men governing themselves by an abstract rule or principle; we are most of us creatures of chance, nearly all of circumstance. In Napoleon, as in other great men, however, one may detect certain dominating moving causes, which may be seen to have shaped their course through life. Whether these causes are the result of reflection, or whether they arise from the influence of dispositions implanted by nature, it will be found that they do not, as in the instances of common men, take their rise from circumstances, but shape and mould the accidents of life with the materials of advancement. We have seen why Bonaparte went to Egypt; he was apprehensive of growing stale: reputations continually succeed one another, and though the conqueror of Italy was the idol of the moment, he knew that in France, glory suspended, like bright armour hung up, soon grows rusty. The impression of the necessity continually renewing his laurels, in order to preserve his influence, may not only be detected in this, and many other instances, but we learn from Bourrienne that he made a principle of it, and that there is probably to be found the secret of many otherwise perplexing points of his history. He would say to Bourrienne, "My power hangs by my glory: my glory is derived from the victories I have gained. My authority would fall were I not to give it for a base, more glory, more victories. Conquest has made me what I am—conquest alone can keep me so." He considered that to be stationary was to be sinking, and hence his unceasing desire to march *en avant*. "A new government," he would further remark, "must dazzle and astonish: the moment its *éclat* ceases it is lost." There is so little truth and reason in this principle of action, that we are disposed rather to consider it as a self-deceptive apology for that which was at the bottom of it, which was in fact the result of his organization—the *besoin d'activité*. It is absurd, observes our author, to look for repose on the part of a man who was motion itself. In the passion of activity we may look for the spring of Napoleon's greatness: we may also look to it for the cause of his downfall at a time of life when age, luxu-

ry, and success all combined to retard that accelerating velocity which previously had carried him through every thing in triumph. We have already observed upon the simultaneity of performance, which will account for much, but not for all.

In the anecdote which Bourrienne tells us of the conception of Marengo, there is a felicity of combination, as well as facility of execution. This is the story which Bourrienne calls the *guerre des épingles*; the picture is admirable.

"The 17th of March, in a moment of gaiety and good humour, he (Bonaparte) told me to unroll the great map of Italy, by Chauchard. He stretched himself upon it, and made me put myself by his side. He then, with great seriousness, began to prick here and there numerous pins, with heads of black and red sealing-wax. I observed him in silence, and waited the result of this inoffensive campaign. When he had finished placing the enemy's troops, and arranged his own in the positions in which he hoped to lead them, he said to me, 'Now where do you think I intend to beat Melas?' (the Austrian general.) 'The devil take me,' said I, 'if I understand any thing about it.' 'You are an ass,' said Bonaparte; 'look here a little. Melas is at Alexandria, his head-quarters; he will remain there till Genoa surrenders. At Alexandria he has his magazines, his hospitals, his artillery, his reserves. Passing the Alps here (pointing out the great St. Bernard), I fall upon Melas, I cut off his communications with Austria, and I meet with him here in the plains of Scrivia,' (placing a red-headed pin at San Juliano.) Observing that I considered this manœuvre of pins as a pastime, he commenced his round of little abusive apostrophes, (such as *niais, nigaud, bête, imbecile*, &c. &c.) which were with him nothing but a kind of affectionate familiarity, and then set to work again upon his pins. We rose from the map after about a quarter of an hour: I rolled it up, and thought no more of the matter. But when, four months after, I found myself at San Juliano, with his portfolio and his despatches, which I was obliged to gather up in the confusion of the day; and when the same evening at Torre-di-Galifoglio, which is but a league thence, I wrote under his dictation the bulletin of the battle—I frankly avowed my admiration for his military conceptions. He smiled himself at the exactness of his foresight."

The man who could four months beforehand predict the position and circumstances of a great battle in a foreign country, might have afforded their due share of praise to the instruments of his success. It was not so with Napoleon; he could spare no glory; he was always jealous of his generals and officers. To Kellermann, who by a moment of inspired bravery saved, or rather won, this very battle of Marengo, he could only say, "You made a tolerably good charge;" while he exaggerated the praise of others, whom no one else was likely to distinguish. From the same greediness of glory, or perhaps from some meaner passion, he never could be brought to allow that he had erred. True greatness can afford to be wrong; but there was a dash of charlatanism in all the success of Napoleon that dread-



ed the light. Hence, perhaps, his extraordinary sensitiveness on the subject of publication, and his wrath against the slightest sallies of ridicule. He could not tolerate public discussion; the newspapers of Paris were his mere slaves: he never looked at them, for, as he observed, "they only say what I tell them." His dislike of discussion affected even the tribunate; it was a part of the consular constitution which he bore with impatience, and quickly suppressed. "What will they say at Paris?" was an incentive to some of the meanest as well as some of the finest of his actions. It produced great victories, and led him even to intercept notes of invitation to dinner, which at one time nearly occupied a bureau for itself. The extensive ramifications of his police are not to be considered so much as the precautionary support of his government, as the means of satisfying his appetite for knowing all that was said about him: it was the motive of his walks about Paris with Bourrienne, in a sort of undress, when he would enter shops, and while his companion cheapened goods, he himself would inquire what the good people thought of the *farceur*. He was never so supremely happy as when he was once driven out of a shop by an old woman, and he and his secretary obliged to take to their heels, because the First Consul had spoken disrespectfully of himself. He was not content with one police, or one establishment of spies; he set police against police: and while even the adroit Fouché was his minister, he had other sets of spies under the direction of Junot and other persons. It may be supposed that he reaped every morning a pretty harvest of falsehood in the shape of reports. It was Fouché's amusement to trick the secret agents with false intelligence, and put into their mouths allegations which sometimes created no small confusion in the camp. On one occasion Junot's report bore, that Bourrienne himself left the Tuilleries at such and such an hour of the night; that he betook himself to a certain hotel in the Faubourg of St. Germain, and, there held divers discourses, the burthen of which was, that Bonaparte had resolved to make himself king. At the time indicated, Bourrienne was writing under the dictation of Napoleon, and, as the Consul well knew, had never left his elbow. Junot was condemned for a blockhead, and Fouché, who confessed the trick to Bourrienne, laughed in his sleeve: but Bonaparte was not cured of his partiality for the police-reports. It sometimes happened that the police was more inconvenient to its master than to his enemies, as may be seen in Bourrienne's account of the curious transaction respecting the publication of a pamphlet, which was intended to *feel* the way to the throne.

"In December, 1800, during the time that Fouché was on the look out for the real contrivers of the attempt of the third Nivose (the infernal machine,) a little pamphlet, entitled '*PARALLEL BETWEEN CÆSAR, CROMWELL AND BUONAPARTE*,' was sent to the First Consul. He was absent when I received it. I read it, and saw that hereditary monarchy was openly preached. I had no information respecting this pamphlet, but I was sure that it came, as

it actually did, from the office of the minister of the interior, where it was distributed in great profusion. After reading it, I put it on the table: Bonaparte entered some seconds after, took it up, and pretended to run through it. 'Have you read this?' 'Yes, general.' 'Well! what do you think of it?' 'I think, general, that it will do a great deal of harm; it appears to me out of season, for it prematurely reveals your designs.' The First Consul took the pamphlet, and threw it on the ground, as he was in the habit of doing with all the absurdities of the day when he had cast a rapid glance over them. I was not the only one who entertained this opinion of the pamphlet, for the day after, the prefects nearest to Paris sent up a copy to the First Consul, with complaints of the evil effect which it had produced. . . . After having looked at this correspondence, he said to me, 'Bourrienne, send for Fouché; let him come here with all speed, to render me an account of this affair.' Half an hour after, Fouché made a third in our little cabinet. He had scarcely entered when the following dialogue took place; on the one hand carried on with the greatest warmth, and on the other with imperturbable coolness, and a touch of the sardonic. 'What is this pamphlet? what do they say of it in Paris?' 'General, there is but one opinion of it, which is, that it is extremely dangerous.' 'Well, then! why have you let it appear; it is an insult?' 'General, I owe some delicacy to the author.' 'Delicacy! What is it you mean? You ought to throw him into the Temple.' 'But, general, your brother Lucien has taken this pamphlet under his protection; the printing and publication took place by his order; in short, it proceeded from the ministry of the interior.' 'What is that to me? it was your duty, as minister of the police, to arrest Lucien, and lock him up in the Temple;—idiot that he is! he can do nothing but compromise me.' After uttering these words the First Consul left the room hastily, and closed the door after him with violence. Remaining alone with Fouché, I took an opportunity of asking an explanation of the half-smile that was playing about his lips during Bonaparte's wrath; I saw clearly that he had something in reserve. 'Put the author in the Temple!' said Fouché to me; 'that would be a difficult matter. Alarmed at the effect this pamphlet was likely to produce, as soon as I saw it I went to Lucien, to show him the extent of his imprudence. Instead of answering me, he went to seek the original manuscript, which he showed me—and what do you think I saw? *corrections and annotations in the hand-writing of the First Consul.*'"

On the very subject of this pamphlet, the First Consul gave a striking proof of his love of espionage. He arranged a dinner with his brother Joseph, for the express purpose of *pumping* Bourrienne himself. Joseph was the spy, and Fouché was present. Bourrienne talked freely of the matter, as to those to whom he could communicate nothing they did not know. Bonaparte was quickly instructed. The next day Bourrienne observed his master's manner to be exceedingly cold, and he showed his displeasure, or rather his loss of confidence,

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by saying, "Leave my letters in the basket, I will open them myself."

"This unexpected sally surprised me; but as I had nothing to reproach myself with, I determined to be amused with the distrust which he chose to show without giving his reasons. I put at the bottom of the basket all the letters which I recognised as coming from the ministers, all the reports which came for the Consul to my address, and I covered them over with letters of no consequence, or at least, which from my habit of reading them, and the character of the addresses, I judged to be such: requests for a choice of numbers in the lottery, in order to avail themselves of the First Consul's good fortune; prayers that he would stand godfather to children; solicitations for places; announcements of marriages and births; ridiculous eulogies; and disgusting anonymous productions, &c. &c."

"The opening of all these letters, to which he was not accustomed, tried his patience, and he opened very few. Often the same day, but always the next day, there came a fresh letter requiring an answer to the one of the night before, and complaining that it had not been received before. The First Consul broke the seals of about twenty letters, and left the rest; for judging with tolerable accuracy by the form, stamp and seal, that these letters required the answer to the former ones, I put them under all the rest."

"Not wishing to carry this little piece of malice too far, nor remain in the false position in which the gossiping of Joseph had placed me, I resolved to put an end to it. The fourth day, after the business of the evening was done, which had been sulkily got through, and interrupted by unpleasant little sallies, I let Bonaparte go down and go to bed. Half an hour after I went to his apartment, which I was permitted to enter at all hours. I had a taper in my hand; I took a chair, and put the candle on the bed-side table. He roused himself, as did Josephine. 'What is there new?' said he to me, with surprise. 'General,' I answered, 'I come to declare to you that it is impossible for me to stay any longer with you; my place is not tenable without perfect confidence. You well know how devoted I am to you; if you have to reproach me with any thing, let me at least know the cause: the situation I have been in for the last three days is too painful to me.' 'What has he done then?' demanded Josephine. 'That is no affair of yours.' Then turning towards me, he added, 'Well then, I have reason to complain of you. I know that you have talked of affairs of moment in a manner that does not suit me.' 'I can assure that I have talked to no one but to your brother. He put me on the track, and most undoubtedly he is far too much *au courant* for me to inform him of any thing. I talked of a thing equally well known to both one and the other: he has reported to you just what he pleased, but I cannot act in a similar way towards him, accuse him as he has accused me, and betray the confidence he reposed in me. Ought I, General, in speaking freely to your brother, look to find in him an inquisitor.' 'Yes! I avow it. After what Joseph reported to me, I

considered it right to put my confidence in quarantine.' 'It has lasted three days.' 'Come, Bourrienne, it is ended: let us talk no more of it. Open my letters, you will find them sadly in arrear; it was too tedious a business for me; and then, I somehow or other always fell upon fooleries.'

"I seem to hear and see the good Josephine half-raising herself in bed, and saying with the most amiable sweetness, 'What! Bonaparte, is it possible that you could suspect Bourrienne, who is so attached to you—who is your only friend: how have you suffered them to lay a trap for him like this—a dinner arranged on purpose! My God, how I detest thy police!' Bonaparte then began to laugh, and said jokingly, 'Sleep, sleep, and mind thy frippery; women understand nothing of affairs of government.' When I retired it was nearly two o'clock."

But Bonaparte believed not in friendship, and he did not think he possessed even one friend: neither did he; he was incapable of feeling it, and consequently of inspiring it. In the case of Desaix he may be said to have made the nearest approach to it: but on looking into the able, but at the same time unambitious character of Desaix, it becomes pretty obvious that the foundation of his warm feelings for that General was laid in a high opinion of his talents, joined with a conviction that they would never become dangerous or obtrusive to him. Bonaparte's favourite maxim was, that there are two levers by which men are to be moved—*fear and interest*. This he would often repeat, and he made no scruple of avowing his incapability of either loving or being loved. He has often said to Bourrienne—

"Friendship is but a word; I love no one; no, not even my brothers—Joseph perhaps a little; and then, if I do, it is by habit, because he is the eldest of us. Duroc! Ah yes! him too I love; but why? his character pleases me. He is cold, dry, severe; and then Duroc never sheds tears. As for myself, I care little about it; I well know that I have no true friends. As long as I am what I am, I can make as many friends to all appearance as I want. You see, Bourrienne, we must leave whimpering to the women; it is their affair: but I—no sensibility for me, I must be firm; unless the heart is firm, no one ought to meddle with affairs of either war or politics."

But although he did not believe in friendship, he believed in honour. It was the moral principle on which he seemed to have the greatest reliance; for it is a modification of the influence of opinion on the human heart, and to all the shades of this power he was himself feelingly alive. When he granted the interview to Georges Cadoudal, a man who avowedly by all means, fair and foul, sought his life, he would not permit himself to believe that he would betray the honourable confidence implied by a private audience. He took no precaution, and when Rapp, who was in an antichamber, repeatedly pushed open the door of the saloon, in which Bonaparte and Georges were walking up and down, Bonaparte as repeatedly closed it. Bourrienne tells a singular story in point of a young Pole whom the First Consul distinguished in one of his visits to the

College of Louis le Grand, surnamed the Prytanæum. He was a son of General Miackzinski, who died fighting under the colours of the Republic. When he left the college he entered the army, and was pointed out to Bonaparte as he was reviewing his troops on the plain of Sablons; he was then sixteen or seventeen. The First Consul said to him, "I knew your father, he was a brave man; act like him: in six months you shall be an officer." Six months passed: Miackzinski wrote to the First Consul to remind him of his promise. He waited a month; no answer. Then Miackzinski wrote again, as follows: "You told me to be worthy of my father; I will be so. You told me I should be an officer in six months: it is now seven months ago. When you receive this letter, I shall be no more: I do not choose to serve a government the chief of which breaks his word." Young Miackzinski kept his. After despatching his letter, he retired to his room and blew out his brains. A few days afterwards his commission arrived. Bonaparte had not forgotten him; the delay had arisen in the forms of the war-office. Bonaparte was greatly affected by this event; it was precisely of a nature to touch him; with such men for soldiers he knew he could conquer the world. "Oh these Poles!" he cried; "they are all *honour*! My poor Sulkowski! I am sure he would have done as much." Sulkowski was a favourite aid-de-camp, who was killed in Egypt: the very soul of honour, brave, able, well informed, and devoted to his general. Bonaparte lost four aid-de-camps during the short time he was in Egypt. One of them, Croisier, appearing to Bonaparte to lack the proper degree of boldness at the proper moment, he burst out against him in one of his violent and humiliating attacks of abuse and contempt. The word "coward" escaped him; Croisier determined not to survive it; he sought death on several occasions, but did not succeed till the siege of Acre. He was in attendance on Napoleon in the trenches there, when such a sharp look out was kept by the garrison, that if an elbow or feather showed itself above or beside them, it was instantly grazed by a bullet. Croisier watched his opportunity, and jumped upon the platform. "Come down, I command you," cried Napoleon, in a voice of thunder; but it was too late, the victim of his severity fell at his feet. Murat, the chivalrous braver of all danger, had also his *moment de peur*, which lost him the countenance of his general until displeasure could no longer resist the brilliancy of his achievements. It was at the siege of Mantua, in the first Italian campaign, that Murat was ordered to charge a body of troops that were making a sortie from the garrison. He hesitated, and in his confusion declared himself wounded: he was removed from the presence of the general; he was in every way discountenanced: in Egypt he was sent on the most distant and dangerous services; in short, he more than reconquered his character before the battle of Aboukir, on which occasion Napoleon himself was obliged to declare he was *superb*. The brave Marshal Lannes one day severely reprimanded a colonel who had punished a young officer for a *moment de peur*.

"That man," said he, "is worse than a poltroon who pretends that he never felt fear!"

We have spoken of Napoleon's sensibility to individual suffering when it did not interfere with his military or political projects; in that case he stole himself against the weakening influence of humane feelings, according to the maxim which we lately quoted respecting the necessity of a hard heart for him who meddles with either war or politics. From policy or from sensibility, however, Bonaparte was fond of the power of pardoning, and felt grateful to those about him, who brought to his consideration those cases to which mercy might be safely extended. The instances are numerous.

"I had escaped," says Bourrienne, "for a few moments to meet Mademoiselle Poitrincourt. On entering I found the First Consul in the cabinet, surprised to find himself alone, as I was not in the habit of quitting it without his knowledge. 'Where have you been then?' said he. 'I have just been to see a relation of mine, who has a petition to lay before you.' 'What is it about?' I told him of the melancholy situation of M. Deseu (an emigré who had been taken with arms in his hands). His first answer was terrible. 'No pity,' cried he, for the emigrés; he who fights against his country is a child that wishes to murder his mother.' The first burst of wrath passed over, I began again; I represented M. Deseu's youth, and the good effect it would have. 'Well,' said he, 'write, 'The First Consul orders that the sentence of M. Deseu be suspended.' He signed this laconic order, which I sent off instantly to General Ferino. I informed my cousin of it, and was easy as to the consequences of the affair. The next morning I had scarcely entered the First Consul's chamber before he said, 'Well, Bourrienne! you say nothing more of your M. Deseu: are you satisfied?' 'General! I cannot find terms in which to express my gratitude.' 'Ah! bah!—But I do not like to do things by halves; write to Ferino, that I desire M. Deseu may be set at liberty immediately. I am making an ingrate—well! so much the worse for him. Always apply to me in matters of this kind; when I refuse, it is because it is impossible to do otherwise.'"

We had been led to expect some elucidation of the affair of the Duc d'Enghien from these Memoirs; they, however, communicate no new facts. At that time Bourrienne had left the service of Napoleon, and can contribute nothing to the history of this tragical catastrophe beyond some pertinent reasoning on the real author of it. He makes no scruple of loading Bonaparte himself with the entire atrociousness of the project. There is no doubt that he could be cruel when he thought it necessary to his interests to be so; and that being poorly endowed with sympathy of any kind at any time, it required but a shadow of danger to his political existence to justify in his eyes any act, however bloody, however inhuman. The only probable motive which has been, or can be, attributed to Napoleon, is the determination to commit himself and his friends to an eternal opposition to the return of the Bourbons, and to strike a seasonable terror into the emigrés, who were again, on

occasion of the breaking out of the war, beginning to combine their intrigues against the authority of him who was on the point of passing from the condition of Consul to that of Emperor. The return of the Bourbons, though it had become utterly improbable at the time when it actually took place, in the years of the Consulship was an event continually in the minds of men. It was even agitated in the interior of the Consular palace itself. The First Consul's secretary and Josephine, his wife, were both favourable to the measure; and Bonaparte himself was beset even in his private apartments with entreaties, or at least significant allusions, to the magnanimity of renouncing supreme authority in favour of the legitimate claimant.

It is well known that Louis XVIII., in a dignified but complimentary letter to Bonaparte, claimed his throne at his hands. The St. Helena Memoirs communicate the fact, and give the substance of the First Consul's answer. In the Memoirs of Bourrienne we find an exact copy of the correspondence, and an account of the reception it met with from Napoleon.

"The First Consul was greatly agitated at the reception of this letter. Although he every day declared his resolution to have nothing to do with the princes, he was still reflecting upon whether it was necessary to answer it or not. The number of important affairs (20th Feb. 1800) which occupied him at the time, seconded his indecision, and he was in no hurry to reply. I ought to say that Josephine and Hortense conjured him to give the king hope; that that bound him to nothing, and would leave time to see if he could not in the end play a far higher part than that of Monck. Their entreaties were so urgent, that he said to me, 'These devils of women are mad; the Faubourg St. Germain turns their heads; they have made the royalists into gods. But that is nothing to me; I'll have none of them.' Madame Bonaparte told me that she urged him to this step, lest he should think of making himself king, which always excited in her a presentiment of misfortune that she could not banish from her mind. . . . In the numerous conversations which I had with the First Consul, he discussed the proposition of Louis XVIII., and its consequence, with great sagacity: he said, however, 'The partisans of the Bourbons are very much mistaken if they think I am a man to play the part of Monck.' The thing rested there at first, and the letter of the king was left on the table. In the interval Louis XVIII. wrote a second letter.

"It is a long time since, general, you ought to be aware, that you have acquired my esteem. If you doubt the force of my gratitude, choose your place, fix the lot of your friends. As to my principles, I am a Frenchman—Clement by character, I should be still more so by reason. No! the conqueror at Lodi, Castiglione, Arcole, of Italy and of Egypt, cannot prefer a vain celebrity to true glory. But you are losing precious time. We have the power of ensuring the glory of France: I say *see*, because I have need of Bonaparte for that, and he cannot do it without me.

"General! Europe observes you, glory

awaits you, and I am impatient to restore peace to my people. Louis."

This letter also remained for some time unnoticed. At length Bonaparte determined to write an answer. He made a rough copy; Bourrienne suggested some grammatical changes, which were made. This disfigured original was then signed; it was not, however, after the alterations, in a state fit to send, and it laid for some time longer on the table; it was despatched at last. The substance was, that Louis ought to abandon all hope of a return to his throne, for it was only by marching over the bodies of a hundred thousand Frenchmen that he could arrive at it.

Some days after the receipt of the letter from Louis XVIII. Bonaparte and his secretary were walking in his favourite alley at Malmesbury, which was only separated from his cabinet by a small bridge; he was in a good humour, for affairs were going on well, and he commenced a confidential conversation on the return of the Bourbons. His remarks prove that he had deeply weighed all the peculiarities of his situation, and had calculated the probable consequences of the restoration of the legitimate family with his ordinary acuteness and more than ordinary coolness. He broke off the dialogue with—"My part is taken. Let us talk of it no more; but I well know how the women torment you. Instead of agreeing with them, however, you ought to open their eyes and undeceive them about their ridiculous presentiments. Let them leave me alone, and attend to their knitting." The women went on knitting, remarks Bourrienne, he went on writing; Bonaparte made himself Emperor—and died at St. Helena.

Josephine's horror at the idea of her husband making himself king might be explained by her fear lest it should engage him in some project of founding a dynasty by means of his proper offspring. Poor woman! this was a melancholy privation, which cost her many tears and much physic; she had an idea that medicine might restore her fertility. Her anxiety on this subject was fearful; she seemed to have foreseen the event that actually took place. The necessity of having children was not an infrequent subject in the mouth of Bonaparte. \*

Indeed the Bonaparte family do not appear to any advantage in the close view which Bourrienne affords us of their respective characters and conduct. It was in their incapacity that Bonaparte saw the necessity of offspring. France, he well knew, would have tolerated none of his brothers in his place; on the contrary, he used to say, as first consul, that unless he lived thirty years, his principal generals would contend for the supreme authority and involve the country in civil commotion. "It is a pity," said the fatal Fouché in confidence to Bourrienne, "that his wife does not die; for sooner or later he must take a wife who will bear children. His brothers are revoltingly incapable; his death will be a signal of dissolution, and the Bourbon party will make head." During his life, however, Bonaparte put an end to the hopes of that family by the death of the Duc d'Enghien; he

effectually put an end to the entreaties of the women. It is remarkable, and we have it on the authority of Josephine, as reported by Bourrienne, that he could not bear to speak of this catastrophe, and that when he did so, it was in a vague and uneasy manner, which showed his dislike of the subject.

Bourrienne did not remain with Bonaparte until he assumed the imperial purple. It is possible that he did not find his old school-fellow duly penetrated with respectful awe. Bourrienne gives us to understand that he was no flatterer; he appears to have been independent in his manner of thinking, and fond of putting his master in what he thought the right road. A general may bear this, and even a consul approve; but when the temples begin to ache for the diadem, it is a signal of a great change from the man to more than mortal. It is felt, that no equal even in independence of thought ought to be tolerated, much less admitted into familiar intercourse. We are told that Bonaparte himself assigned as a reason why he could not keep Bourrienne in his service, that people began to say that he could not do without him; a saying the falsehood whereof he thought proper to prove. It is more probable, however, that the true reason of Bourrienne's quitting, was the one indicated above, namely, that he had become spoiled by power, and could no longer suffer near him a kind of comrade and friend rather than a servant. He had made attempts to subdue the pride and self-esteem of his old school-fellow. One morning Bourrienne entered the cabinet and found a workman placing a bell over his chair; the object of which was, that when Bonaparte wanted Bourrienne in his room of audience for a fact, or a date, or a paper, as often happened, he might ring for him. Bourrienne made the bell-hanger descend and leave his task; he then went up to Napoleon, not yet risen, and told him what he had done. The First Consul had the meanness to shelter himself under a subterfuge; he pretended that the keeper of the cabinet had misunderstood him, that he had only intended to have the bell mended which ran through the cabinet, and which served to call the attendant in waiting. This was not a circumstance to escape the memory of Napoleon: he always made men pay for degrading him even in his own estimation and by his own act. It is a remark of Bourrienne, that no man ever suffered himself to be entreated by Bonaparte, or consented to any proposal with reluctance, who was not made to pay for it. The quarrel which ultimately led to Bourrienne's dismissal is an illustration of this unamiable trait in his character. Some note from Napoleon had not duly reached Talleyrand: irritable and impetuous, he taxed Bourrienne with neglect, passionately and erroneously: Bourrienne had caused it to be placed in the hands of the proper officer, but Talleyrand was not to be found. In ringing for the garçon de bureau, to ascertain the fact, the First Consul broke the bell-rope and wounded his finger against the marble chimney-piece, a small circumstance, which gave additional fuel to his wrath; he lost all sense of decency—shut the door violently in Bourrienne's face

—and permitted himself to apply to his secretary one of the grossest expressions of a language which abounds in terms of abuse. The secretary, in his turn, forgot himself, and opened the door only to repeat the phrase with interest: he then ascended to his chamber, and penned a note to the Consul, in which he begged to be permitted to retire from the performance of his arduous duties. During this scene Talleyrand was present, and looked on with his ordinary sang-froid. When Napoleon read the note, Duroc was with him: the comment was brief—*il boude*, said the master, —*accepté*. And until his passion had subsided, he permitted Bourrienne's preparations for departure to go on, and only interfered in them to show a disposition to brutal unkindness. But Bonaparte had no one to supply the place of Bourrienne. Duroc attempted it, and fairly declared he neither would nor could fulfil the duties of the post. For the moment, therefore, Bourrienne was to be retained, and his master employed those little arts of cajolery which succeeded with him in so many instances. Bourrienne was leaving the Tuileries, when he was told Napoleon wished to see him: he entered the cabinet—

"The First Consul met me smiling, and pulling me by the ear, said, 'Are you still in a pet?' and he led me in this manner to my ordinary place. 'Come, place yourself there.' It is necessary to have known the man, to judge of my position: he had, when he liked, a seducing charm which carried you along with him. I did not feel the power of resisting him. I could answer nothing, and I resumed my ordinary occupation."

Napoleon, however, quickly placed M. de Menneval under the instruction of Bourrienne, under pretence of assisting him: as soon as he conceived that M. de Menneval was equal to the task, Bourrienne was dismissed with little ceremony, on the ground of some false charge of gambling in the funds; and, by Napoleon's subsequent meanness regarding him, made to pay dear for a moment of excusable loss of temper. This, it must be remarked, is Bourrienne's own account of the story: his enemies have doubtless another version of it. We must, however, declare that the complexion of Bourrienne's narrative, both in this and other instances, is that of truth and sincerity. It would be idle to say that he was an exception to the universal rule of mankind: he has his own manner of viewing events; and his manner of telling them is coloured at least by that self-love and that desire to stand well with the world, which is inseparable from our nature. In the midst of his most elaborate efforts at candour, and it is true that he is *laboriously* candid, we can, we imagine, perceive some little self-seeking. It is only just, however, to say, that his work bears innumerable marks of being written chiefly for the propagation of truth; and that all the tests of internal and external evidence that we have been able to apply, go to confirm the fairness, the accuracy, and the intelligence of the writer.

The position of Bourrienne, in the cabinet of Napoleon, necessarily proves the possession of no ordinary talents—no small acquirements. Even after their rupture, Bourrienne was se-

lected for the embassy to Hamburg, at that time a post of difficulty. And if there were any doubt of his *capability* to appreciate the character and powers of Napoleon, the *Memoirs* themselves will abundantly satisfy the most fastidious reader. They are in every respect the work of an able man, and we have given our opinion that they are also the production of an honest one. Napoleon is not represented in an amiable light: the question is—*is it a true one?* We may say of it, as is often observed of portraits of persons whom we have not seen—it looks a likeness—it bears all the strong marks of reality.

Like most French books, the *Memoirs of De Bourrienne* appear in *livraisons*, and they are not yet concluded: all that portion, however, has appeared, to which, in the narrative of the secretary, the greatest interest is necessarily attached; namely, that which relates to Bourrienne's experience in the actual service of his master. When he leaves the cabinet, he becomes an ordinary observer; and though able and acute in his remarks on passing events, he is no longer freely admitted behind the scenes. With the parts that have appeared, the work must, therefore, in a great measure, lose the character of a revelation.

*From the Spirit and Manners of the Age.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE SPRING.

Spirit of the shower,  
Of the sunshine and the breeze,  
Of the long, long twilight hour,  
Of the bud and opening flower,  
My soul delighted sees.  
Stern winter's robe of grey,  
Beneath thy balmy sigh,  
Like mist-wreaths melts away,  
When the rosy laughing day  
Lifts up his golden eye.

Spirit of ethereal birth!

Thy azure banner floats,  
In lucid folds o'er air and earth;  
While budding woods pour forth their mirth,  
In rapture-breathing notes.  
I see upon the fleecy cloud  
The spreading of thy wings;  
The hills and vales rejoice aloud,  
And Nature starting from her shroud,  
To meet her bridegroom springs.

Spirit of the rainbow zone,

Of the fresh and breezy morn;  
Spirit of climes where joy alone,  
For ever hovers round thy throne,  
On wings of light upborne:  
Eternal youth is in thy train,  
With rapture-beaming eyes;  
And beauty, with her magic chain,  
And hope, that laughs at present pain,  
Points up to cloudless skies.

Spirit of love—of life and light,

Each year we hail thy birth;  
The day-star from the grave of night,  
That sets to rise in skies more bright,  
To bless the sons of earth.

With leaf, and bud, and blushing flower,  
Still deck the barren sod;  
In thee we trace a higher power,  
In thee we claim a brighter dower,  
The day-spring of our God! Z. Z.

*From the Quarterly Review.*

EUROPEAN TURKEY.\*

IN the state of tottering decay, towards which the Ottoman Empire has for some time past been progressing, and which, in the opinion of all men, is likely to terminate in a total dissolution, it is not surprising that a number of volumes treating on Turkish affairs should issue from the press; and among all that have fallen under our observation, we know not that we could pitch upon any one that contains a more clear, comprehensive, and, at the same time, concise description of the countries and people on which it treats, than the little unpretending *duodecimo* volume of Doctor Walsh. It is so perspicuously written that, even without the accompanying map, there would be no difficulty in following the author's footsteps; as little in comprehending his graphic descriptions; and we find no hesitation in acknowledging the justness of his observations, and in expressing our conviction of the correctness of his facts. A book like this is at all times valuable, and more particularly so at the present eventful period. His residence at Constantinople for several years as chaplain to the British embassy, and a journey from thence to England, afforded Dr. Walsh more favourable opportunities for collecting information with regard to the Turkish provinces, as well as some of the most important events which ever occurred in their capital, than fell to the lot of the other travellers whose title-pages we have transcribed. These were merely casual visitors; with the exception, indeed, of the last on the list, who was resident in Constantinople at a most interesting period.

We do not feel that we could, with truth, pay a similar compliment to Mr. Madden's

\* 1. Narrative of a Journey from Constantinople to England. By the Rev. R. Walsh, LL. D., M.R.I.A. 12mo. London. 1828.

2. Travels in Turkey, Egypt, Nubia, and Palestine, in 1824, 1825, 1826, and 1827. By R. R. Madden, Esq., M.R.C.S. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1829.

3. Travels to and from Constantinople, in the years 1827 and 1828: or Personal Narrative of a Journey from Vienna, through Hungary, Transylvania, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia, to Constantinople; and from that City to the Capital of Austria, by the Dardanelles, Tenedos, the Plains of Troy, Smyrna, Napoli di Romania, Athens, Egina, Poros, Cyprus, Syria, Alexandria, Malta, Sicily, Italy, Istria, Carniola, and Styria. By Captain Charles Colville Frankland, R.N. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1829.

4. Révolutions de Constantinople en 1807 et 1808, précédées d'Observations générales sur l'Etat actuel de l'Empire Ottoman. Par A. de Juchereau de Saint-Denys. Paris. 1819.



book. In it we at once perceive that the writer is ambitious to say smart things on trite occasions, and to convert every little incident into a perilous adventure; and these so frequently occur, that the reader, who expects a sober book of travels, will be apt to imagine that he has stumbled on a romance, full

Of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes, &c.

For all this, indeed, he prepares us in his preface: "It has been my fate," says he, "to have been taken for a spy in Syria—to have endangered my life in Candia, for refusing to administer poison—to have been shot at in Canea twice, and once on the Nile, by Turkish soldiers—to have been accused of changing the fragments of a broken statue into gold at Thebes—to have been charged with sorcery in Nubia, for showing an old woman her own frightful image in a pocket mirror—and to have been a captive with Greek pirates, for wearing a long beard, when taken in a vessel bearing Turkish property." If this gentleman descends into a Tomb of the Kings, the candle is sure to go out, and he is in danger of being lost in the subterranean chambers; if he ventures into a pyramid, the Arabs roll stones against the mouth of the passage, and he is in danger of being suffocated: these are the sort of hair-breadth 'scapes which other travellers, some of them women and children even, have run the same risk of encountering, without danger or molestation. This gentleman has besides the bad taste, to say nothing more, to sneer at Herodotus; because his description of the pyramids of Egypt, made four hundred years before Christ, does not correspond with their appearance eighteen hundred years after Christ. He also charges Bruce with habitually sacrificing veracity to vanity. On this particular point we would just hint to Mr. Madden, that vanity is not at all events the chief characteristic of *Bruce's* work; moreover, that vanity makes her appearance under a variety of shapes; and that the full length portrait of "the author in his Syrian costume," stuck in front of the title-page of his own book, in the act of feeling the pulse of something like a lady's hand, is, perhaps, as strong an instance of it, as any that could be pointed out in the Abyssinian. On the present occasion, however, the painter has happily supplied a corrective well calculated to chasten personal conceit.

The volumes of Captain Colville Frankland are just such as we should have been led to expect from the pen of a naval officer; containing, in the form to which seamen are most accustomed, namely, that of a journal, plain matters of fact, told in plain language. It is nothing more, he tells us himself, "than a simple relation of what he himself saw, heard, and felt." His account of the defences of Constantinople, and particularly of the forts and castles of the Dardanelles, with the number and nature of their enormous pieces of ordnance, would have been interesting, if the Russians had not, by crossing the Balkan, rendered them useless for defence on the land side.

The work of Colonel A. de Juchereau de

Saint-Denys contains a detailed account of the revolutions that took place in Constantinople, and of many of the horrors of which he was an eye-witness, in the years 1807 and 1808, when the most amiable, as far as a Turk can be amiable, and the best-intentioned of Turkish sultans, Selim, was deposed, and both he and his successors lost their lives. In this work will also be found some sensible observations on the state of Turkey, and its probable future destiny.

We have no intention of occupying the reader's time by a detailed description of the once splendid capital of the eastern empire, which has so often been described by travellers of all nations, and by none, perhaps, in more glowing colours and eloquent language, than by a modern Greek, as quoted by Gibbon. But, observes the historian, "a sigh and a confession escape from the orator, that his wretched country was the shadow and sepulchre of its former self; that the works of ancient sculpture had been defaced by Christian zeal or barbaric violence; that the fairest structures were demolished; and the marbles of Paros or Numidia burnt for lime, or applied to the meanest uses. Of many a statue the place was marked by an empty pedestal; of many a column the size was determined by a broken capital; the tombs of the emperors were scattered on the ground; the stroke of time was accelerated by storms and earthquakes; and the vacant space was adorned, by vulgar tradition, with fabulous monuments of gold and silver." He admits, however, that this fairest daughter of imperial Rome could not vie with the venerable beauties of the mother; that she could not say, "matre pulchra filia pulchrior;" but he expatiates, says Gibbon, "with zeal and truth on the eternal advantages of nature, and the more transitory glories of art and dominion which adorned, or had adorned, the city of Constantine."

Alas! the "eternal advantages of nature" are now nearly all that remain. The turreted walls, with the towers, palaces, churches, statues, aqueducts, cisterns, columns, fountains, baths, and hippodromes, have long been mouldering into decay, and many of them have altogether perished. But the superlative beauty of the situation of Constantinople can never perish, which, to use the words of Aaron Hill, "bespeaks it built upon the loftiest columns of universal monarchy." This imperial city stands, or is supposed to stand, like its mother Rome, on seven hills, which slope down in gentle descents to the western shore of the Bosphorus. This celebrated strait, which divides Europe from Asia, and whose waters flow in a smooth current, like a noble river, in a course of some twenty miles, and in a channel from one to three in width, connects the Euxine with the sea of Marmora, the Hellespont, and the archipelago of the Mediterranean. Two sides of the triangle on which the city is built are embraced by an arm of the Bosphorus, named the Golden Horn, and by the waters of Marmora. The third, or land side, stretching between the two waters, is enclosed by a wall, which has long been in ruins. The Golden Horn forms a noble and capacious harbour, possessing every possible convenience for

building, securing, and equipping the most numerous fleets of ships of the largest class. The city itself, whether viewed from the land side or from the water, presents a most impressive and beautiful prospect;\* but, all lovely as it appears from without, the moment that the traveller finds himself within the old and crumbling walls with their dilapidated turrets, every idea of splendour or magnificence at once vanishes in gloom and melancholy. He finds nothing that can deserve the name of a street; the mosques with their domes and their minarets, which appeared so brilliant from a distance, are now seen to rise out of narrow, crooked, filthy lanes, almost impassable for stench and dirt, occasioned by dead dogs and other animals, putrid vegetables, and stinking offals of every description: and he may think himself fortunate if his eyes are not offended by the naked or mutilated carcase of some victim Turk or unfortunate Frank, which had not yet found its way into the Bosphorus. These dark alleys are silent as the tombs as soon as night sets in, except, perhaps, when a fire happens, which is not unfrequently the case, burning down some hundred wooden houses or hovels, speedily to arise from their ashes precisely in their pristine shape. By day the countenances of the solitary passengers betray perpetual caution, amounting almost to fear, and their averted eyes bespeak their anxiety to avoid each other.

There certainly is not an ancient capital in all Europe that, at this day, possesses fewer objects to claim the attention of the traveller or the antiquary. The church, or mosque, of Saint Sophia, those of Solymán and Selim, the Atmeidan, (the ancient Hippodrome,) a fractured Egyptian obelisk, a brazen pillar, the *seraglio*, with its numerous fantastic buildings, and its garden studded with the sombre and formal cypress, the aqueduct of the Emperor Valens, and the five hundred gilded and painted fountains it supplies, are the principal objects that attract the eye above ground. The remains of the ancient cisterns beneath, to which this and some other aqueducts once conveyed

water for supplying the city, are still curious in their ruins; but most of these are no longer used as cisterns. One of them, as described by Dr. Walsh, is a vast subterranean edifice, having an arched roof, supported by six hundred and seventy-two marble columns. It is now filled with earth and rubbish, except where some silk-twisters ply their trade in almost utter darkness; but Andreossi calculated it would once have held water enough to supply the whole city for sixty days. Another presents the appearance of a subterranean lake, which extends under several streets. Its roof is supported by three hundred and thirty-six magnificent marble pillars; and it is the only one of a vast number constructed by the Greek emperors which still exists as a cistern; but even of this the Turks take no care, and indeed scarcely know any thing about it; although, in the event of a siege, if the water, which is brought from a distance by aqueducts, should be cut off, their capital could not hold out for a week. The Ottomans have done nothing either to embellish or to keep in repair this imperial metropolis during the four hundred years they have held it. No stronger proof is wanting of their utter negligence, than the fact that the breach in the wall where the Turk entered, and in the ruins of which the last of the Paleologi was buried, remains a breach to this day.

This great city, of twelve or fourteen miles in circumference, densely studded with habitations, together with its suburbs of Pera, Galata, and Tophana, and a whole line of houses extending along the shore of the Bosphorus to Buyukdere, near the point of its exit from the Black Sea, was supposed to reckon, some eighteen or twenty years ago, a population of from seven to eight hundred thousand; made up of Turks, Greeks, Armenians, Copts, Egyptians, Jews, and a few European merchants; but the number is now said to be reduced to about five hundred thousand; not less than from three to four hundred thousand having perished from the plague, the Russian war, the massacre of the Janissaries, and the Greek insurrection, since the year 1812. The modes and customs of the master caste are singularly at variance with those of Christendom.

"Here the head is shaved, the beard unshorn; the men wear petticoats of cloth; the women trowsers of silk or cotton. Instead of a hat, a piece of muslin is twisted round the head; instead of a surcoat, a blanket is thrown across the shoulders; a carpet serves for a bed; a wooden bowl for a service of plate; a pewter tray for a table-cloth; fingers do for forks, and swords for carving knives. A man salutes without stooping, sits down without a chair, he is silent without reflection, and serious without sagacity. If you inquire after the health of his wife, it is at the hazard of your head; if you praise the beauty of his children, he suspects you of the evil eye. The name of the prophet is in every man's mouth, and the fear of God in few men's hearts. The women hide their faces, and heed not the exhibition of their bosoms; they glory in the lascivious evolutions of the *Alme*, and blush at the immodesty of an English woman without a veil. One would almost think there was a purposed

\* The following exquisite sonnet "To Constantinople," on approaching the city about sunrise from the sea of Marmora, occurs in a very interesting little volume, published two or three years ago, under the name of "Thoughts and Recollections by One of the last Century:"—

"A glorious form thy shining city wore,  
Mid cypress thickets of perennial green,  
With minaret, and golden dome between,  
While thy sea softly kiss'd its grassy shore.  
Darting across whose blue expanse was seen  
Of sculptured bargues and galleys many a score;  
Whence noise was none save that of plashing  
oar;

Nor word was spoke, to break the calm serene.  
Unheard is whisler'd boatman's hail or joke;  
Who, mute as Sinbad's man of copper, rows,  
And only intermits the sturdy stroke  
When fearless gull too nigh his pinnae goes.  
I, hardly conscious if I dream'd or woke,  
Mark'd that strange piece of action and repose."

hostility to all the modes and customs of Christendom."—*Madden*, vol. i., pp. 307, 308.

From Dr. Walsh we have the following observations on the same subject. They are as striking as just, and were suggested on the occasion of his travelling Turk being under the hands of a barber.

"The house next to the barber's shop was in progress of building, and there was a man writing down some inventory. All the persons I saw engaged were working in a manner opposite to our usage. The barber pushed the razor from him—ours draws it to him; the carpenter on the contrary, drew the saw to him, for all the teeth were set in—ours pushes it from him, for all the teeth are set out; the mason sat while he laid the stones—ours always stands; the scribe wrote on his hand, and from right to left—ours always writes on a desk or table, and from left to right; but the most ridiculous difference existed in the manner of building the house. We begin at the bottom and finish to the top: this house was a frame of wood, which the Turks began at the top; and the upper rooms were finished, and inhabited, while all below was like a lantern. However absurd these minutiae may appear to you, they are traits of Turkish character, which form, with other things, a striking peculiarity. It is now more than four centuries since they crossed the Hellespont, and transported themselves from Asia to Europe; during all that time they have been in constant contact with European habits and manners, and, at times, even penetrated as far as Vienna, and so occupied the very centre of Christendom. Yet, while all the people around them have been advancing in the march of improvement, in various ways, they have stood still; almost all the men who attempted to improve them have fallen victims to their temerity; the great body of them are, at this day, the same puerile, prejudiced, illiterate, intractable, stubborn race, that left the mountains of Asia; and so indisposed are they to amalgamate with us in any way, that they still preserve a marked distinction in the greatest as well as in the minutest things—not only in science and literature, but in the movement of a saw and a razor."—*Walsh*, p. 167—9.

Captain Frankland has thus grouped, and very well distinguished, the varied population of Constantinople.

"How describe the grave, majestic, and graceful Effendi Turk, with snow-white turban, jetty beard, sparkling and full eyes, long flowing caftan, scarlet trowsers, yellow boots, rich cashmere shawl round the waist, in which shone the glittering gilded handjar (dagger)—The light, gay, chattering, active, but cunning-looking Greek, distinguished by his short chin, black turban, enormously large but short trowsers, bare legs, and black shoes—The grave but respectful Armenian, with his calpac of black felt, swelling like a balloon upon his head; he too wears the long robe of the Turk, but in his girdle the silver ink-horn supplies the place of the handjar, and his feet are clothed in the crimson slipper or boot. Next comes the despised and humiliated Jew, whose sallow countenance, contracted eyebrow, sunken eye, and quivering lip, are the characteristics of his

nation all over the world; his head bent downwards, as if by the weight of tyranny and the everlasting sin of his tribe, is surmounted by a blue turban, and his slippers are of the same colour. With these are seen the high taper calpac of the Tartar, the melon-shaped head-piece of the Nizam Djedid, the gray felt conical cap of the Inaam and Dervish, and occasionally the ungraceful hat of the Frank, with its concomitant angular, rectilinear, bebuttoned and mean-looking costume of Europe."—*Frankland*, vol. i., pp. 95, 96.

"It has been a long disputed question," says Mr. Madden, "whether the Greeks or Turks are the best people; but the question should have been, which of them is the worst; for I would be inclined to say, from my own experience, that the Greeks, as a nation, are the least estimable people in the world, with the exception of the Turks, who are still less to be admired." This is a slashing way of settling a question of this sort. When this young man speaks of the Greeks "as a nation," he ought to have recollected that, for four centuries past, they have ceased to be a nation, and existed only as the oppressed slaves of most barbarous and tyrannical masters. The Greeks, therefore, can hardly as yet be considered as having any national character; and the Turks, bad as that is, includes some qualities, which travellers of a higher order than this have thought not unworthy "to be admired." The fastidious Mr. Madden himself admits that the Turk is charitable to the poor, attentive to the sick, and kind to his domestics; but then on the other hand, he describes him as perfidious to his friends, treacherous to his enemies, and thankless to his benefactors; the rulers are rapacious, the magistrates corrupt, and the people wretched: no less than eight cases of poisoning had fallen under his own observation; human life in Turkey is of the least value; and of all roads to honour and ambition, murder is deemed the most secure. "I sat," said he, "beside a Candiote Turk at dinner, who boasted of having killed eleven men in cold blood; and the society of this assassin was courted by the cousin of the reis effendi, at whose house I met him, because he was a man of courage." Mr. Madden, we presume, speaks Arabic or Turkish: we make this observation, as we find him conversing glibly in every page with Turks and Arabs, who are wholly unacquainted with any other language than their own.

"The Turks (he says) are generally considered to be honest than the Greeks, and in point of fact, they are, or at least appear so; they are certainly less mendacious, and are too clumsy to practise chicanery to advantage. Their probity, however, depends not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on the want of talent to deceive. I never found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then I never knew a Greek who was not unnecessarily and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in his manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty; he is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so gauche in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest."—*Madden*, vol. i. pp. 31, 32.

We can tell him, however, that every British officer, who has had to do with a Turk, will bear testimony that, without "constraint," the word of a Turk is inviolable. But Mr. Madden writes for effect. The following is no bad specimen of that vein: it is a caricature, but at the same time characteristic of the two parties, and descriptive, pretty nearly of what we know to have actually occurred in a particular battle of the Mahomedans and Greeks:—

"After the dreadful note of preparation had long been heard, he (the traveller) would find the two armies in the field, and at a convenient distance from each other; he would find the Greeks, who are the most religious people in the world, posted probably behind a church; he would observe the Ottomans, who are the best soldiers in the world for a siege, affording their lines the shelter of a wood, or perhaps of a wall; and he would expect to hear the thunders of the artillery commence; but would he hear them without a parley? Oh, no! the ground is classic, and like the worthies of Homer, the hostile heroes must abuse one another first; he would hear the noble Moslems magnanimously roaring, 'Come on, ye uncircumcised giazurs! we have your mothers for our slaves. May the birds of heaven defile your fathers' heads; come on, ye Caffres!' Then would he hear the descendants of Thémistocles, nowise intimidated, vociferating, 'Approach, ye turbaned dogs! Come and see us making wadding of your Koran; look at us trampling on your faith, and giving pork to your daughters!' Greatly edified with such a prelude to the horrors of the war, he would at last hear two or three hundred random shots, but he would look for the armies, and he would not see them; he would observe stones flying, when the ammunition failed; and at night, when the carnage ceased, he would hardly know whether to be astonished most at the cool intrepidity of the warlike Turks, or at the great discretion of the patriotic Greeks. And he would seek the returns of the killed and wounded; and what with the bursting of guns, and some unlucky shots, he would find half a dozen killed on either side: and he would see the classic Greeks wrangling over the bodies of their own people for the dead men's shirts; and he would observe the amiable Turks cutting off the ears of their fallen countrymen, to send to Constantinople as trophies from the heads of their enemies. And if he went to Napoli di Romania he would hear a Greek Te Deum chanted in thanksgiving for the victory over God's enemies; or he would return by Constantinople, and hear the Prophet glorified from the mosque, for the overthrow of the infidels; at all events, he would be sure, on his arrival in England, to read in *The Times* of 'the great victory achieved by the struggling Greeks,' and in *The Courier*, of the signal defeat the Grecian rebels had just sustained. And after the gentleman had wept or laughed at the follies of mankind, he would have leisure to contemplate the arrogance of the Turks, the effrontery of the Greeks, and the cowardice of both."—vol. i. p. 74—77.

We by no means agree with Mr. Madden, that such "a spectacle," as he has here described, warrants his conclusion that Turks can  
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never become "good citizens or good soldiers."

Men are what they are made by their rulers; and if Mahmoud, and the mufti, and the oulemas, could by any possibility have agreed cordially to unite their efforts, it was at one time fully in their power to accomplish both. There can be no question, however, that of all the nations of the European world, the Turks are the least enlightened, and as yet, have shown themselves the least capable of improvement, either in arts, sciences, religion, or morals. The Koran is the only book they read; and by this they are supposed to regulate their civil, their moral, and their religious conduct; but the purest of its precepts are either neglected, or perverted to the worst of purposes. The book itself is not very much in fault. There are to be found in the Koran as sound precepts of morality, as sublime expressions of the power and the attributes of the Deity, as are to be met with in the Bible: indeed, its beauties, and these are not few, are plagiarisms from that sacred volume. The mufti and the oulemas—the high priest, and the administrators of the laws,—are its expounders; and they are entitled at least to the merit of enforcing those precepts of the Koran which regard duty to God and implicit obedience to the sovereign; but—what is not enjoined by the Koran—they are equally zealous in inculcating hatred, intolerance, and persecution of all who reject the faith of Mahomet: thus converting religion, which ought to be an affair between man and his Maker, into the cruellest instrument of vengeance and oppression.

Of countries making any pretensions to civilization, the two wherein the grossest ignorance besets the whole community, are China, and the empire of the Sublime Porte; and for this reason—neither of them allow their subjects, as far as they can prevent it, to acquire the least knowledge of any foreign language; and they can, therefore, have no intellectual intercourse or communion with nations more advanced than themselves. Hence, the Chinese says and believes, that, while he sees with both eyes, the rest of the world are blind, though he allows the Jesuits, who regulated his national calendar, to have had a glimmering with one eye. And hence the Turk, taught to despise all other nations as inferior, looks down with contempt on the rest of the world, and is ready to bestow a malediction on his own countrymen who should degrade themselves by attempting to learn any Christian tongue.

At one of the post-houses where Dr. Walsh halted, were some Turks smoking and drinking coffee. He had occasion to ask his driver, who spoke English, some question in that language; the man did not answer, and on his repeating it in a louder voice, left the room, evidently in extraordinary trepidation. He afterwards told his master that, had he uttered a word of any language but Turkish, he could not say to what violence it might have exposed them both.

"This determined hostility to knowledge is, perhaps, the most extraordinary trait in the Turkish character. It is hardly possible to conceive a people priding themselves on being ignorant, and despising those who are not so.

The Turks, in their intercourse with



foreign nations, are always obliged to use *rayahs* as interpreters. The important function of dragoman to the Porte was always performed by Greeks till the late insurrection; and when the Turks thought they could no longer confide in them, there could not be found in the empire one of themselves capable or willing to hold a communication in a foreign language, and they were obliged to confer the situation on a Jew. They have since that, however, established a seminary for the instruction of a few young Turks in different Frank languages, that they may be able to undertake and discharge a duty so important and confidential, and no longer depend on the suspicious fidelity of strangers. This tardy and reluctant adoption of a measure so indispensable, is a strong proof of the pertinacity with which they adhere to ancient prejudices, which no one but a man of the energetic character of the present sultan could dare to oppose, or oppose with any effect."—*Walsb*, p. 151-153.

The insolence and contempt with which this haughty nation has been permitted to treat foreigners, are strongly marked in the mode of reception by the sultan at the public audience given to an ambassador. This is well described by Madden, though we suspect, as usual, a little caricatured.

"Nothing can exceed the ambition of the people of the embassy to attend the ambassador, in their laced coats, at his audience with the sultan; and nothing can equal the absurdity of that ceremony except its humiliation. The French have the priority in all public audiences. The ambassador proceeds with his credentials to the Porte, passes through a large square thronged with soldiers, then through a garden where it is arranged the soldiers should, at that time, receive their pillaw, to astonish the infidels with the vastness of the sultan's bounty. He next enters the divan, where a principal officer sits in great state on a splendid sofa, with a *cadilesker* on either side. Some cause here undergoes a mock trial, to prove to the unbelievers that his imperial highness is just, as well as generous; a number of money bags, containing *paras* (the fourth of farthings), are pompously displayed for the payment of the troops, to show the *giaours* the inexhaustible wealth of the grand signior. The officer in waiting now writes a letter to the sultan, stating that 'a *giaour*, an ambassador, comes to throw himself at his highness's feet;' and to this the sultan graciously replies, 'Feed and clothe the infidel, and let him come.' The infidel is accordingly fed, gets a good dinner, and during it, the sultan is peeping through a lattice at his guests, where his person is hardly visible. The infidel is next clothed with a *caftan*, as are also a portion of his followers, who proceed to the audience chamber, where the arms of the ambassador are laid hold of by two assistants, and thus pinioned, he is led before the sultan, and his body as much bowed as the force of the officers holding him admits of. The sultan sits on a bed-shaped throne, ornamented with black velvet and precious stones; his dress has nothing peculiar to his station, but the diamond *aigrette* and feather in his turban, and the diamond girdle round his loins. The ambassador

having bowed, remains covered, and makes his speech in French; the *drogueman* translates it; and then the principal officer of the sultan replies, and this reply is again given in French to the ambassador. During the ceremony, the sultan hardly deigns to look at the ambassador, or even to notice him on his retiring. The infidels are then forced out of the presence, with their faces to the throne. At the outer gate a richly caparisoned horse is presented to the ambassador; and the trappings, which are principally of silver, are, some time after, sold to an Armenian, who sells them again to the Porte for a future present. I saw the French ambassador's present thus disposed of. Such is the degradation which we suffer our ambassadors to undergo, being even stripped of their swords before they are admitted to the presence of the haughty sultan."—*Madden*, vol. i. p. 106-108.

The audience recently given to Sir Robert Gordon was, at any rate, very different from that which is here described.

From the same author we learn how a Turkish gentleman conducts himself when he leaves his harem and goes abroad:—

"The grandee perambulates with an amber rosary dangling from his wrist; he looks neither to the right nor to the left; the corpse of a *Rayah* attracts not his attention; the head of a slaughtered Greek he passes by unnoticed; he causes the trembling Jew to retire at his approach; he only shuffles the unwary Frank who goes along, it is too troublesome to kick him! He reaches the coffee-house before noon; an abject Christian salaams him to the earth, spreads the newest mat for the Effendi, presents the richest cup, and cringes by his side to kiss the hem of his garment, or, at least, his hand. The coffee peradventure is not good; the Effendi storms—the poor Armenian trembles; he swears by his father's beard he made the very best; in all probability he gets the cup at his head, and a score of maledictions, not on himself, but on his mother. A friend of the Effendi enters, and after ten minutes repose they salute, and exchange salaams. A most interesting conversation is carried on by monosyllables at half hour intervals. The grandee exhibits an English pen-knife; his friend examines it back and blade, smokes another pipe, and exclaims, 'God is great.' . . . Pistols are next produced, their value is an eternal theme, and no other discussion takes place till a grave old priest begins to expatiate on the temper of his sword. A learned *Ulema*, a theologian and a lawyer (for here chicanery and religion go hand in hand), at length talks of astronomy and politics, how the sun shines in the east and in the west, and every where he shines, how he beams on a land of Mussulmans; how all the Padishaws of Europe pay tribute to the sultan; and how the *giaours* of England are greater people than the infidels of France, because they make better penknives and finer pistols; how the Dey of Algiers made a prisoner of the English admiral, in the late engagement; and, after destroying his fleet, consented to release him, on condition of paying an annual tribute; and how the Christian ambassadors came, like dogs, to the footstool of the sultan, to feed on



his imperial bounty. After this edifying piece of history, the Effendi takes his leave, with the pious ejaculation of 'Mashalla,' 'How wonderful is God!' the waiter bows him out, overpowered with gratitude for the third part of an English farthing, and the proud Effendi returns to his harem: he walks with becoming dignity along; perhaps a merryandrew, playing off his buffooneries, catches his eye,—he looks, but his spirit smiles not; his gravity is invincible, he waddles onward, like a porpoise cast on shore: it is evident that nature intended him not for a pedestrian animal, and that he looks with contempt on his locomotive organs."—*vol. i. p. 20-22.*

The women are, if possible, more ignorant and more disposed to insult foreigners than the men. There is scarcely one of these amiable creatures, even of those belonging to the *seraglio*, who can either read or write. Whether wives or concubines, however, they are said to be faithful to their lords; owing, perhaps, in a certain degree, to the knowledge that the detection of a single imprudent act would lead inevitably to a sack and the Bosphorus. To their husbands, therefore, or their masters, they are most submissive; but God help the unlucky Christian who may happen to cross the path of a Turkish lady of condition as she goes with her retinue to the bath. "I have had the honour," says Mr. Madden, "of being insulted by ladies of rank far more frequently than by any other women. The fanaticism of females is in a ratio with their quality; and hence it is from them chiefly a Frank passenger has to expect such gentle maledictions as 'May the plague fall on your house!—May the foul birds defile your beardless chin!—May she who would marry you be childless!'" Captain Frankland tells us that, while he was employed with his pencil in sketching, some young Turkish girls came behind and tipped his hat off his head, then spat in his face, and concluded by assailing him with earth and stones. Some Greek ladies, who had seen what was passing, came up, and said to him, "Ah, Signor! son cattiva gente, gente barbara, canaglia—non turbative, Signor, son maladetta gente, senza fede." On another occasion, a party of Turkish women, on perceiving a Frank lady with whom he was walking, wearing a green veil, abused her with the most insulting language. "I am sorry to say," the Captain observes, "that I generally found the fair sex much more intractable than the other."

The streets of Constantinople swarm with half-famished and masterless dogs, which are suffered to prowl about without any molestation on the part of the Turks. These barbarians are said, indeed, to derive amusement when any of these ferocious animals make an attack on the passing Franks, whom they seem to distinguish, and against whom they are as inveterate as the turbaned themselves. "I can safely say," says Madden, "I have never once passed through the *bazaars* without having the dogs set on me by the men; without having stones pelted at me by boys; or being spit upon by the women, and being cursed as an infidel and a *caffre* by all!" One fellow, he says, observed, when a dog worried him, "it

was fitting that one dog should fatten on another."

Next to the Turks, the Jews are represented as the fiercest and most fanatical race in Constantinople; "persecution and suffering," says Dr. Walsh, "have not taught them moderation, and they pursue, even to death, any apostate from their own doctrines." Their repugnance to Christians, and more particularly to the Greeks, displays itself on all occasions. When the late venerable Patriarch was hanged by the Turks, the Jews volunteered their services to drag his corpse, by the cord with which he was strangled, through the streets to the sea. It was this that incensed the Greeks to revenge themselves on every Jew that fell in their way, at the commencement of their insurrection, with the most dreadful cruelties. The hatred of these two classes of unfortunate persons is mutual. The Greeks of Constantinople are firmly persuaded that the Jews are in the habit of purloining children and sacrificing them, as paschal lambs.

The following story seems to carry us back to the days of the Prioress's Tale, and

—"Yonge Hew of Lincoln, slain also  
With cursed Jews, as it is notable."

"I was one day (says Walsh) at Galata, when a great commotion was excited. The child of a Greek merchant had disappeared, and no one could give any account of it. It was a beautiful boy, and it was imagined it had been taken by a Turk or slave: after some time, however, the body was found in the Bosphorus; its legs and arms were bound, and certain wounds on its side indicated that it had been put to death in some extraordinary manner, and for some extraordinary purpose. Suspicion immediately fell upon the Jews; and as it was just after their paschal feast, suspicion, people said, was confirmed to a certainty. Nothing could be discovered to give a clue to the perpetrators, but the story was universally talked of, and generally believed, all over Pera."—*p. 13.*

When the Jews were driven out of Spain, they received in different parts of the Ottoman empire that protection which Christians had denied them; and some forty or fifty thousand found an asylum in Constantinople, where they are favourably distinguished from the Greeks. The latter are denominated *Yeshir*, or slaves, as holding their lives on sufferance ever since they were forfeited at the taking of Constantinople: but the Jews are called *Mousaphir*, or visitors, because they voluntarily sought an asylum; and are treated, comparatively, with kindness and hospitality. Dr. Walsh mentions, as another promotive of good will, a certain assimilation between the religious opinions and observances of the Hebrews and Moslems; their strict theism—their practice of circumcision—their abhorrence of swine's flesh—even their oriental reading from right to left. Hitherto, therefore, the Jews have been held by the Turks in a degree of consideration superior to what they meet with in any Christian country: but longer they cannot escape the rapacity of the government. Hitherto the Turkish population has chiefly subsisted on the industry of the Christian

*rayahs*, or subjects; but, as Madden observes, that resource is rapidly failing them. The greater number and the most respectable of the Greeks of the *Panal* have been massacred; the labouring classes have diminished all over the empire; the Franks are no longer that source of wealth they were formerly; the rich Greek merchant of Turkey no longer exists; the Armenian bankers have been plundered, and most of their countrymen sent into exile; the revenues of the Morea and the islands are irretrievably lost; and the pashas of the provinces send to the Porte complaints of the wretched condition of the people under their rule, instead of tribute. The Jews, therefore, alone remain to be plundered of the wealth which, by their industry, ingenuity, and, perhaps, a little extortion, they have accumulated through the ignorance and the indolence of the Turks. The present sultan Mahmoud has already set an example of what they may expect. On the execution of a great enemy of the late Ali Pasha of Albania, and a favourite minister of the sultan, named Halet Effendi, his property, as usual, was sequestered for the use of the state, and secured through the intervention of a Hebrew banker, of the name of Hezekiel, appointed for that purpose: by his account the produce was rendered in at five millions of piastres; "but this," says Mr. Walsh, "was not deemed sufficient, and the wretched Jew was put to the torture; which was applied till he disgorged three millions more;" the sum, therefore, acquired from the Jew, by the death of this favourite minister, amounted to eight millions of piastres, or about three hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Insolent and contemptuous, as well as cruel and oppressive, as is the treatment which the Christians meet with, it is remarkable how tenaciously they cling to the capital, and with what reluctance they leave it even when death is staring them in the face. The fact is, the extreme indolence of the Turk has thrown almost the whole trade and manufactures, and money concerns, into the hands of foreigners. They know from dear experience that they are at all times subject to the rapacity of the grand signior and his ministers; but neither insults nor robberies, nor the *bastinado*, can induce them to quit a place where they are pretty sure, if let alone for a time, once more to recruit their finances.

"During the Greek revolution, the *Rayahs* in Constantinople, who escaped the first massacre, could not refrain from returning to the city that was yet reeking with the blood of their families. A friend of mine met two of the principal Greeks of the *Panal*, walking with great composure in Pera, the evening of the day that their houses had been broken into to drag them to death; they had escaped through a window: and this gentleman offered to put them aboard an English vessel, disguised as sailors, and thus ensure their safety. They refused; they could not bring themselves to leave the shores of the Bosphorus: they were both beheaded next day. Others went away for a few days and then returned, owning it was impossible to live out of Constantinople, though they knew they had been denounced, and every one of them was taken

and put to death. I had instances of this kind within my own experience."—Madden, vol. i. pp. 160, 161.

The respectable Greeks, however, have nearly disappeared from Constantinople, and the most useful, and, as would appear, unoffending Armenian community has been all but annihilated; in the winter of 1827, some eight or ten thousand were at once banished into Asia, by a capricious, and, Macfarlane says, a still inexplicable act of tyranny. There was a time when these people were considered so necessary a class, that they used to call them the camels of the Osmanlee state. Mr. Madden, who seems to consider all mankind as rogues or fools, is pleased to designate the Armenian as a "designing knave." "In the language of the country," he says, (but we have expressed our doubt of his knowledge of that language,) "it requires one Copt, two Greeks, and three Jews to defraud an Armenian; he is as wily as the serpent, yet his cunning is but the supersubtle wisdom of a slave, who defeats rapacity by finesse, and violence by craft." Captain Frankland found the Armenians in Turkey "grave but respectful," and their females "quiet and unobtrusive;" and we prefer taking their character at his hands rather than those of Mr. Madden. We have observed that the expulsion of the Armenians, the Greek insurrection, the murder and deportation of the Janissaries and their families, and the drain occasioned by the Russian war, have thinned the capital of its population; but it is not in Constantinople alone that are exhibited the melancholy memorials of the rapid decline of the Turkish empire; these are but too visible in the ruined towns and villages throughout the provinces, and in the almost total neglect of agriculture.

"We now entered the plain" (it is Mr. Walsh who speaks) "that surrounds Constantinople, and passed the ancient Imperial Kiosk of Dand Pash, where the armies generally assemble for any expedition against the Christians, and from whence they are dismissed by the sultan, who repairs here in person for the purpose. Near this place the eye could command an extensive view of the country on all sides. The first and most striking impression was the exceeding solitude that reigned every where around. We were within a few hundred yards of the walls of an immense metropolis, where seven hundred thousand people lived together; but if we were at the same distance only from the ruins of Palmyra, we could not have witnessed more silence and desolation. A single team of buffaloes, dragging an araba, or a solitary horseman scarcely visible on the horizon, were the only objects that indicated the existence of social life close by the great city."—pp. 103, 104.

The following statement from the pen of the same writer exhibits a condensed, and, we believe, a very accurate view.

"I had now travelled more than three hundred miles through the Turkish dominions in Europe, from their capital to the last town of their Empire. When I contemplated the extent of territory, the fertility of the soil, the cattle and corn it produced, and its interminable capability of producing more; the large

cities of Adrianople, Shumla, Rutchuk, and the multitude of villages scattered over the country; when I considered the despotic government that had absolute power over all these resources, to direct them in whatever manner, and to whatever extent; and that this was but a small portion of the vast empire which extended over three parts of the globe;—it seemed as if the Turkish power was as a sleeping lion, which had only to rouse itself and crush its opponents. But when, on the other hand, I saw the actual state of this fine country,—its resources neglected, its fields lying waste, its towns in ruins, its population decaying, and not only the traces of human labour, but of human existence, every day becoming obliterated; in fine, when I saw all the people about them advancing in the arts of civilized life, while they alone were stationary, and the European Turk of this day differing little from his Asiatic ancestor, except only in having lost the fierce energy which then pushed him on;—when I considered this, I was led to conclude that the lion did not sleep, but was dying, and after a few violent convulsions would never rise again. . . . The circumstances most striking to a traveller passing through Turkey is its depopulation. Ruins, where villages had been built, and fallows where land had been cultivated, are frequently seen, with no living things near them.”—p. 221.

It is pretty much the same in all the provinces and pashalicks. Some of the most fertile regions of the globe, for such are Bulgaria, Wallachia, and Moldavia, are desolated by plague, pestilence, and foreign invasion, but mostly by the exactions and oppression of the worst government in existence. Among other instances of the total ignorance of the plainest principles of political economy, it may be mentioned that the enormous waste of life in the capital is systematically supplied, by compelling thousands of whole families to leave their homes and rural pursuits for that great den of wretchedness: which, after all, is in no danger of being overstocked; for, as Dr. Walsh has observed, the Turks, naturally of a robust and vigorous constitution, addict themselves to habits by no means favourable to population; “their sedentary life, the practice of polygamy, the immoderate use of opium, and other indulgences, so impede the usual increase of families, that the births do little more than compensate the ordinary deaths, and are unable to supply the waste of casualties.” Thus are the blessings of a mild climate, a fertile soil, and a beautiful country, rendered nugatory, and both the capital and the provinces left in a state of decay and depopulation by the measures of a government as ignorant as tyrannical. The native peasantry of Moldavia, Wallachia and Bulgaria have, under all circumstances, been described as a quiet, unoffending, and industrious people. According to Mr. Walsh, a more striking contrast cannot well be conceived than that which is afforded between a Turkish and a native peasant, as they are found in the province of Bulgaria.

“Of all the peasantry I have ever met with, the Bulgarians seem the most simple, kind, and affectionate; forming a striking contrast with the rude and brutal Turks, who are mixed

among them, but distinguished by the strongest traits of character. On the roads we frequently met groups of both, always separate, but employed in the same avocations: the Turks were known by turbans, sashes, pistols, and yatigans; but still more by a ferocity of aspect, a rude assumption of demeanour, and a careless kind of contempt, that at once repulsed and disgusted us. They never turned their buffaloes or arubas out of the way to let us pass, or showed the smallest wish to be civil or obliging; on the contrary, were pleased if they pushed us into a bog in the narrow road, or entangled us among trees or bushes. Any accommodation in houses was out of the question: if we approached one for a drink of milk or water, we ran the hazard of being stabbed or shot. The Bulgarians were distinguished by caps of brown sheep-skin; jackets of cloth, made of the wool, undyed, of dark brown sheep, which their wives spin and weave; white cloth trousers, and sandals of raw leather, drawn under the sole, and laced with thongs over the instep; and they carried neither pistol nor yatigan, nor any other weapon of offence: but they were still more distinguished by their countenance and demeanour. The first is open, artless, and benevolent; and the second is so kind and cordial, that every one we met seemed to welcome us as friends. Whenever their buffaloes or arubas stopped up the way, they were prompt to turn them aside; and whenever they saw us embarrassed, or obliged to get out of the road, they were eager to show us it was not their fault. Their houses were always open to us, and our presence was a kind of jubilee to the family; the compensation we gave scarcely deserved the name, and I am disposed to think, if not offered, would not be asked for.”—*Walsh*, pp. 200, 201.

“The Christian who has money among the Osmanlis, need seldom have any fear,” says Burckhardt in his quaint style,—“except of losing it.” Wo, then, to the poor *rayah*, i. e. Christian subject, or, as the term would seem to be understood by the Turks, slave. However circumspect in his conduct, he is never secure against extortion: if he leaves a door open at night; if his wife wears a veil like that used by a Turkish woman, or a pair of slippers of a different colour from those that are allowed; if he be seen talking to a Turkish woman after dark, or any of his family looking out of their window into the court yard of a Turkish neighbour, and for many other imputed offences equally frivolous, he subjects himself to be torn out of his bed, carried before a *cadi*, and may think himself lucky if he escape the *bastinado* by the payment of a few hundred piastres. This punishment of the *bastinado* is inflicted on the soles of the feet with the thong of a thick hide, and is sometimes carried to such an extent as to prove fatal. Among the many odd stories told by Aaron Hill, there is one of an English merchant being taken by a Turk before the *cadi* for indiscreetly saying something offensive to him in the Turkish language, who, having refused to disburse, was ordered immediately to be *bastinadoed*. The merchant pleaded gout, with which at the time he was sorely afflicted, but in vain; he

was compelled to undergo the excruciating torment, which, he concluded, would bring on a mortification and end his days. Contrary, however, to his apprehensions, the gout left him and never returned; and so grateful was he for this service, that ever afterwards his first toast after dinner was to the health of the doctor who cured him of the gout. Poison, decapitation, strangulation by the bowstring, breaking the neck by letting fall on it a beam of wood, are common modes of punishment among the Turks. Stabbing with the yatigan is also not uncommon, when the devoted victim is doomed to fall a sudden sacrifice to treachery.

There is unquestionably no nation in the world among whom human life is less regarded, and none where it is so frequently taken away by treachery under the mask of courtesy and friendship. Turkish history abounds with innumerable instances where perfidy and politeness may be considered as synonymous. Ali Pasha of Yanina had long warded off the fatal blow, which he knew was aimed at him by the Sublime Porte. An Albanian chief was one of the many who had been despatched with a firman for that purpose. Ali had reason to suspect, while courtesies and civilities were passing between them, that the fatal document was concealed in the sleeve of his pelisse. He praised the beauty and elegance of the garment worn by his guest, and, as a particular mark of friendship, insisted on a mutual exchange of robes, which could not be refused according to Turkish etiquette, and having thus got possession of the fatal instrument, forthwith turned the blow that was designed for himself against the intended executioner. Ali, however, at length met with his match in Mahomed Pasha, the governor of the Morea.

"They held together a long conversation of a very confidential nature, and mutual attachment seemed to be established. . . . Mohamed rose to depart, with expressions of affectionate goodwill on both sides. As they were of the same rank, they rose at the same moment from the divan on which they were sitting, and the Pasha of the Morea, as he was retiring, made a low and ceremonial reverence: the Pasha of Yanina returned it with the same profound inclination of the body; but before he could recover himself again, Mohamed drew his yatigan from his girdle, and plunged it into the back of his host with such force, that it passed completely through his heart and out at his left breast. Ali fell dead at his feet, and his assassin immediately left the chamber with the bloody yatigan in his hand, and announced to those abroad, that he had now ceased to exist. Some soldiers of Mohamed entered the apartment, severed the head from the body, and, bringing it outside, held it up to their own comrades and the soldiers of Ali, as the head of a traitor."—*Walsh*, p. 60—62.

Mr. Walsh states a curious fact with regard to this venerable head, which was sent to Constantinople, and exhibited to the public on a dish. As the name of Ali had made a considerable noise in Europe, and more particularly in England, in consequence of his negotiations

with Sir Thomas Maitland, and still more, perhaps, the stanzas in Childe Harold, a merchant of Constantinople thought it would be no bad speculation to purchase the head and dish, and send them to London for exhibition; but a former confidential agent obtained it from the public executioner for a higher price than the merchant had offered; and together with the heads of his three sons and grandson, who, according to custom, were all seized and decapitated, had them deposited near one of the city gates, with a tombstone and inscription.

Old Mahomet Ali of Egypt has probably had more emissaries despatched to effect his destruction than any pasha on record, but he has hitherto been crafty enough to escape. Two or three times he is said to have been marked out for death, on account of his reluctance to join in the Greek war; but he had his spies in Constantinople, and probably in the seraglio, by means of whom he baffled the attempts of the emissaries, taking special care none of them should return to Constantinople to report their good or ill success. For a long time he contrived to keep out of the war, on the plea that his troops were employed in subduing the Wahabees, and repressing the rebellious Mamelukes, and the people of Dongala; and at the same time he endeavoured to soothe the Sultan by large donations of money. On one occasion, his agent here purchased the Pitt or the Pigot diamond (we are not sure which) from Rundell and Bridge, for which were paid some thirty thousand pounds, and this valuable jewel was sent as a peace-offering to the sublime Sultan Mahmoud: one of our gallant admirals, about to proceed to the Mediterranean, carried it down to Portsmouth in his waistcoat pocket. The following story, which Captain Frankland was told by Lady Hester Stanhope, is quite in character, and worthy of the sagacity of the Egyptian pasha.

"At length the Sultan Mahmoud resolved upon adopting a scheme, so cleverly devised, and involved in such impenetrable secrecy, that it was impossible it could fail of success. He had in the imperial harem a beautiful Georgian slave, whose innocence and beauty fitted her, in the Sultan's eyes, for the atrocious act of perfidy of which she was to be the unsuspecting agent. The belief in talismans is still prevalent throughout the east; and perhaps even the enlightened Mahmoud himself is not superior to the rest of his nation in matters of traditional superstition. He sent one day for the fair Georgian, and affecting a great love for her person, and desire to advance her interests, told her, that it was his imperial will to send her to Egypt, as a present to Mehmet Ali, whose power and riches were as unbounded as the regions over which he held the sway of a sovereign prince, second to no one in the universe but to himself, the great padishah. He observed to her, how much happiness would fall to her lot, if she could contrive to captivate the affections of the master for whom he designed her; that she would become, as it were, the queen of Egypt, and would reign over boundless empires. But, in order to ensure to her so desirable a consummation of his imperial wishes for her welfare and happiness,

he would present her with a talisman, which he then placed upon her finger. 'Watch,' said he, 'a favourable moment, when the pasha is lying on your bosom, to drop this ring into a glass of water, which, when he shall have drank, will give you the full possession of his affections, and render him your captive for ever.' The unsuspecting Georgian eagerly accepted the lot which was offered to her, and, dazzled by its promised splendour, determined upon following the instructions of the Sultan to the very letter. In the due course of time she arrived at Cairo, with a splendid suite, and many slaves, bearing rich presents. Mehmet Ali's spies had, however, contrived to put him on his guard. Such a splendid demonstration of esteem from his imperial master alarmed him for his safety. He would not suffer the fair Georgian to see the light of his countenance; but after some detention in Cairo, made a present of her to his intimate friend, Bilal Aga, the governor of Alexandria, of whom, by the bye, the pasha had long been jealous. The poor Georgian having lost a pasha, thought she must do her best to captivate her aga, and administered to him the fatal draught, in the manner Sultan Mahmoud had designed for Mehmet Ali. The Aga fell dead upon the floor. The Georgian shrieked and clapped her hands: in rushed the eunuchs of the harem, and bore out the dead body of their master."—*Frankland*, vol. ii. p. 146—149.

It is not easy to conceive in what manner the Sultan contrived to carry on the war against Russia so long as he did. He is not, as is generally the case with other European powers, in a condition to borrow money, without which the most rigid and unrelenting despotism cannot long find the means of supporting large armies in the field. The haratch, or poll-tax, and all the taxes and duties levied on his own subjects, with the *aramia*, or forced contributions extorted from the rayahs, amount but to a mere trifle; and since the Greek insurrection, and the banishment of the Armenians, the levies on what used to be the most productive classes must have dwindled to a very inconsiderable sum. A very large portion of the revenue was drawn from the industry and ingenuity of the Christian subjects, from which the Turkish population of Constantinople might be said almost wholly to derive their subsistence. These and the Jews, in fact, carried on most of the branches of trade and commerce; the Turks contented themselves with exercising the petty crafts of tailors, shoemakers, pipemakers, and a few others of the same kind—rarely engaging in commercial pursuits or transactions—only too happy to lounge at home, to smoke their pipe, chew opium, or sip coffee, from morning till night, and insult those on whose industry they had to depend for their daily bread. The great decrease, we might almost say the annihilation, of these productive labourers, as described by Dr. Walsh, must be felt severely both by the people and the government. Not only, therefore, must the amount of the regular taxes be diminished, but, to a great extent, those extraordinary resources must also have failed, which were supplied from the impolitic practice of putting to death an official or other

person supposed to be wealthy, in order to get at his property.

The provinces of Moldavia, Wallachia, and Bulgaria, were nearly exhausted before the war, and must now be completely so. Even Roumelia, close to the capital, is, as we have already observed, reduced to a state of desolation. The pashas of Syria and Arabia can scarcely extort sufficient money from the wretched inhabitants to support their own beggarly state; and the Wachabees are again in force, and nothing to resist their progress. The holy city sends nothing to the Porte but its grievances and complaints. The pasha of Egypt has taken advantage of the fallen condition of the Porte, has refused to send him either oxen or money, and has given him to understand pretty clearly what his condition is, by discharging every Turk from his army, and supplying their places with Copts and Arabs; that army is said to amount to sixty thousand men. The four Barbary states owe but a nominal allegiance, and we believe contribute nothing to the finances of Turkey. Asia Minor, that once populous and fertile territory, is now almost a desert, and its capital and the sea coast are in the hands of the Russians. That part of Greece which was always the most productive is now free from the Turks; and Servia, Bosnia, and Albania, contribute very little, if any thing, but a few undisciplined soldiers,—which, as we have seen, could not be depended on. The islands are completely exhausted. Candia is still torn in pieces by the conflicting parties of Turks and Greeks, who, being nearly equally balanced, cannot be prevailed on to cease hostilities; the forests of olives (its chief resource) have been wantonly destroyed by both parties. That most lovely of islands, Scio, the delight and admiration of all who visited it, with its happy and interesting population,—happy and contented even under the Turks,—is now reduced from about one hundred thousand to fifteen thousand inhabitants. The enchanting picture drawn by Dr. Chandler of this lovely island—the beauty of its women; their gay and becoming dress; their frank and cheerful demeanour; the mountain slopes clothed with vines; the groves of orange, lemon, and citron trees, perfuming the air with the odour of their blossoms, and delighting the eye with their golden fruit; the myrtles and jasmynes scattered among the palms, and the cypresses and the olive trees; the glittering white houses, and the industrious and contented inhabitants—are now wasted, faded, and gone, and the gay and brilliant picture changed to one of desolation.

If it be said that the Porte is not the only government which has treated its rebellious subjects with severity, it will at least be admitted that the Greeks were fully justified in their attempts to free themselves from that greatest and most galling of evils—a state of slavery. Insulted, plundered, murdered, by their despotic masters, who have nothing in common with the rest of Europeans, and are destitute of every feeling of humanity, it is only surprising they should have quietly borne the yoke so long. In short, it must be admitted to be but too true, as Captain Frankland



says, "that the Ottoman nation is the bitterest enemy to the human race, and the severest scourge that ever was sent by Providence to chastise mankind."

"From the banks of the Danube to the shores of the Propontis, the traveller will find abundant cause to reason in this manner. He will see fertile provinces lying waste, well inhabited cities of the dead, but desolate and ruined abodes of the living. He will see the remains of the arts, and the civilization of a former and a better age, and but few marks of the present era, save such as denote barbarism and decay. The few towns that he will meet with in his long and dreary journey, are rapidly falling into ruin, and the only road (the great means of civilization) now existing, and which can put in any claim to such an appellation, is either of the Roman age, or that of the great Sultan Solymán, but even this pavement is now almost worse than nothing. Wherever the Osmanli has trod, devastation and ruin mark his steps, civilization and the arts have fled, and made room for barbarism, and the silence of the desert and the tomb. 'Where the sultan's horse has trod, there grows no grass,' is a Turkish proverb and a fatal truth."—*Frankland*, vol. i. pp. 187, 188.

Much, however, as we may lament the situation of the unfortunate Greeks, it is impossible not to be convinced that a great part of the misery they have experienced has been brought on themselves, and the other Christians, resident in Turkey and her provinces, chiefly by their thoughtless and unsteady conduct and a total want of concert. In the provinces, as hospodars, or vaivodes, their rapacity could hardly be exceeded by the most avaricious pashas.

"As governors of the provinces," says Walsh, "they had, with a few exceptions, little to excite our sympathy or compassion; they obtained their situations by advancing large sums of money to the Porte; and they reimbursed themselves by arbitrary taxation on the natives, which was still further increased by the crowd of dependants they brought with them. The province of Wallachia is divided into twenty-two districts. Over each of these a deputy governor was appointed, and the new prince nominated his own; so that on every change, twenty-two ispravniks, or governors, were removed, and new ones appointed—generally Greeks—who accompanied the prince into the province. The taxes are limited to a nominal sum, but are, occasionally, raised by the prince to any amount, either to gratify the cupidity of the Turks or his own; and every ispravnik had to make his fortune out of the small district over which he was set, and during the short time he was to remain. The petty oppression of this system was so intolerable, that, on the departure of Caradjá with his immense treasure, the boyars petitioned the sultan no longer to appoint Greeks; pledging themselves to pay any tribute immediately to the Divan that they should impose."—pp. 288, 289.

The gallant and noble Ypsilanti experienced the unhappy result of this conduct: he received but little of the support which he had expected to find in the provinces; and even

the men, who had voluntarily come forward, deserted him in the day of battle. An honourable exception must be made of about five hundred young men, the sons of respectable Greek families, who had left their universities in Italy, Russia, and Germany, to enroll themselves into a sacred band—*ioi anachoriti*. These noble youths joined the army of Ypsilanti, and performed wonders in the battle of June, 1821, in the plains of Dragashan, which proved fatal to the Greeks. By want of concert, or by treachery, this chosen band, deserted by their countrymen, were left alone to resist the attacks of the Turkish cavalry, ten times their number. "More than four hundred perished," says Mr. Walsh, "side by side; and of the few that escaped, almost all died of their wounds; so that hardly an individual of this admirable band, the pride and flower of the Greek nation, survived this dreadful day." Since that time, almost every male of the ancient and noble Greek families has perished, and their survivors been plunged into hopeless misery.

The following picture of what the Greek society of Constantinople was, not many years ago, cannot be contemplated without feelings of the deepest sadness:—

"About ten years ago, the Greeks of the Fanal were a very thriving and prosperous community, enjoying, generally speaking, the confidence and respect of the government under which they lived; acquiring, by their talents, an extraordinary degree of influence; selected as the exclusive organs of communication with all the powers of Europe, and governors of the richest provinces in the Turkish dominions. These advantages they have for ever forfeited. They are now excluded by law from holding the situations of either hospodar or dragoman; and whatever be the state of their countrymen in Greece, the Greeks of the capital under Turkish government are henceforth doomed to poverty and humiliation. How far they have merited this, by their own imprudence or misconduct, I do not presume to say; but they have left behind them such traces of intelligence and improvement in this oriental city, that one cannot but deeply regret them. They were men who still kept from extinction, in the Turkish capital, the habits and feelings of European cities; they cultivated literature and the elegant arts, indulged in the free and hospitable intercourse of social life, from which their females were not excluded; practised all the domestic duties and affections at home, and the courtesies of polished life abroad; and in their cordial families, and in theirs alone, a Frank felt that he was not an unwelcome intruder. The beautiful village of Therapia, on the Bosphorus, was no less distinguished for its healthy situation, as its name implies, than for the manners of its inhabitants. They were entirely Greeks; and the gay, festive, cheerful habits of the people, enlivened by music, dancing, and social intercourse, formed the strongest contrast with the dull and repulsive aspect of every other village in the vicinity. This gay place, however, is now assimilated to the rest;—its inhabitants are dead, or fled; their elegant kiosks ruined or abandoned. One of them, that of the Prince Ypsilantes, was conferred

upon the French, and is now the summer residence of the embassy. Another was offered to the English for the same purpose, but his excellency Lord Strangford thought it right to decline it."—*Walsh*, p. 286—288.

Throughout the whole struggle, the Greeks have betrayed a lamentable want of concert and unanimity; but there is nothing new in this. From the earliest periods of their conversion to Christianity, the Greek empire was distracted by dissensions and feuds, on account of some trifling difference of opinion on points of faith: this was the real cause of their first subjugation under the Turks, and unhappily the same mad folly still exists in the midst of all their humbled and miserable condition. The *Shoas* and the *Sunnees* of the Mahomedan faith entertain not a more cordial hatred to each other than do the members of the Greek and the Roman Catholic churches all over the Levant. Mr. Madden mentions a curious example of this inveterate hostility:—

"A young Greek, an only son of a respectable family, took it into his head to become a Mahometan. In a few days after this event, he was seen parading before his father's door, with his Koran slung across his shoulder, his yatagan at his side, and his pistols in his bosom: all the miserable vanity of a Greek was gratified; he was as happy as his unfortunate father was miserable. The poor old man would receive no comfort; his friends preached patience and resignation to him in vain; his neighbours feared he would go mad; they sent the Papas to him to offer consolation; his reverence was a Spartan; he resolved to adopt a mode of consolation which no Greek could resist; 'My good Christian,' said he to the unhappy father, 'you are indeed afflicted, and have reason to be dejected at the first view of your misfortune: but, cheer up! though you grieve that your son has turned a Turk, how much more reason have you to rejoice that he has not become a Catholic!' The old man acknowledged he had reason to be thankful, and dried up his tears. I vouch not for the truth of the story; but I am sure most Greeks would have felt as the old man did; and most Levantine Catholics would have preferred to see their infants circumcised, rather than witness their baptism at the Greek altar."—vol. i. pp. 149, 150.

If four centuries of abject slavery have not been sufficient to teach these people to relinquish their puerile disputes on little frivolous points of the same religion, and to act in concert against the common tyrant, on the other hand, four centuries have proved equally ineffectual to incorporate their barbarian masters in the social habits of the other nations of Europe; their pride and obstinacy having forbidden them to adopt the common laws, the customs, and courtesies of civilized life. Professing a religion which boldly pronounces hostility to all others, setting at nought all international law, and dead to every feeling of humanity towards those whom they denounce as infidels, and indeed towards their fellow citizens, it is truly a matter of surprise that such a people should have so long been suffered to tyrannize over one of the fairest and most fertile portions of Europe. Their fate, however, appears now

to be nearly decided; and the next generation, in all probability, will either see them once more plunderers of the deserts, or approaching, under the dictation of necessity, to the feelings and opinions of Christendom.

On the score of morality and humanity, the downfall of the Turkish empire will excite no sympathy; the subjects of the Sublime Porte will share no commiseration among those to whom they showed none. Inflexible as they have been to the last, in their pride and obstinacy, they seem to be fully aware by how fickle a tenure they have, for the last hundred years at least, held their seat of empire in Europe. That the cross may once more supplant the Crescent is an event which they have long contemplated. Their extensive burying ground, whose dark cypress groves stretch for many miles along the Asiatic shore of the Bosphorus, and which has been so powerfully, we might almost say, so fearfully described by Mr. Thomas Hope in his *Anastasius*, is perhaps the most extensive receptacle of the dead that exists in the whole world. In the full persuasion that they will one day be compelled to retire to Asia, whence they originally came, the great majority of the Turks who die in Constantinople are conveyed to "the ladder of the dead," and thence transported by their friends across the Bosphorus, to be entombed in this vast and sombre cemetery.

Even during the existence of the Greek empire, there was an ancient prophecy that some northern people would one day get possession of the city of the seven hills. This prophecy it seems was handed over to the Turks when they conquered Constantinople; and the progress made by the Russians, since the time that Peter the Great captured Asoph, has been well calculated to keep it in the recollection of these fatalists. When Catharine laid the foundation of Cherson at the mouth of the Dnieper, she had an inscription placed over the western gate, which sufficiently indicated her ulterior object.—"This is the road to Byzantium." In fact the prophecy is already fulfilled. The Turkish empire is virtually dissolved—the term of its lease nearly expired; and he who has got possession of the keys, may enter the premises whenever he finds it convenient to do so—unless the other great powers of Europe shall interfere.

A line of conduct more congenial with European customs and feelings might have secured to the Ottoman race that throne which they fairly obtained by conquest over an enfeebled and disunited people. One of their sultans at least aimed at the attainment of this object, but being of a temper too feeble, of a disposition too mild, and of habits too indolent for a reformer, he forfeited his throne and his life by the attempt. The history of the unfortunate Selim, and of his successors, forms an episode which powerfully illustrates the abominations of a Mahomedan government.

This weak but well disposed man, desirous of gradually introducing the arts and sciences of western Europe, commenced by the establishment of a printing-press and a paper manufactory. For the use of the latter, he gave up an imperial kiosk, a summer residence of the sultans; and the printing office was at

Scutari. An attempt of the same kind had been made by Achmet III., so early as the year 1727: the oulemas gave their consent, but it was rendered nugatory, by excepting the Koran, for a reason, as Mr. Walsh observes, "characteristic of the people—they said it would be an act of impiety if the word of God should be squeezed and pressed together; but the true cause was, that great numbers of themselves earned a considerable income by transcribing those books, which would be at once destroyed, if suffered to be printed." As Turks read nothing else but the Koran, the printing office was soon discontinued. Its renewal by Selim had no better success; it languished and declined on the death of its patron, "who fell a victim to the rage of the Janissaries, for attempting to innovate upon their ancient and venerable ignorance." Of the death of this unfortunate monarch, and the revolution that followed, a particular and interesting account is given by M. Juchereau, a Frenchman, who was in Constantinople at the time, and an eye witness of what took place.

So early as the year 1796, General Aubert Dubayet, ambassador from the French republic to the Porte, introduced a reform in the *personal* and *material* of the Turkish artillery; organized a squadron of cavalry, and taught the infantry the European exercise, in which, however, the Janissaries obstinately refused to be instructed. The behaviour of some of these new troops, acting under Sir Sydney Smith, in his gallant defence of St. Jean d'Acre, so delighted the Sultan Selim, that on their return he created them a special and independent corps, increased their pay, built them a spacious barrack, and denominated them *Nizam-gedittes*, or New Regulars. He attended their exercise and appeared to be delighted with their manoeuvres. They were instructed by Europeans, who, however, were never admitted as officers in the corps, unless they previously renounced their faith.

The mufti, or high priest, the oulemas, sheiks, and imans, could not view the progress making in the military establishments, without jealousy and alarm. They secretly denounced this new order of things, which they represented as contrary to the laws and religion of the empire, and soon succeeded in exciting the Janissaries to rebel. The *Nizam-gedittes* were attacked, their barracks set on fire, and those who escaped death fled into the provinces and were dispersed. All the ministers of the Porte who had sanctioned the new levies were barbarously massacred, and the terrified Sultan issued a *hatti-sheriff*, by which the corps of *Nizam-gedittes* was for ever suppressed, which completed the triumph of the priesthood, the lawyers, and the Janissaries; and at the same time sealed the fate of Selim, who, with the approbation of the crafty and ungrateful mufti, and the oulemas, was deposed, and his cousin Mustapha proclaimed in his stead.

The ministers and adherents of Selim, with the women of the harem, were, of course, put to death. Mustapha, however, soon found himself seated on an uneasy throne. His chief support was one Cabakchy-Oglou, who had under his special command a corps of turbulent men known by the name of *Yamacs*,

mostly Albanians and other mountaineers, who acted as assistants or labourers in the forts and batteries. To avenge the death of Selim, Mustapha Bairactar, the pasha of Rudshok, who remained faithful to his deposed sovereign, a rare instance in Turkey, was determined to get rid of this Oglou, and for this purpose employed a desperado of the name of Hadji Ali, who, going to his house with four soldiers, burst into his harem and plunged a dagger in his breast. The grand vizier was now brought over to the views of Bairactar, who assembled a large army, and marched towards the capital, with the intention, as they let the sultan know, of delivering their sovereign and the inhabitants of the capital from the insolence of the Yamacs, demanding their suppression, the punishment of their officers, and the dismissal of the mufti. Mustapha, like Selim, consented to these demands, and for a short time all was tranquil in the capital. But Bairactar had laid his plans for the restoration of Selim. He resolved to wait for the first of those days on which the sultan should go in state to one of his kiosks on the banks of the Bosphorus. This soon happened, when Bairactar, with a chosen troop, forced the seraglio, and demanded the person of the deposed prince. Mustapha, informed of what was going on, got privately into the palace, and sent a black eunuch to Bairactar, to say that Selim should immediately be delivered up, at the same time ordering another of those harbingers of death to strangle him forthwith. Mustapha, however, was seized, and condemned to the same prison in which he had kept Selim, and his brother Mahmoud, whom he also held a prisoner, and had intended to put to death, was brought forward and proclaimed emperor in his stead.

Bairactar now became grand vizier, and, according to Juchereau, on the day of his installation, thirty-three heads fell by the sword of the executioner, to grace the gate of the seraglio; the assassins of Selim, and the favourites of Mustapha, all the officers of the corps of Yamacs, were strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus; all the women of the seraglio attached to Mustapha were sewed in sacks and cast into the sea near the tower of Leander—"and," adds Juchereau, "the people applauded these numerous executions, and praised the severe justice of the new sovereign and of his prime minister."

Bairactar, with the consent of the pashas of the empire, the mufti, and the oulemas, set about certain reforms, and, among others, constituted a special corps in the army, mostly composed of Janissaries, under the name of *Seymens*. In a short time he became so haughty and tyrannical, that he was hated by the people, and viewed with an eye of jealousy by the very sovereign whom he had elevated. Among other things he was accused of favouring the views of a descendant of Gengis-Khan towards the throne of Constantinople. One night, the whole neighbourhood of Bairactar's house burst out in flames, in which his palace was enveloped. The Janissaries, whom he had displeased by the formation of his select corps of *Seymens*, surrounded the burning palace, and put to death all who issued from it; but no Bairactar made his appearance. It

was afterwards found, so Juchereau says, that this unhappy man, having got together his valuable jewels, and several bags of gold, shut himself up with one of his favourite mistresses, and a black eunuch, in a stone tower, in the hope of escaping the devouring element and the sword of his enemies. On digging out the ruins, the bodies were discovered, with the treasure lying by them; they had been suffocated—"Ils avaient été asphyxiés." Other accounts state, however, that Bairactar blew himself up; thus, like another Sardanapalus, with his Myrrha too, choosing rather to

— "be borne abroad upon  
The winds of heaven, and scatter'd into air,  
Than be polluted more by human hands  
Of slaves and traitors."

An attempt was now made by the Janissaries to re-establish Mustapha; but the friends of Mahmoud were on their guard. Cadi Pasha, at the head of about four thousand men, and several pieces of cannon, swept the streets of Constantinople, and massacred without remorse all who attempted to oppose him. The barracks of the Janissaries were burnt down, and fires broke out in all the quarters of the capital. Men, women, and children, fell a sacrifice to the flames. The people called out for vengeance; Mahmoud, being satisfied that the object of the Janissaries was to reinstate his brother Mustapha, ordered him to be put to death; the Janissaries, misinformed as to the fate of Bairactar, who, as they supposed, had escaped, sent deputies to the Sultan Mahmoud to assure him of their attachment, and to ask pardon for their last revolt; and the mufti, at the head of the principal oulemas, congratulated the sovereign on this new triumph of religion and the ancient laws. The old order of things was completely re-established; the Janissaries and the oulemas resumed their political influence; and an anathema was denounced against any one who should be hardy enough to speak even of the military system of the Franks, which had been the cause of so many evils.

Mahmoud, however, had seen enough of the vicious system of the Turkish armies, and the insolence of the Janissaries, to determine him to effect a radical reform. The Greek insurrection made such a measure the more necessary. One Halet Effendi, some time ambassador at the court of France, had returned home bringing with him some tincture of the literature and feelings of civilized Europe. This man gained great ascendancy over the sultan's mind, and, for several years, was considered as the main spring that moved the whole machine of government. The Janissaries, and those who held public situations, were jealous and offended at Halet's secret influence. The haughty soldiery held frequent meetings; at one of which they drew up a petition to the sultan, or rather a demand, for the dismissal of those of his ministers who were most offensive to them. No answer being returned, their rage was charged to demand an explanation. It is the duty of this officer to hold the sultan's stirrup while he dismounts from his horse, and he took that opportunity to inquire into the result of their petition. The sultan expressed

his surprise and entire ignorance of any such petition. Inquiries were made, and it was found in the bureau of one of those ministers whose dismissal was demanded. Mahmoud, like his predecessor Haroun Alraschid, alarmed at the state of affairs, is said to have proceeded frequently in disguise through the streets and into the coffee-houses of Constantinople, and formed his opinion from the conversation of those with whom he mixed. The result was, the breaking up of the ministry, and the exile of four of its members to Asia Minor. A report also was spread that Halet Effendi had been strangled to appease the resentment of the Janissaries; but, as Dr. Walsh observes, "he was reserved to exhibit another extraordinary proof of Turkish faith in their transactions with one another."

"The sultan was strongly attached to Halet, and on his dismissal assured him of his personal safety; and, to confirm his word, he had given him a written protection under his own hand. He further told him, that he meant to recall him when the present excitement should subside; and in the mean time directed him to retire to Brusa, as the pleasantest place of exile he could appoint. Halet set out with perfect confidence, being allowed to take with him a retinue of forty horse as a guard of honour, and having his written protection in his bosom. On his way, however, he found his place of exile changed to Konia, which he considered as further proof of the sultan's good will. To ingratiate himself, it is supposed, with the Janissaries, he had formerly become a member of a college of dervishes; at Konia there was a large establishment of them, among whom he intended to retire for the present, and live in perfect security under the protection of their sanctity. He advanced leisurely, by easy stages, and was treated with distinguished respect by the constituted authorities wherever he rested.

"When he arrived near the village of Bola-Vashee, where he intended to pass the night, he was overtaken by a chowash, attended by an escort of twenty horse, who passed him rapidly on the road. This man had been despatched after Halet, and had in his bosom another firman from the sultan to bring back his head. He arrived first at Bola-Vashee, apprized the Muzzellim, or governor, of the object of his mission, and that his victim was following immediately after him. It was then agreed between them, that Halet should not be permitted to proceed to Konia, lest the influence of the dervishes should throw any obstacle in the way of his execution: so, having arranged every thing, the Muzzellim and his attendants met Halet at the gate with the usual show of attention and respect, introduced him to an apartment in his house, and after the refreshment of coffee, they sat on the divan, smoking their pipes in friendly conversation; one having no suspicion, and the other not giving the slightest intimation of what was to follow.

"The executioner now entered the room, and immediately produced from his bosom the sultan's firman for Halet's death. Halet, in reply, coolly put his hand also into his bosom, and produced the sultan's firman for his safety.



The Muzzellim calmly examined them, found that his death-warrant was that which was last dated, and gave it as his opinion that it was that which must now be executed. Halet then proposed to proceed to Konia, and write back by the chonash a letter to the sultan, to rectify what he affirmed was all a mistake; but the executioner would consent to no delay; he therefore produced his bowstring, and at once put an end to all discussion, by strangling him on the divan where he sat."—pp. 75—77.

Halet, among other acts of munificence, and in accordance with those ideas which he had adopted from Christian company, had built a fine library at the college of Dancing Dervishes, and had annexed to it a mausoleum in which his body was to be deposited after his decease: his wife purchased his head for two thousand piastres, and placed it in this splendid tomb. "The inventory of the Janissaries, however, was not to be appeased by his death; they insisted that the head should be thrown into the sea; and, notwithstanding all opposition, it was actually disinterred, brought to the scraglio point, and cast into the Bosphorus."

The death of Halet, though not the immediate, may be said to have been the remote cause of the extinction of the Janissaries. Mahmoud saw the absolute necessity of introducing European discipline among these troops. "Like Peter the Great, he found the domineering of his Prætorian guards no longer tolerable; and as Peter rid himself of his Strelitz, so Mahmoud determined to dispose of his Janissaries." Unlike the unfortunate Selim, Mahmoud possessed energy enough to adopt, and a relentless rigour to execute, any purpose. By promises, menaces, and executions, he brought over a majority of the Janissary officers to acquiesce in his plan. They agreed to furnish one hundred and fifty men from each regiment, and Egyptian officers were sent for to drill and discipline the new corps; but as Turks, like most ignorant people, annex more importance to words than things, and hate the very sound of any thing like an innovation on ancient usage, the ill-omened name of Nizam-gedditte, or New Regulars, was laid aside, and the same thing, now named Nizam-attic, or the old regulars, satisfied the troops.

The 15th June, 1826, was appointed for a grand field-day of the new troops, on the Etmeidan, at which the sultan, the oulmas, and the ministers, were to be present. On the day preceding, the different corps assembled to practise together, that they might be more expert in their evolutions, and they now discovered, for the first time, that they were practising the very thing they had all determined to resist: "Why this is very like Russian manoeuvring," says one—"It is much worse," exclaims another. To stifle this rising discontent, the aga of the Janissaries severely reprimanded the one, while the other was imprudently struck in the face by an Egyptian officer. Instantly all discipline was abandoned, the assembled corps were thrown into commotion; they turned into the streets; robbed and insulted all they met; proceeded to the house of their aga, who had made himself obnoxious by promoting the new plan, and, not finding

him at home, assassinated his lieutenant, destroyed every thing they found in the building, and even went so far, says Dr. Walsh, "as to violate those observances which a Turk holds in the highest respect—they entered his harem, and abused his women." They tore off their uniforms, and trampled them in the streets; and being joined by an immense rabble, proceeded to the Forte, carried off what valuables they could lay their hands on, and destroyed the archives.

"The Janissaries now displayed a spirit of determination, which they never manifest but in extreme cases. The first thing that struck me, on my arrival, as odd and singular in the streets of Constantinople, was an extraordinary greasy-looking fellow dressed in a leather jacket, covered over with ornaments of tin, bearing in his hand a lash of several leather thongs; he was followed by two men, also fantastically dressed, supporting a pole on their shoulders, from which hung a large copper kettle. They walked through the main streets with an air of great authority, and all the people hastily got out of the way. This, I found on inquiry, was the soup kettle of a corps of Janissaries, and always held in high respect; indeed, so distinguishing a characteristic of this body is their soup, that their colonel is called *Tehorbadgè*, or the distributor of soup. Their kettle, therefore, is, in fact, their standard; and whenever that is brought forward, it is the signal of some desperate enterprise. These kettles were now solemnly displayed in the Etmeidan, inverted in the middle of the area, and in a short time twenty thousand men rallied round them."—*Walsh*, pp. 84, 85.

The crisis was now arrived. The Sultan ordered such troops as he could depend on, and the artillery, to hold themselves in readiness; summoned a council, declared his intention of either ruling without the control of the Janissaries, or of passing over to Asia, and abandoning Constantinople and European Turkey to their mercy; and submitted, as a measure of immediate expediency, to raise the Sandjâc Sheriff, or Sacred Standard of Mahomet, that all good Mussulmans might rally round it. This last proposal met with unanimous applause. The holy banner, which is said to have been made out of the capacious nether garment of the Prophet, and which it is forbidden to all but Moslems to look upon, is never produced but on the most solemn occasions, and had not been seen in Constantinople since the year 1760; when the Austrian ambassador, his wife, his daughters, and a numerous suite of distinguished Europeans, having permitted themselves to view it from the window of a house in Constantinople, as it passed, were insulted and ill treated by the fanatical populace. The ambassador complained to the Forte, and, as an expiation of the offence, a few individuals (who had been guilty of other crimes) were strangled. The Court of Vienna, however, had the good sense to recall its ambassador, for disregarding the local customs and religious feelings of the country in which he was residing.

No sooner came the important news of the sacred relic being brought forth, on the present occasion, than thousands rushed from



their houses in all directions, and joined the procession with the fiercest enthusiasm. The mufti planted the standard on the pulpit of the magnificent mosque of St. Sophia, and the Sultan pronounced an anathema against all who refused to range themselves under it. Four officers were despatched to the Etmeidan to offer pardon to the Janissaries if they would acknowledge their errors and immediately disperse; but this was rejected with scorn, and they on the instant put to death the four officers who had dared to propose submission. Mahmoud now saw that nothing was left for him but to decree the total destruction of this insolent corps: desirous, however, to cover the deed he contemplated with the sanction of the mufti, and thus enlist on his side the authority of the priesthood, he demanded whether it was lawful to put down his rebellious subjects by force; the sheik replied that it was: "Then," says the Sultan, "give me your *fetwa* to slay if resistance be offered;" which was accordingly done, and the fate of the Janissaries was sealed.

"The Aga Pasha had by this time collected a force of sixty thousand men, on whom he could entirely depend; and he received immediate orders to put the Janissaries down by force, which he lost no time in executing. He surrounded the Etmeidan, where they were all tumultuously assembled in a dense crowd, and having no apprehension of such a measure; and the first intimation many of them had of their situation was a murderous discharge of grape-shot from the cannon of the Tophees. vast numbers were killed on the spot, and the survivors retired to their kisas, or barrack, which was close by: here they shut themselves up; and, in order to dislodge them it was necessary to set the kisas on fire, as they refused all terms of surrender. The flames were soon seen from Pera, bursting out in different places; and that none might escape, the barracks were surrounded, like the Etmeidan, with cannon, and the discharges continued without intermission. It is not possible, perhaps, to conceive any situation more horrible than that in which the Janissaries now found themselves; the houses in flames over their heads, and the walls battered down about them, torn to pieces with grape-shot and overwhelmed with ruins and burning fragments. As it was determined to exterminate them utterly, no quarter was any longer offered or given, and the conflagration and discharge of artillery continued for the remainder of the day. The Janissaries, notwithstanding the surprise and comparatively unprepared state in which they were taken, defended themselves with a desperate fierceness and intrepidity. The Aga Pasha was wounded, and had four horses killed under him, and his troops suffered severely. At length, however, opposition ceased, when there was no longer any thing left alive to make it. The firing slackened and silenced—the flames were extinguished of themselves; and the next morning presented a frightful scene,—burning ruins slaked in blood—a huge mass of mangled flesh and smoking ashes."—*Walsh*, pp. 88, 89.

For three whole days the gates of the city were closed, during which those who had not

perished in the barracks were hunted and put to death, so that the streets were every where covered with corpses. The Franks in Pera, and even those in the English ambassador's palace, directly opposite the Janissaries' barracks, scarcely knew what was going forward, excepting hearing occasional firing of artillery, and seeing blazes of fire and smoke, than which nothing is more common in Constantinople.

"The number of Janissaries destroyed on this occasion is variously reported: besides those who perished at the Etmeidan, barracks, and in the public streets, multitudes were caught and privately strangled in the houses where they were found, or brought to appointed places where they were beheaded together. These slaughter-houses, as represented by eye-witnesses, were very horrible. None of the large body assembled were supposed to have escaped. All the officers, with the exception of a few of high rank who had joined the Sultan's party, were known to have perished; and the general opinion is, that twenty thousand were sacrificed on the occasion. Arabas and other machines were employed for several days in dragging down the mangled bodies and casting them into the harbour and Bosphorus. Here they lay, till becoming buoyant by corruption, they again rose to the top, and were floated into the sea of Marmora, where the eddies frequently carried them into still water; covering the surface with large putrid masses, in which boats and ships were sometimes entangled and delayed; exhibiting, in nearly the same place the reality of that which the poet only feigned of the vessel of Xerxes impeded by the bodies of his own soldiers—

'Cruentis

*Fluctibus, ac tarda per densa cadavera prora."*

*Walsh*, pp. 91, 92.

Those belonging to the corps who, by concealing themselves, had survived the dreadful massacre, were banished from Constantinople, to the amount it is said, of twenty or thirty thousand; but as, according to Dr. Walsh, "they had suffered before from wounds, privations, and anxiety of mind, numbers sunk under debility, and died on the road; so that it is supposed not half of them ever reached their own country." Thus perished for ever that formidable corps which kept the sovereign despot in awe, and which, in fact, may be said to have governed the empire. Out of its ashes arose the present (unless we should rather say the *late*) nizamic, or *tacticos*, as some of our authors are pleased to call them, and which, with the organized cavalry, formed out of the Spahis, made, in the first campaign, so formidable a stand against the Russian army. These troops wore an uniform—which none of the old Turkish soldiers had ever done, with the exception of the Janissaries—tight caps instead of turbans, and European shoes for boots or slippers with turned-up toes. Their petticoats had disappeared; they wore uniform jackets and cross belts, and muskets with screwed bayonets; and they might be seen every day, says Dr. Walsh, "not moving in tumultuous and irregular masses, as before, but marching, drilling, and mounting guard, with all the regularity of European troops."

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The recruits thus trained, generally young men and boys from the mountains of Asia Minor, were awkward and ill-featured beings, but from all accounts they were brought into tolerable order and discipline in a very short space of time.

Many persons, however, are of opinion that the arm of Turkish power was considerably weakened by the adoption of the new system, and the subsequent destruction of the Janissaries, and the reform introduced among the Spahis. Valentini observes, that "an enlightened sovereign, far from attempting to introduce among them any thing of European practice, would rather seek to develop those peculiar qualities, of which the germ evidently exists in these extraordinary people." There is something in this; but after all, there is no efficient force like that of a regular army. The Spahis, like the Cossacks, were wild and disorderly in their attacks, spreading themselves in small bodies, among the rocks and bushes, dashing down narrow passes, and, through places apparently impracticable, appearing suddenly and unexpectedly on the flank or rear of an enemy. "Two or three men," says an experienced witness, "will advance and look about them; then you will see all at once five or six hundred, and we to the battalion which marches without precaution, or which is seized with a panic." The new system put an end to the wild assaults of these native guerrillas; and Mahmoud was thus left with a half-formed army, easily thrown into a complete state of disorganization. Having destroyed one species of effective force, and been hurried into the field before there was time to consolidate another, the Sultan must have required iron nerves to contemplate his situation—and such nerves he had. That his troops, such as they were, behaved well till the fatal result of the battle of Prevadi, cannot be denied; but since that event they have scarcely ventured to face a Russian force, however small. The result has been that the Russians crossed the Balkan, marched to Adrianople, and dictated terms of peace under the walls of Constantinople, without meeting with any opposition; while Mahmoud with his small force was paralysed and surrounded with treachery, disaffection, and cowardice.

The reforms we have been mentioning will not, however, account for all this. It is not to be doubted that the whole Turkish nation had lost, ere these miseries begun, much of that fierce and enthusiastic zeal for the propagation of the Mahomedan religion, which at one time made their very name formidable to all Europe. In their successive wars with the house of Austria, in order to secure the possession of Hungary, and thus open the road to Western Europe, they twice succeeded in reaching the gates of Vienna; and it required the united efforts of the German princes and of the Poles to drive them back within their own territories. The feeling which the power of the Turks then inspired may be gathered from Busbequins, who was for some years ambassador from Ferdinand to Solymán the Great. "When I compare," says this author, "the difference between their soldiers and ours, I stand amazed to think what will be the event; for certainly their soldiers must needs

conquer, and ours must needs be vanquished; both cannot stand prosperously together; for on their side there is a mighty, strong, and wealthy empire, great armies, experience in war, a veteran soldiery, a long series of victories, patience in toil, concord, order, discipline, frugality, and vigilance. On our side, there is public want, private luxury, strength weakened, minds discouraged, an unaccustomedness to labour or arms, soldiers refractory, commanders covetous, a contempt of discipline, licentiousness, rashness, drunkenness, gluttony, and what is worst of all, they used to conquer, we to be conquered. Can any man doubt in this case what the event will be?"

When such apprehensions were entertained by an old and able diplomatist, we may form some judgment as to the then defective state of European armies, which since that period have made such signal improvements in *material*, tactics, and discipline; while the Turks, improving in nothing, have lost, particularly since the destruction of the janissaries, that fiery spirit which led them on to conquest, and seem, indeed, to have lost all confidence in their rulers. The atrocious deed of Mahmoud has, like similar acts of a Buonaparte and a Miguel, found its apologists. It was "an act of state necessity;" its perpetrator is "one actuated solely by a desire to regenerate his country;" his views "are not confined to military improvements alone, but extend to the encouragement of European arts and literature." He is undoubtedly less tinctured with national prejudices than most of his predecessors; and we are told that he had succeeded in reforming several abuses in the administration of justice, and in passing laws to secure the regular and hereditary descent of property: nay, with a view to encourage the new military system, "he had recourse," says Mr. Macfarlane, "to a measure extraordinary in an oriental despotism; he addressed public opinion!" This was done in a work called the "Basis of Victory;" said to be a repetition and extension of a similar work, caused to be printed by the unfortunate Selim. But the only effect it produced was to make the mufti and the oulemas his bitter enemies; and by these, there is little doubt, should he be permitted to retain his empire, his days have been already numbered. These bigoted persons cannot tolerate any improvement derived from infidels. Mahmoud, it seems, gave great offence by suffering his children to be vaccinated by an infidel practitioner. By this act, however, he has enabled us to make a return in kind, if not rejected, for the great blessing of inoculation which we had from Turkey. Dr. Walsh assures us he is affectionately attached to his children, that in his ordinary intercourse in private life he is urbane and affable; and that, "his moderation and good faith have afforded examples, which the best Christian nations in Europe might be proud to follow." And M. Andreossi, who had occasion to know him well, thus sums up his character:—"Active, laborious, impenetrably secret, a zealous observer of his religion, faithful to his word, sober, and a respecter of morals, Sultan Mahmoud may be justly looked upon as a phenomenon for Turkey."

We apprehend, however, that even if, besides escaping the cup and the cord, he should be able to cast off his deep-rooted superstitions, his belief in the inevitable decrees of fate, and the inveterate hatred which his religion teaches him to cherish against infidels,—all which were strongly inculcated by his education in the seraglio—he can scarcely hope to prevail on the priesthood and the lawyers to second his views; and without the aid of these no prince can ever accomplish any important change in the character and habits of the Turkish people, or the institutions of the empire. Already his relentless and unsparing severity has created disgust and disaffection in all classes; and his new system of taxation, though modified and rendered certain, has, because it is new, roused a spirit of resistance both in pashas and people, which may lead to more important results than would have been contemplated: for, strange as it may appear, the people now begin to talk of their *rights*: a word never before heard of in Turkey; and, as the first exercise of this important and unlooked for stride in the march of intellect, they murdered several of the collectors of taxes. On the other hand, the old janissaries, who escaped the general massacre, and the friends of those butchered on that dreadful day, urged on, no doubt, by the mufti, have been setting every engine at work to convince the troops and the people, that the progress of the Russian arms is a visitation of Providence for the sacrilegious attempt of Mahmoud to infringe the law of the prophet. Hence, even while the sacred standard was flying, and the enemy within sight of the walls, conspiracies were formed against his life; but these he found means to detect, and with that fearful energy of character, ordered some hundred heads to be taken off in order to save his own, as well, it is said, as the lives of the Christians of Constantinople, who, it appeared, were also doomed to destruction, to appease the manes of the janissaries. Stern tyrant as he is, and inexorable in his vengeance, he is at least a bold and courageous tyrant, and well suited for a reformer of abuses—a task which is sometimes most successfully accomplished by one master mind, as in the instance of Peter the Great; but, except in the single point of energy, it must be confessed, there is no parallel between him and Mahmoud; and the circumstances under which that energy has been displayed are widely and lamentably different.

For the present, the fate of Turkey is in the hands of the Russian autocrat, whose professions of moderation would seem to have been too confidently relied on by England, France, and Austria. We hope he will yet see the policy of being generous to a fallen enemy, and will not palter with the declaration he made to the allied powers. We know that, however amiable, sincere, and upright the personal character of Nicholas may be, it is no easy matter to stop the progress of an army in the full career of conquest; to abate the terms which have been ceded to it; or to give up the possession of that grand object, to which every sovereign of Russia has been aspiring since the days of Peter the Great. But whatever the final issue of this treaty may be, Turkey, at least Euro-

pean Turkey, cannot possibly be allowed to continue her old system. The unfortunate peasantry of the provinces, two-thirds or more of whom are Christians, must not be turned back to the ruthless exactions of a Turkish pasha, or the covetous rapacity of a Greek vaivode; nor is it by any means certain that their condition would be much improved by an incorporation with Russia, or even by placing them under the temporary protection of the Czar, the effects of which, according to Walsh, (p. 239) they have on former occasions sufficiently tasted. These provinces were anciently governed by the native boyards or nobles, who chose their own hospodars or vaivodes, paying to the Porte a certain annual tribute; but their constant quarrels gave occasion to the sultan to nominate these governors from among the wealthy Greeks of Constantinople, who purchased their places and acted accordingly. These persons, strangers to the country by birth, persecutors through fear, avaricious through necessity, haughty through weakness, thought only how they should turn to the best advantage the short duration of their office; the consequence of which was, that they became the most cruel and oppressive enemies to the people who had been placed nominally under their protection, and compelled multitudes of families to take refuge in Hungary. Situated as these provinces are on the northern side of the Danube, they would seem naturally to belong to Austria, with whose treatment and general style of government the inhabitants could have no reason to be dissatisfied. At all events, it would have been more satisfactory that Austria should have held these provinces as a guarantee for the payment of the stipulated indemnity by the Turk. The amount, however, of that indemnity, stipulated by General Diebitch, makes it clear enough that a *pecuniary* liquidation of the claim is out of the question—if, indeed, such liquidation was not the last thing the General's government wished to obtain. The payment of the exorbitant demand is utterly impracticable—there is no Rothschild to advance money to the Turks, and the whole revenue of three years would scarcely suffice to wipe out this heavy score.

But the indemnities required by the treaty are by no means the most grievous and unreasonable part of it. The seventh article lays the foundation for a state of immediate and constant hostility. Its provisions are repugnant to every principle and practice of international law; in fact, they establish an *imperium in imperio*. By this article, Russian subjects are to live, throughout the whole Ottoman empire, under the exclusive jurisdiction of the ministers and consuls of Russia. The Turkish authorities are to exercise no control whatever over Russian merchants, seamen, ships, or merchandise: they may ship, or trans-ship, or land, goods, without giving any notice to, far less asking permission of, the local authorities; and, "if any of the stipulations should be infringed, and the reclamation of the Russian minister should not obtain a full and prompt satisfaction, the Sublime Porte recognises, beforehand, the right in the imperial court of Russia to consider such an infraction an act of

hostility, and *immediately* to retaliate on the Ottoman empire." This we confess does appear to us to be monstrous. By the established law of nations, the civilized powers of Europe agree that their subjects, residing in a foreign country, shall be amenable to the laws of that country; but Russia exacts from her fallen enemy the degrading submission, that her subjects shall bid defiance to the laws and usages of the Ottoman state, and if interfered with, that immediate retaliation shall follow. A Russian, for instance, violates the sanctity of a Turkish harem, and gets a yatigan through his body; the Russian minister is unable to obtain satisfaction, and an *immediate* declaration of war ensues. This is certainly a pretty specimen of "moderation."

We pretend not to divine what steps the great powers of Europe may judge it necessary to be taken on the present emergency; but the aggrandizement of the Russian dominions cannot, we should suppose, be contemplated with complacency. In casting an eye over the map of the old world, and seeing how her territories stretch from the frozen ocean to the Mediterranean, with her broad shoulders resting on Europe and Asia, and her gigantic body pushing its limbs on all sides into the comparatively small chequered patches which form the several states of the two continents, the difference of their magnitudes reminds us of a whale in the midst of a shoal of porpoises. When we consider that this overgrown power is keeping up something like a million of men in arms, we confess that, without a sincere and honest confederation of civilized nations, it is no chimerical apprehension that western Europe may once more be deluged by the slavish barbarians of the north. However well disposed the Emperor Nicholas may be to cultivate the arts of peace, and exercise the virtues of moderation, which however he appears to have failed to do, with regard to Turkey, in breach even of a solemn declaration, it should be remembered that the good effects of his personal disposition are contingent on his life; and that it is impossible to say what line of conduct his autocratical successor might determine to pursue. Let Austria, in particular, look to this contingency, and endeavour to provide for it.

Austria, above all other states, is deeply interested in the treaty made with Turkey. By leaving the two great provinces of Moldavia and Wallachia in the occupation of Russia, with Serbia ready to throw herself into the arms of this power, she is virtually surrounded and made vulnerable on three of her sides; open to an invasion at any moment, into Galicia, Transylvania, Slavonia, and, in fact, into all Hungary. If there be any faith to be placed in the word of Nicholas, when he disclaimed all aggrandizement of territory, he cannot in honour hold those provinces which the treaty has virtually given him in perpetuity; for being pledged for indemnity which the Turk can never pay,—being garrisoned by Russian troops,—and governed by hospodars appointed by Russia,—it looks very like a preconcerted scheme to obtain perpetual possession. If this be not meant, and if the Czar be desirous of putting his boasted moderation to

the test, let him consent to their being placed under the protection of Austria, in the same manner as the Ionian Islands are under that of Great Britain. The Christian inhabitants would be rejoiced if altogether transferred to this power; and for such a boon it would be wise on her part, if so required, to abandon the north of Italy, where her very name is held in abhorrence. In every point of view, morally and politically, such an arrangement would appear to be desirable. To Austria it would lay open a line of coast on the Black Sea, extending about a hundred miles between the Dniester and the southern branch of the Danube, and thus restore something like a balance of power on that side between her and Russia; and it would prevent Turkey from ever interfering with the territories situated on the northern side of the Danube;—but these are points, among many others of equal importance, which we apprehend it may be necessary to arrange by a congress of the great powers of Europe.

The Greek question, it would appear, is left to be reconsidered in London, not only as to the boundaries, but, we trust, also as to the future government of the emancipated districts. The man who by intrigue, by bribery, and by menace, has succeeded in placing himself at the head of the Greek government, is a political adventurer, and a mere tool in the hands of Russia. We say this advisedly. When Russia was required by the allied powers to give up the Ionian islands, to be placed under the protection of Great Britain, she felt exceedingly sore at this arrangement. At that time the family of Capo d'Istrias had great influence in these islands, and Count John, the present president of Greece, was one of the Russian ministers at Petersburg. The old count and his family, resident in Corfu, with all their adherents, were in open and violent opposition to every measure of the British government; all its views and intentions were misrepresented, and their unfounded grievances and calumnies were advocated in the British parliament by Mr. Henry Grey Bennett, and Mr. Joseph Hume; and in Petersburg by Count John Capo d'Istrias, to whom the old father wrote that, among other barbarities committed by the English, they had designedly imported the plague into Corfu, with the view of reducing the people to such a state of despondency and entire submission, as to allow the Lord High Commissioner to avoid the fulfilment of such parts of the treaty as were not exactly to his liking. This letter from the father to the son was intercepted, read, and forwarded; but the Emperor Alexander knew the English too well to take any public notice of the absurd story of this silly old Ionian.

On this ground alone, we do not think that either England, France, or Austria ought to consider Count John Capo d'Istrias as a fit person to be placed at the head of the Greek government. It is, in fact, neither more nor less than throwing Greece into the hands of Russia, between which and Serbia, the province of Albania only is interposed. To talk of the independence of Greece under such a man as Capo d'Istrias is a farce. Let us



see what has been his conduct since his arrival.

At the national assembly of the Greek deputies, for the choice of a ruler, held in June last at Argos, he had the indecency to appear in a full dress Russian uniform, decorated with Russian orders; and to protect his august person against any retaliation on the part of some of the deputies whom he had insulted, and to intimidate the assembly, he surrounded himself with Colocotroni's troops, which also bivouacked on the steps of the building in which the assembly was held: thus circumstanced, he had every thing in his own way; he made long speeches, but not one deputy ventured to utter a single word. He is accused, how justly we know not, of expending the money sent by Russia and France, in bribes to the electors and deputies; and, in order to secure a majority for himself, he had the unparalleled audacity to bring forward Greek deputies from Candia, Scio, Samos, Negropont, and other islands and places still in the possession of the Turks, and not included within the line of demarcation drawn by the allied powers for the boundaries of future Greece; but these arrangements he privately affects to despise, and talks of his conquests and the determination of the Greeks to extend the boundaries beyond the line proposed by the allies. His conquests, indeed! Had it not been for that impolitic attack, to give it no harsher name, on the Turkish fleet in Navarin, planned, as it would now seem, by a Russian admiral and for Russian objects—had we not compelled Ibrahim Pasha to withdraw his troops, and the remains of the Egyptian fleet to move homewards,—and had not a large French force landed on the Morea,—it is clear, almost to demonstration, that the Russian army would never have crossed the Balkan, the Greek question would probably have been settled by the ambassadors then negotiating in Constantinople, and the whole state of the Russian war materially altered. Then might Count John Capo d'Istria, with his brother, a man still more generally obnoxious to the Greeks than himself, have taken their departure for Russia, without the assistance and éclat of an English line of battle ship, which afforded them a conveyance from Ancona to the Morea; and in return for which piece of service, as well as civility, the said count cannot conceal the bitterness and animosity which he harbours against the English government, and to which he is said to give utterance in his conversation, to a degree of indecency and irritation that is quite laughable. That gallant officer, General Church, to whom singly the Greeks are more indebted than to any other individual, has retired in disgust, declaring, that "the actual system of the government of Greece is not in harmony with his opinions or conscience." If, therefore, it be meant to give to the fickle, and by no means united Greeks, a steady and independent government, we are morally certain that this object will never be accomplished under the administration of Count John Capo d'Istria.

We should be very happy to hear confirmed the rumour of a congress, to be held for the settlement of these important questions. It is time, if the peace of Europe is to be preserved.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

# NOTICE OF M. DUMONT.\*

THE appearance of this cheap edition of Mr Bentham's collected works connects itself so naturally with the loss which the world has recently sustained in the distinguished person to whose labours these works owe so much of their European reputation, that we gladly avail ourselves of the opportunity which it affords us to pay a tribute to his memory.

It seems natural that a man so eminent as M. Dumont, to whom England had become a second home should not go down to his grave without a mark of remembrance from some of his ancient friends in this country, where he resided, with little interruption, for twenty years, and in which he formed many of those friendships which most contribute to mature and improve every good quality, as well as to embellish and sweeten life. The following short account of him is, in its most important part, derived from long intimacy, without disregarding the help of the short paper printed by his affectionate friends at Geneva, immediately after his death.

STEPHEN DUMONT was born in the month of July, 1759, in the city of Geneva, of which his family had been citizens of good repute from the days of Calvin. Shortly after his birth his father died, leaving a widow and five infants without provision. The good widow, placed in such circumstances, supported by little but the courage which is inspired by motherly love, found means to educate her children, in a place where necessary knowledge was accessible, and poverty not disgraceful. She was induced by an anticipation of future eminence, seldom so happily fulfilled, to send Stephen to the College of Geneva, where he justified her determination, not only by his ability and proficiency, but by the virtuous purpose to which he turned his earliest attainments. He very soon defrayed the cost of his own education, and even contributed to the support of the family, by assisting the private studies of his comrades in the capacity of *Répétiteur*, an office to which we have nothing more like than a private tutor in our academical system.† His meeting with his schoolfellow Gallatin, forty years after their separation at Geneva, when he had reached a high place among European writers, and the other filled high stations in the North American Republic, might justly be regarded as the best panegyric on the institutions, society, and education of their country. In the year 1781, he was chosen one of the pastors of the city, and immediately distinguished himself so highly in the pulpit, that there remained no doubt of his becoming the most brilliant and the most persuasive of their sacred orators. But the troubles of Geneva, in the year 1782, turned the

\* *Œuvres de Jérémie Bentham, Jurisconsulte Anglais. Trois volumes, grand-in-8vo. En six Parties. Première Partie: Traité de Législation civile et pénale. Bruxelles. 1829.*

† The duty seems to be that of examining the students on the contents of the preceding lecture, and thus preparing them for examination by the Professor.



course of his life into another channel. Two parties of opposite principles, one attached to the authority of the magistracy, and the other to the privileges of the people, and differing especially on the extension or limitation of the right of suffrage, had long divided that republic. The disputes between these two parties gained lustre from Jean-Jacques Rousseau, the most wayward and perverse of all men of genius, who have approached the borders of insanity—which indeed he appears more than once to have overpassed. The more liberal party received the name of *Representans*, or *Petitioners*, from a representation presented by them against the legality of the proceedings of the magistrates against the writings and person of that renowned and unhappy man. The magistrates, who refused the prayer of the petition, together with their adherents, were thenceforward called the *Negatives*. For twenty years a struggle was maintained between these parties, with various success, without bloodshed, though not without violence. At length, in the autumn of 1782, when the *Petitioners* had gained the ascendant, the courts of Versailles and Turin, abetted, or rather aided, by the Canton of Berne, surrounded Geneva with an armed force, and, under pretence of some ancient guarantees, imposed a new constitution on the republic, and compelled the leaders of the Representative Party to fly from their country. Dumont was not included in the proscription, but his heart had been touched by the love of liberty:

“—————I could endure  
Chains nowhere patiently;—and chains at  
home,  
Where I am free by birthright,—not at all.”

Task, Book V.

He became a voluntary exile. He went to his mother and sisters at St. Petersburg, a city to which many Genevese had carried their honourable patrimony of ability and knowledge, influenced in part, perhaps by the example of their townsman, Lefort who was the first tutor, minister, and general of the Great Czar. He there became pastor of the French church, an office which he filled for eighteen months. But his views were directed to Great Britain, where most of the Genevese exiles for liberty had taken refuge, and where some of them were actually employed in negotiating with the government for the establishment of a Swiss colony in Ireland. It was then that his connexion began with William, the first Marquis of Lansdowne, a man creditably and singularly distinguished for his cultivation of the society of men of letters and science, foreign as well as native. Dumont gradually became a friend, or rather a member of the family, and he was habitually consulted by Lord Lansdowne on the education of his youngest son, and on the collection of a library; though he was not perhaps formally employed in the superintendence of either.

In this part of his life began his close connexion with Sir Samuel Romilly, a man whose whole excellence will be little understood by the world, until they see the narrative traced by himself of those noble labours of self education, by which he taught himself every sort of

ability which is necessary to serve mankind, and still more of that self-discipline, by which he at length formed a character yet more exalted than his genius, composed of a probably unparalleled union of tender affection with unbending principle, and producing those dispositions towards the magnanimous and heroic, which were hidden from the vulgar by the solemn decorums of a formal profession, and are seldom found to be capable of breathing so long under the undisturbed surface of a well-ordered and prosperous community. The habitual, or mechanical part of Romilly's life, was necessarily governed by those of his profession and country. The higher element, however, secretly and constantly blended itself with every thought and feeling; and there were moments when his moral heroism carried the majesty of virtue into the souls of the perplexed and affrighted vulgar.

Among the closest friends of Romilly and Dumont was George Wilson, a man little known beyond the circle of his friends and that of his contemporaries in the profession of the law, and one whom it would be difficult to make known to others, without the use of that language of vague panegyric, the abuse of which had more lowered it in his own eyes than even in those of most men of modesty and taste. It might be said by an unaffectedly conscientious man as himself, (if such another there be,) that among those who thoroughly knew him, the degree of esteem for him was always considered as exactly indicative of the degree of sagacity and purity of the man who entertained it. Yet even he was not more upright and benevolent than his two friends: though having less vivacity than the one, and less ardour than the other, he was not so liable to be allured by imagination from the rigid observance of the severe maxims of that moral prudence which is the safeguard of virtue. With a keen relish for pleasantry, and perfectly exempt from all gloom and harshness, he yet shunned the amusement of Wilkes's conversation, solely from deference to morality. When Mirabeau visited England, about 1786, Wilson did not follow the example of his friends in cultivating the society of that extraordinary man, whose ill-trained fancies were better adapted to sudden felicities than to composition, and whose conversation was animated by an irregular benevolence, neither smothered by the profligacy of his youth, nor altogether extinguished by the intrigues and corruptions of his latter years.

In the summer of 1789, the season of promise and hope, especially to a Genevese exile, Dumont went to France and renewed his acquaintance with Mirabeau, whom he found occupied in the composition of his journal, (the *Courier de Provence*), aided by Duroveray Clavière, and others, who had been expelled from Geneva for liberty. Dumont took an active and very effectual part in it. A variety of observations on the Departmental Division and Municipal Administration of France, subjects which have for the last two years agitated that country, were then published in Mirabeau's Journal, by Dumont. His friend Wilson used to relate, that one day, when they were dining together at a table d'hôte, at Ver-

sailles, he saw Dumont engaged in writing the most celebrated paragraph of Mirabeau's Address to the king for the removal of the troops, which was believed to have been entirely written by himself. It is certain that he reported several of Mirabeau's speeches, which he embellished and strengthened from his own stores, with that disinterested sacrifice of his own reputation to the diffusion of what he considered truth, which accompanied him through life. It is no less certain that he was an utter stranger to the ambiguous projects imputed to those whose general and avowed principles only he promoted. Many years afterwards, when asked by a friend to write the life of Mirabeau—he answered, "No! I know it too well."

In 1791 he returned to England, and towards the end of that year the writer of this notice dined for the first time in his company and in that of Romilly, at the house of M. Chauvet, at Kensington; from which time he enjoyed the uninterrupted friendship of both till their last moments.

In the eventful years which followed he continued chiefly to live at Lansdowne House, or at Bowdow, where the most remarkable men of Europe as well as of England were frequent and welcome guests. During the latter part of them he began to form an intimate friendship with Lord Holland, whom he had known from childhood, and whom it is needless to add, he loved. He was one of the members of the society of familiar friends, the habitual visitors of Holland House during thirty years, and who saw a succession of celebrated guests of every country, party, religion, and of every liberal profession or station, which is likely to continue unmatched till another house boasts such a master.

His mind was at that time in its most perfectly mature state; with much experience of very memorable events, and familiar intercourse with the most eminent men, with an abundant store of amusing and striking anecdotes, with that knowledge and taste for Continental Literature which was necessarily the chief want and desire of his companions. He had entirely subdued the popular and declamatory propensities which characterize youthful genius, yet without being in the least degree withdrawn from the love of letters and the delights of society, by those more scientific pursuits which occupied a succeeding period. In 1801 he travelled over various parts of Europe with Lord Henry Petty, now Marquis of Lansdowne, and brought back a fresher acquaintance with the mental occupations of the continental nations, from whom England seemed for years to be separated by a wider channel than that formed by nature.

But Dumont had then opened a new course of more serious occupations. In 1801 he published the *Traité de Legislation*: the first fruits of his zealous labours to give order, clearness, and vivacity, to the profound and original meditations of Bentham, hitherto praised only by a very few patient readers, and but little better known, even by name, to the English than to the European public. The extraordinary merit of these writings, manuscript and printed, chiefly attracted his

mind towards them; inferior circumstances, however, contributed their part to the fervour with which he devoted himself to them. Trained in the hasty and shallow philosophy which then reigned, metaphysical principles were a novelty, in the contemplation of which he was too agreeably employed to examine the solidity of the foundation on which they rested. Wearied with the common-places of philanthropic declamation, which passed for philosophy, he ran with eagerness into the opposite extreme of new terms, dry definitions, and simple principles. The method of Bentham is undoubtedly a powerful instrument for the discovery of truth, especially in the juridical part of moral science. It is, however, a method which may become more than mischievous by the very circumstance of its apparent perfection.

Supposing every other objection to that system to be answered, it will be still evident that the value of its application in every particular instance must be in proportion to the exactness and completeness with which every circumstance is enumerated that can affect the determination of the question. But the enumeration is not complete, merely because the names of all such circumstances are enumerated. It is not thus that the philosopher proceeds in those sciences where the success is uncontested. He calculates the *degree* of every force that acts on a body; he ascertains the *proportion* of every element which goes to make up a compound; and an error in either of these respects is, in truth and effect, a want of exact and complete enumeration, which may lead to the most false results. Such mistakes in the physical sciences are easily detected. In the moral sciences, it is extremely easy to seem to form a complete theory by such general and vague inductions, because the means of quick and palpable detection are wanting. Wherever analysis is *really* exhaustive, it is the most perfect of instruments; but where it only reaches a semblance of exactness, it produces or perpetuates error in the exact proportion of its seeming approach to truth. There is no remedy against this dangerous distemper but the habit of never forgetting that, in each case the main question always must be, "How much of each enumerated cause is likely to act in the instance before me?" No show of accuracy, no superiority of method, can dispense with this question, or enable any man to answer it otherwise than by approximation. But with these high and arduous matters we must not deal more largely in this place.

The talent with which Dumont performed his task is as generally acknowledged, as the perfect disinterestedness which led him to employ so much talent in expounding the opinions and enlivening the reasonings of others. It is due to him to say, that he always considered the system as a model, to be indeed always consulted and approached, but never imposed without a cautious regard to circumstances. It must also be observed, that however entirely he adopted the speculations, delighted in the method, and even acquiesced in the language of Bentham, that for which he really felt a warm zeal, and consecrated the labour of his life, was the practical establish-

ment of that grand reformation of law, which owes, indeed, much to the writings of Bentham, and to the discussions which they daily contribute to spread and keep up, but which, so far from being peculiar to him, is zealously supported by those who most dissent from his moral theories, and was common to him (at least in that more obvious part of it which relates to criminal law) with the philosophers of the eighteenth century, who pursued the same object, though with less distinctness of view, less precision of language, and less knowledge of the abuses to be reformed. The mind of Dumont moved onward with that of the reformers of jurisprudence throughout Europe. He does not needlessly question the singularities of his venerable master. But his attachment was to the main stock of reforming principle. Those who knew him need not be reminded, that if its principles have any tendency to a cold and low morality, they were in that respect altogether defeated by the nature of Dumont; a man of the utmost simplicity and frankness, of a most unusually affectionate and generous disposition. A man of so much letters and wit could not have worked into his practical nature any indifference to art and accomplishment, to real learning, or to the only eloquence which deserves the name. No man ever less adopted the Epicurean contempt for love of native country as a prejudice. When Geneva was blotted from the list of commonwealths, his heart clung to her more closely. Those who met him at a remarkable party, at the seat of an English nobleman, in the autumn of 1813, cannot fail to remember with what patriotic as well as friendly pride he exulted in the brilliant superiority of a lady of Genevese extraction, with an amiable simplicity at which his friends ventured to smile. On the day that the intelligence of the restoration of Geneva was known, he dined with an invalid friend, and gave a sample of that unaffected fervour in the love of his native country, which can be felt only by the citizen of a small republic.

He was immediately chosen a member of the Supreme Council of his native city, where, conciliating opponents by moderating partizans and by gaining the confidence and respect of all, he became in time its chief leader and ornament, as he would have been in more conspicuous and powerful assemblies. He had brought to a close the code of law, which, as a chairman of a committee appointed for that purpose, it would have been his duty to present to the Supreme Council, when it assembled after its vacation. At the moment when he was thus about to engrave his name on the annals of his beloved country, to honour her by rendering her, as he hoped, an example to Europe, he was cut off in the full vigour of his faculties, and on the eve of their most conspicuous exertion. His labours will not be defeated; and they will show his wariness as well as his courage. He will not be deemed singular or extravagant, and it will be seen that he wore the badge of a sect, in order, as he believed, to obtain better means for serving his country and the world.

He was wholly untainted by political or philosophical bigotry, which has corrupted so

many of those who inveigh against every form of that vice. His friends at Geneva, at Paris, or in London, were very far from sharing his peculiar opinions.

Surrounded by fifty-three nephews or nieces, in the first or second degree, the issue or progeny of three sisters, he treated them with a patriarchal tenderness very foreign from the scorn of some Epicureans for "the charities of father, son, and brother." In his will he leaves legacies to all; touchingly assuring them that they must not measure his kindness by his bequests. In every instance of the youngest child, he seems, with the most affectionate solicitude, to have weighed the needs and desires of each, and to have considered all their little claims as worthy of conscientious consideration.

His will, which is dated in May, 1826, opens with an acknowledgment worthy of him.

"I begin this testamentary disposition by an act of gratitude towards God, for having blessed me with a peaceable and independent life, which has owed its chief happiness to the charm of study and the enjoyments of friendship."

He died at Milan, on a journey to Venice, in October, 1829, in the seventy-first year of his age.

## Miscellany.

### LA FAYETTE.

LA FAYETTE is one of the noblest characters of France. Always the same amidst the raging of an excited people, and at the head of an army, at the tribune of the legislative assembly, and in prison, under every circumstance, his life had only one object,—justice and freedom. To this noble end, he sacrificed twenty years of his active life, to this he devoted his exertions, and his property. For this he gave up all that men usually desire,—distinction, rank, convenience, and wealth. Placed in society by his birth, among the favoured and the distinguished, he descended to natural equality, to become a man and a citizen. Favour and hate, tempted him equally in vain, and in a stormy and agitated time, he changed neither his opinions nor his principles, and hope left him equally unchanged with fear. A friend of justice and truth, under whatever climate he found them, he always rendered homage and assistance to these highest benefits of humanity. He defended freedom against arbitrary power, and lawful power against anarchy. He would have saved France and the king, if France and the king would have trusted him. A citizen of every state that honoured the citizen, a friend of men where they showed themselves human, he remained true to France. Every thing noble seemed to him natural, the fulfilment of the most arduous duty an impulse, and as he never violated right, nor denied the truth, so he never deviated from the path of honour, and his virtues with all their severities, retained a certain chivalrous grace. Although he stands distinguished, and alone in his time and nation, we remark in him no feature of harshness, partiality or affectation. We may ask whether

there can be a greater triumph, than fifty years of a life, such as he has passed from his early youth, where he devoted himself to the liberation of America, to the present day. Ambition, you will say, is the soul of all his exertions. A strange ambition, which in fifty changing years, in youth, in manhood, and in age, has followed the same object, constantly sacrificing himself, and seeking his happiness only in the welfare of others. Modern times can only display one public character, who claims our love and admiration in the same degree—his brother in arms in youth—Koskiusko.

Old Sheridan who knew the world even better than the world knew him—a bold word—declares in the "Critic," that the Puff prospective is one of the most ingenious of all the classes of puffing. Sir Edward Codrington and old red-nosed Brinsley are very different personages, in point of brain; yet it is curious, how circumstances have driven the contrivance into the one, that ingenuity taught the other.

The following paragraph appears in the *Plymouth Journal*:—"Report from a high quarter in this neighbourhood says, that the Emperor of Russia has been graciously pleased to offer the command-in-chief of all the Russian Navy to our gallant countryman, Vice admiral Sir Edward Codrington."

We think, that Admiral Codrington could make out a better case than any man living to the gratitude of Nicholas, if Kings or Czars had any gratitude. His battle of Navarino certainly saved the autocrat an infinity of trouble. We cordially wish to see Sir Edward exerting his diplomatic and naval propensities in any other service than our own.

"All the roads of the world," says the Frenchman, "come to Paris." But, we say, all the world itself comes to London. We have had for our own term of years, Monsieur Alexandre, who with twenty voices, could not get enough in Paris to keep one in tune.—M. Mazurier, who was dying to come to London, and when he left it died, and left the world without his equal as the rival of the baboon creation.—The Anatomie Vivante, who, after starving himself in Paris grew so fat in London, that he lost his reputation.—M. Chabert who lives in a glass-house, breakfasts on boiling lead—takes a *chasse café* of prussic acid.—The Duke of Orleans and M. de Chartres—and the Swiss giants, and little Maria de Gloria. And now we have the Siamese youths! "An union in partition," as Shakespeare describes Hermia and her friend—as Dan O'Connell describes England and Ireland—and as Sam Rogers describes his assistance to the wit of the John Bull.

All the philosophers, who are of course the greatest gossips suffered to live, are swarming about the phenomenon. Sir Astley Cooper has already offered to apply his skill to them for 500*l.* and a pardon under the Privy Seal "in case of accident." Sir Anthony Carlisle has, of course, already compiled a dissertation, in fifty pages folio, of the densest kind, to set the next meeting of the College of Surgeons

asleep, from the president down to the porter; and the whole body of the lecturers at the hospitals are looking keenly to their own arrangements in case of a catastrophe. Heaven help the poor savages in the midst of this world of science and scalpels! We only wish them safe home again, fishing quietly side by side in their own muddy river.

They are certainly a curious spectacle. Infants have been frequently born with a similar ligature between them. But we know of none that have attained such an age, strength, or stature.

Dr. Yates, from an examination of the returns of the value of all livings not exceeding 150*l.*, made by the Archbishops to the King in Council, about ten years ago, states that there are 3,589 parochial benefices not exceeding 98*l.* a year: 4,809 without habitations fit for the residents of incumbents; more than 1,000 livings under 60*l.* a year; and 422 under 30*l.*

Mr. Thackeray, in 1822, estimated from documents, the whole ecclesiastical revenue at 2,290,000*l.* He calculates two millions as the aggregate income of ten thousand benefices, which would give each incumbent but 200*l.* a year.

It is to be observed, with respect to Dr. Yates's statement, that though correct at the time, it is greatly above the value now; almost the whole of the benefices having fallen in income: some even so much as half within these few years. Livings which were worth thirteen hundred pounds a year, ten years ago, not being now worth six.

The Church, in England, is poor, too poor for the due exercise of its functions, or the fair remuneration for the common expenses of education. No man can enter the Church under an expense of at least one thousand pounds, including his school and college expenses; yet he may be a curate on 70*l.* a year for his life, and his living at last, can be little more, on the average of the multitude. Some large livings there are, and some large bishoprics, but the multitude must look only to the average, and that is 200*l.* a year. There is no trade in England in which a capital of 1,000*l.*, will not produce, in the hands of a man of common diligence, five times the amount after the first ten years. The livings in Ireland are also but 200*l.* a year, on the average, with the most extreme difficulty in the collection, and the chance of being shot at one's own door. But the subject is too extensive for us now. Reform is wanted,—but it is in the distribution of the patronage. Let the government choose disinterested bishops, and they will make good clergy.

*New Colonies in a Savage Country.*—To a philosophical observer of human nature, no spectacle can be more interesting than the settlement of new colonies in a savage country. It renews before our eyes those striking scenes which the historians of the early ages of the world describe with so much eloquent simplicity, and exemplifies the manner in which the seeds of mighty nations have been scattered over the earth. We behold an adventurous little band of human beings, bearing away from

the great mass of civilized men, a spark of the fire of science, as Prometheus bore the first fire from heaven, to foster it and nurse it into a flame in the wilderness. Philosophy, government, and laws, and the polite and the useful arts, engraven in the minds of a few bold men, appear to be transformed into merchandise, and are carried into new lands to be multiplied and expanded, until they cause all the blessings of social life to spring up and flourish in their new seats. Religion, too, the mother of all the sciences, accompanies the adventurers, and guarantees their happiness, enjoying in prophetic anticipation the sight of the thousand altars which are to spring up amid the haunts of the godless savage; and the holy chaunts, and grateful anthems, which are to peal in the ears of nations now slumbering in the loins of our contemporaries.

In another point of view, also, the colonizing of a wild country is an object of the highest interest. It brings into startling contrast the civilized and the savage man; the man teeming with ideas, with schemes of conquest, of ambition, or of virtue; and the poor human being, scarcely deserving the name, whose intellect is still more weak, and naked, and wretched than his body. It shows us, too, we regretfully confess, how difficult a task it is to make these heterogeneous elements amalgamate; and proves that, of the two, the creature of civilization possesses more of the repulsive qualities even than the savage. The proper result of this approximation can only be conjectured, as it cannot, in the regular course of events, be arrived at in our days; but it is to be feared that a remnant only, of the wild tribes of the earth will be preserved; and that the world will be cultivated by civilized men, only in proportion as the savage inhabitants of it are exterminated.—*Monthly Review*.

### Literary Intelligence.

The increased and increasing interest now awakened throughout the country, on every topic connected with the Eastern World, whether as regards the conquest of Turkey, by Russia—the independence of Egypt under its present Pasha—the steam communication with India, by way of the Mediterranean and Red Sea—the approach of European armies towards our Indian possessions by land—or the abolition of the East India Company's exclusive Monopoly, which will be the subject of Parliamentary discussion in the approaching session—has determined Mr. Buckingham to commence an entirely new series of his Periodical Journal, with the commencement of the ensuing year, 1830, and to make it Quarterly instead of Monthly, in order that it may admit of being conducted on the same plan as the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster Reviews, by giving careful, copious, and complete analyses of the best standard works that have been already published, and of all new books that may appear, the contents of which are in any degree connected with Turkey, Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, Persia, India, China, and the other vast and populous

regions of the Asiatic World, as well as occasional original articles on Eastern affairs; and more especially a critical examination of every publication for or against the existing Monopoly, which cramps our intercourse with that interesting quarter of the globe.

This new publication will be entitled *The Oriental Quarterly Review*, and, in addition to the continued labours of the editor, it will receive the contributions of the most distinguished writers of the age. It will be of the same form, size, and price, and be conducted exactly on the same plan, as the established Reviews of the day, confining itself to those topics which are of the highest and most enduring interest, to the exclusion of all merely temporary matter, with which Monthly Journals, almost of necessity, abound.

Mr. Samuel Drew, editor of the Imperial Magazine, announces a reprint of his Original Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Human Soul.

Dr. Morton informs us that he is preparing for the press, *Travels in Russia*, and a Residence in St. Petersburg and Odessa in the years 1827, 8, 9; intended to give some account of Russia as it is, and not as it is represented to be, &c.

The first tale in the *Juvenile Forget Me Not*, recently published, is from the pen of the late Mrs. Barbauld—but was never intended for publication. Her nearest relatives have requested us to reclaim, in this instance, against the growing practice of obtaining and publishing productions intended for the private circles and occasions which called them forth.

London in a Thousand Years, with other Poems, by the late Eugenius Roche, Esq., editor of the *Courier*, &c.—is announced for early publication, and by subscription.

M. Thierry has a third edition of his *History of the Conquest of England by the Normans* nearly ready for publication.

Several of the large Collections relative to French History, which have been for several years in progress, are now brought to a termination, and others are on the point of being completed. The *Collection of Memoirs relative to the History of France*, edited with Notes and Prefaces by M. Petitot, and divided into two series, has just been completed, the first series in 52, and the second in 78 volumes, each of them with very copious Indexes. The *Collection of the National Chronicles*, (including Froissart, Monstrelet, &c.) edited by M. Buchon, is also finished in 47 volumes. Of the *Collection of Memoirs*, anterior to those in Petitot's Collection, (translated principally from the Latin works in the *Rerum Gallicarum Scriptores*.) edited by M. Guizot, 28 volumes out of 30 have appeared. Of the *Collection of the best Treatises and Dissertations relative to the History of France*, edited by Messrs. Salgues, Leber, and others, 14 volumes have appeared out of 18. The *General Collection of Ancient French Laws, from 422 to 1789*, with dissertations relative to the Lost Laws, the Archives of the Kingdom, &c., by Messrs. Isambert, Taillandier and Decruzy, is also rapidly advancing to a conclusion. The twenty-



fourth volume, just published, comes as low as the beginning of Louis XIV. The Laws of Louis XVI. have been already published: and four more volumes, which will comprise the rest of the Laws of Louis XIV. and those of Louis XV. will appear shortly, and terminate the series.

The ninth volume of Count Segur's History of France, commencing with the reign of Louis XI. is now in the press.

The travels of M. Caillé to Tombuctoo, edited by M. Jomard, in 3 vols. 8vo. are announced to appear in December.

The Abbé Chiarini, Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Warsaw, is about to publish, in two volumes, 8vo. a *Theory of Judaism, applied to the Reform of the Israelites in all the Countries of Europe; intended also as a Treatise preparatory to a French Version of the Babylonian Talmud*. The work will be divided into three parts; the first containing an examination of all the authors who have written on Judaism in all the countries and languages of Europe; the second exhibiting the true spirit of Judaism, its anti-social doctrine and pernicious tendency, supported by citations from the Talmud and other obligatory books; the third pointing out the most efficacious means of reforming the Jews, and resolving the great problem so often debated and never decided, namely, that of rendering them happy and useful to the countries which have granted them an asylum.

The same author proposes to publish a complete version, in French, of the Talmud, with Commentaries, in six volumes, folio. The Emperor Nicholas has accepted the dedication of both these works, and assigned the author a sum of 6,000 florins towards printing the first, and 12,000 florins per volume for the last of these works.

P. A. N. B. Comte Daru, a Peer of France, Member of the French Academy, and the Academy of Sciences, died on the 5th of September last, of an attack of apoplexy, at his seat near Meulan, aged sixty-two. He was a native of Montpellier, where his father was secretary to the intendency of Languedoc. He entered the army at sixteen, and was lieutenant and commissary at war when the revolution broke out. He warmly embraced its principles, like most of the enlightened spirits of the epoch. After having made the campaign of 1792, he was arrested as a suspected person, and imprisoned for eighteen months, during which he amused his solitary hours with poetical composition. After his liberation he filled successively several important situations in the commissariat and the office of the war ministry. After the 18th Brumaire, Bonaparte appointed him secretary to the ministry at war, and the day after the battle of Marengo nominated him one of the commissaries for the execution of the convention concluded between General Berthier and General Melas.

Having attached himself to the fortunes of Napoleon, he was, after the latter had assumed the imperial diadem, in 1805, nominated a counsellor of state and intendant-general of the emperor's military household; in 1806 inten-

dant-general of the Brunswick territory, commissary for the execution of the treaties of Tilsit and Vienna, and minister plenipotentiary at Berlin. In 1806 he was elected a member of the Institute; and in 1808 an honorary member of the Berlin Academy. In 1811 he was appointed minister-secretary of state, and shortly afterwards received the portfolio of the war administration. He accompanied Napoleon in his Russian campaign as secretary of state, and after the capture of Smolensk, in the council summoned to consider whether the French forces should advance any further, gave his decided opinion in the negative. After the retreat commenced, General Matthieu Dumas having fallen ill, Count Dumas was obliged to take upon him the functions of intendant-general of the army. His capacity for labour and strong constitution enabled him to fulfil, with apparent ease, duties which would have killed any three men of ordinary constitution.

After the restoration of the Bourbons he was nominated intendant-general by the king in December, 1814. On the return of Napoleon, during the hundred days, he subscribed a considerable sum for the purpose of arming the Parisian federates, and in his capacity of counsellor of state attached his signature to the celebrated declaration of the 25th of March. After the second restoration he retired for a time to private life, and devoted himself to literary pursuits. In 1819 he was by a royal ordinance summoned to the Chamber of Peers, where his rectitude of judgment, his administrative knowledge, his facility for labour, and his eloquence, rendered him one of the most formidable adversaries of the Villèle ministry, and signalized him as one of the most energetic defenders of the national liberties. In 1821 he published his *History of Venice*, the most important of his works, and that upon which his literary fame will principally rest; it is now regarded as the most complete and impartial history of that singular government, equally remarkable for its strength and long duration. Of his subsequent work, the *History of Brittany*, an account was given in the third number of this Journal. His other works consist of a poetical translation of Horace, a variety of occasional Poems, Discourses, and Eulogiums pronounced in the Academy, and Speeches in the Chamber of Peers. As a writer, his prose was considered superior to his poetry.

His loss has been very sensibly and generally felt, for his character and talents had gained him many friends. His funeral took place on the 11th of September, and his remains were deposited in the Cimetière Montmartre. Five discourses were pronounced over his tomb by Messrs. Mirbel, Cuvier, Silvestre de Saey, Ternaux, and Leroy.

M. Lamartine, the poet, has been elected to the vacant place in the Academy, occasioned by M. Daru's death. His opponent was General Philip de Segur, the historian of the French Expedition to Russia, and of Peter the Great.

[Foreign Quarterly Review.]

It has been thought that it would be rendering a real service to historical study, as well as an agreeable one to the amateurs of early

French literature, to publish *Le Brut d'Angleterre*, one of the most ancient monuments of the language, and which, partaking both of the nature of a poem and a chronicle, comes with a double claim before the public. This work, which was composed in the middle of the twelfth century, will now be published complete for the first time; hitherto only a few fragments have appeared: it consists of nearly 20,000 verses, and contains traditions and accounts of historical events as far back as the seventh century of our era. The text has been copied and collated with the greatest care from MSS. in the King's Library, of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. A Vocabulary will be added, chiefly containing explanations of the terms not derived from the Latin. The editor, who is intimately acquainted with the Northern languages, will be able to bestow great completeness and certainty on this almost totally neglected part of French etymology. The work will be printed by Didot, in two volumes, 8vo.

The Emperor of Austria has approved of the formation of a Missionary Society in his states, to be called the *Leopoldine Institution* (in memory of his daughter, the late Empress of Brazil). The chief object of the Institution is to provide missionaries for the diffusion of Christianity in North America, of the state of which a lamentable account has been given, during his recent visit to Vienna, by the Vicar-General of Cincinnati. The Institution has already met with the warmest support from some of the highest characters in the Church and State.

Professor Kruse has announced to his literary friends in Germany, that he has been prevented from publishing the third part of his *Hellas*, partly by his removal from Halle to Dorpat, and partly because he has been favoured by Sir W. Gell, the celebrated traveller, with many hitherto unpublished plans, &c. of the Peloponnesus, by which great light will be thrown on many important places in the Morea; so that ultimately the delay will prove of essential advantage to the work.

A new periodical, which is likely to be extremely useful, is about to be published with the permission of the Emperor, by the title of *Journal of the Home Department*. As it is to be published by that Department it will have an official character. The object is to acquaint the public with the measures of the government which are in the jurisdiction of the Minister of the Interior, and the state of the several branches of administration subordinate to that department.

The Journal will be divided into three sections.

I. Will contain the Ukases of the Emperor, Reports to his Majesty, Annual Accounts of the Home Department, Letters Patent, &c.; all to be published at full length, and, where needful, with explanations of the intentions of the government.

II. Statistics:—This section will comprehend, among other articles, descriptions of the governments and towns of Russia; their population, produce, and manufactures; tables of the population of the empire, and its parts; tables of the amount of consumption and pro-

duce of the harvest; descriptions of establishments, charitable institutions, schools, &c. under the direction of the Minister of the Interior; descriptions of public edifices lately erected or projected, with plans and drawings, &c. &c.

### III. News.

To be published every two months, in numbers, each containing ten or twelve sheets of letter-press.

The third volume of *Senor Navarrette's Collection of the Early Spanish Voyages*, just published, is divided into three sections. The first, under the head of *Viages Menores*, contains an account of the discoveries made by the Spaniards on the Coasts of the New Continent, after its discovery by Columbus, in his third voyage in 1498, for a period of twenty-seven years. Among these navigators, Captain Alonso de Hojeda cuts the principal figure. The second contains the four *supposed Voyages of Americo Vespuccio*, taken from the complete Latin edition published at Strasburg in 1509, in the author's life time; *Senor Navarrette* has here given some exact notices of this navigator, and set in their true light the nature of his pretended discoveries. The third section contains an account of the Spanish settlements at Darien. The volume is closed by a Supplement of additional documents to the first two volumes.

Under the title of *Synglosse Indo Europeenne*, Mr. Eickhoff is engaged on a work intended to show the connexion between the Sanscrit and the principal languages of Europe.

M. Fraehn has made a report to the Academy of St. Petersburg, on the printed books, the MSS. and the maps contained in the *Musée Asiatique*. The Library, properly so called, contains 1159 numbers; the Arabic, Persian, and Turkish MSS. 851 numbers; the printed and MSS. Chinese and Manchou books, 231; the Japanese ditto, 28; the Tibetan, Mongol, and Calmuck, 180; Miscellaneous, or MSS. of other Oriental Languages, such as the Armenian, Syriac, Malay, &c. 106; Maps and Plans drawn by Natives of the East, 12; by Europeans, 2.

Professor Bopp, of Bonn, will shortly publish a Sanscrit Grammar in Latin, containing a summary of the most practical parts of his large German Grammar of the same language.

A new Literary Journal, to be entitled "*The Chronicle of Literature and the Fine Arts*," is, we are told, about to be commenced under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to be of weekly recurrence, and will be devoted to English and Foreign Literature and the Fine Arts.

A Family Classical Library; or English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics. In monthly volumes; with a Biographical Sketch of each Author, and Notes when necessary for the purpose of illustration. Vol. I. will appear on the 1st of January next. Price 4s. 6d., and will be continued monthly, and completed in 40 volumes.

The *Lives of the Italian Poets*: by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., are preparing for publication, and will appear in the ensuing season.

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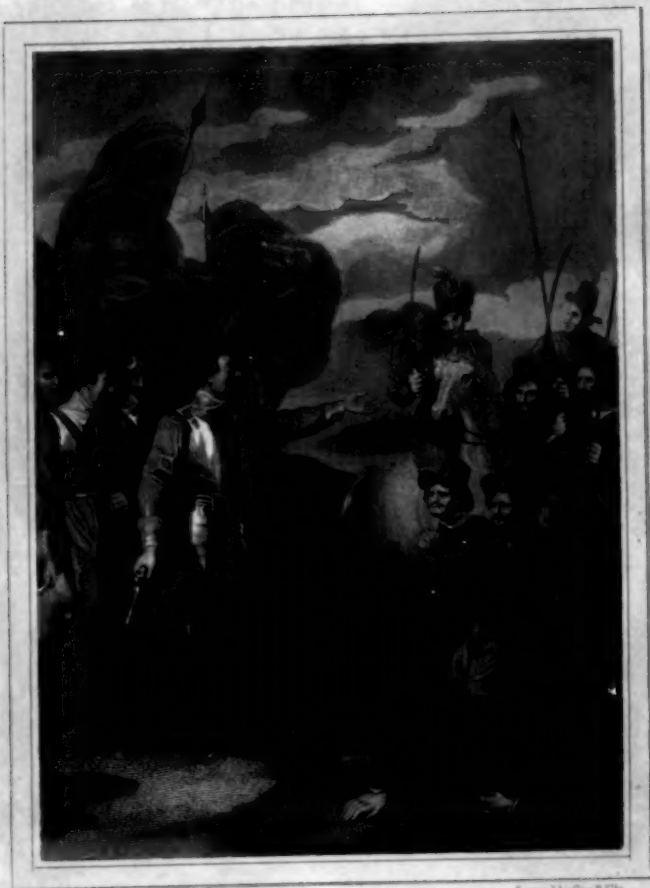
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